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Travel & Talk

MY HVNDRED THOVSAND MILES

By Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

Author of 'Music & Morals,' etc.

America
Canada
Australia
New Zealand
Tasmania
Ceylon
The Paradises of the Pacific

LONDON
MDCCCXCVI

TRAVEL AND TALK

VOL. I.

BOOKS BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES.
SPEECH IN SEASON.
CURRENT COIN.
ARROWS IN THE AIR.
POETS IN THE PULPIT.
UNSECTARIAN FAMILY PRAYERS.
WINGED WORDS.
THE LIGHT OF THE AGES.
THE STORY OF THE FOUR.
THE PICTURE OF JESUS.
THE PICTURE OF PAUL.
THE CONQUERING CROSS.
THE KEY OF DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.
THE BROAD CHURCH.
MUSIC AND MORALS.
MY MUSICAL LIFE.
ASHES TO ASHES.
AMERICAN HUMORISTS.
PET; or, Pastimes and Penalties.
LIFE OF SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

UNIV. OF MICH.

TRAVEL AND TALK

1885–93–95

MY HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES OF TRAVEL

THROUGH

AMERICA CANADA

AUSTRALIA NEW ZEALAND

TASMANIA CEYLON

AND

THE PARADISES OF THE PACIFIC

BY

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INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, WESTMORELAND ST.

AUTHOR OF 'THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES' 'MUSIC AND MORALS' ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I

NEW EDITION—WITH TWO PORTRAITS

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SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON

PREFACE

I HAVE no preface to offer—no explanation to make.

These volumes speak for themselves: those who are interested in me and my travels and observations will read them, and the others can leave them alone.

Writers are sometimes vain enough to imagine that what amuses them must necessarily amuse other people: I am under no such delusion, and am therefore quite prepared to receive with resignation and meekness the neglect of the public and the strictures of the Press, or *vice versâ*.

I have yielded, perhaps rashly, to the representations of my publishers, and admitted two portraits. For the first I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Frederick A. Atkins, editor of 'The Young Man,' and for the second to the eminent photographers, Messrs. Russell & Sons of Baker Street.

These volumes only include my travels *outside* Europe from 1885 to 1895.

I have two more volumes in view dealing with my travels *in* Europe from 1855 to 1885. But as I wish to conciliate everybody, I do not promise to publish them—I only threaten to do so.

H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

QUEEN'S HOUSE, CHELSEA:
1896.

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TRAVEL AND TALK

BOSTON

I

WHO AM I—that I should be called to Boston, U.S.A., Hub of the Universe, to deliver the Lowell Lectures?

'Ah, well!' I muttered approvingly with a little self-satisfied sigh, 'my humble merits have at last been discovered!'

'But stay,' says a voice within, 'did Boston discover you—or did you——'

'Well—yes, I did—in a sort of way. I do remember me now that I desired much to see Boston, peradventure to lecture at the——'

'And you let them know it?'

'Hush! Have you not heard that no one who offers himself to Boston is ever asked to be Lowell Lecturer? It would be like offering yourself to the Royal Institution for a show Friday night. Still, I admit just dropping a hint in a postscript to good Mr. Howells the novelist—who in a casual conversation with Mr. Augustus Lowell—and so on.'

But the ocean rolled between.

II

MY FIRST VOYAGE, 1885.—I step out of my Liverpool hotel and into my 'White Star' *appartement meublé*—what is the difference? The light, being electric, is better; the bells are more frequently answered, and consequently oftener rung; the attendants are more civil, and, under trying circumstances which I may allude to presently, more sympathetic; the food is plentiful, cheap, and excellent; coffee-rooms, smoking-rooms, bath-rooms within easy reach. A pianoforte and perpetual sea-motion seem almost the only drawbacks—but then some people on board are sure to like the one without minding the other; to them a few days on the Atlantic between Liverpool and New York on one of these vast oceanic hotels must be happiness unalloyed.

For about a day and a half I was engaged with the steward on some urgent affairs of so private a nature that no one except the doctor was admitted to see me. His remarks were conclusive and valuable; and finding, towards the end of the second day, after prolonged, indefatigable, and I may say sleepless attention, a considerable abatement in the pressure of business, I concluded to dine at the general table.

Up to this time I had been too busy to dine at all.

The 'lots' on board were of a mixed character. The noisy lot were less objectionable than usual, headed by a vivacious Frenchman, who by day organised as many of the male folk as were willing into rope-pulling and other rollicking bands on deck. By night, seated at the piano—for he turned out to be an organist with a fatally retentive memory—the versa-

tile Celt would extemporise upon every theme from 'Lohengrin' to 'Yankee Doodle,' and, as he was not difficult about *encores*, ten o'clock, late for on shipboard, would find him still surrounded by two or three musical fanatics, pounding away at the 'Dame Blanche' or 'Faust,' to the confusion of the sleepless and unmusical in adjoining state-rooms. He was a right cheery man, and although I abhorred the variations on the 'White Lady,' I owed him no grudge. One by one the sullen Teutons on board gave in to his irresistible vivacity, and found themselves careering about deck next morning, on some wild-goose game under the little man's despotic orders, like so many schoolboys.

O proud Britons! you never, never will be slaves, we know; but you had to surrender to that impetuous little Frenchman, with his mischievous, laughing mouth, and his bristly, clean-trimmed beard. When you mobbed him, crushed his hat over his eyes, and finally, in your own rough and peculiar horse-play, hoisted him aloft and bore him kicking and laughing to the bulwarks with fell intent to hurl him overboard, the Frenchman still conquered; for had he not shaken you out of your national stiffness and reserve, and was he not, as he stood waving his crushed hat with imperturbable good humour after the fray, the very embodiment of what is almost your national *bête noire*, '*le don de la gaieté*'?

There were sadder elements on board. The 'Germanic' was pretty full. After the first day or two, the splendid dining-room was well furnished with guests. The third day there came in late a

slender emaciated young man, leaning on the arm of a pretty young woman of about twenty-five. She arranged his cushions for him, and he sat very still at the dinner table. His tall pale forehead, and large dark eyes that seemed to take little note of what was going on, gave him a statuesque and even cadaverous appearance. After dinner he remained seated in the dining-room, with his wife beside him. She spoke to him occasionally, even read him little bits out of some book, apparently humorous. But he hardly noticed her, and she soon relapsed into silence, pretending to read, as it seemed to me, with a forced composure of face. Suddenly she laid down her book, rose, and helped the invalid to his feet. He was very weak, and staggered out of the room supported tenderly by his wife. All eyes were turned towards them for a moment; the general talk flagged; the saloon door closed. We never saw him alive again. That night he died. I learned from the doctor that he had gone abroad to some German springs for his health, and, getting worse, had started, hoping only to live through the passage, and die at home. At eleven o'clock next morning the poor young wife sent for me, and I went to her room. He was lying like a marble effigy, not much more still, not much more pale, than he had looked a few hours before at the dinner table, but the eyes were closed, and the light was gone out for ever. So strange it seemed—and she sat tearless. For months, weeks, and days she had waited for this: it had come now, and she could not weep. But she could talk a little, enough to tell of two lives that once had been supremely blest, and now she could even bear to speak of her irreparable loss—it was better so. At such times we are all utterly

helpless to comfort one another—the help must come from within and from above. So we knelt down by the body at rest. She could not bear to have him laid in his coffin and no prayer said; and after that I left. About two o'clock next day I looked down from the upper deck, and noticed a great stir among the passengers. Four sailors passed through the crowd bearing a coffin draped with a Union Jack for a pall. The young wife's entreaties that her husband should not be lowered into the sea in a shotted hammock had prevailed with our good captain, and the coffin was placed in a boat swung on deck. The poor young lady was singularly composed and reasonable; she shrank from leaving her room or facing any of the passengers. But in the darkness she allowed herself to be brought up on deck to breathe the fresh air, and she stood for some time looking towards the boat which contained all that she cared for in this world. I am told that deaths on board these great ocean steamers are common enough. People crossing and recrossing for their health are not unfrequently surprised by that black privateer at whose summons commercial and pleasure crafts alike have to strike their flags.

I continued pacing the deck for some time. There was no moon; the ship's lanterns gave a vague light; the stars were out; a few people lingered in their folding chairs on deck; the dim boat hoisted astern with its sad freight seemed to draw me. About this time last night she had closed her book suddenly, and he had risen to take his last walk in this world, and to-night the book of his life lay closed, the story abruptly broken off at the age of thirty-two, with how

many chapters unwritten! As I turned round and looked up at the tall masts faintly visible against the sky, and then over into the gloomy waters through which we were rushing, the sails of the 'Germanic' were set; the ship's lights glared fitfully through the black smoke; there was something inexpressibly gloomy and funereal about it all. I was irresistibly reminded of Turner's 'Burial of Wilkie at Sea.' In that picture the drooping half-furled sails are seen to be *jet black*, and I have heard this condemned as unnatural, and done for scenic effect. When asked about it, Turner merely remarked that he was obliged to paint the sails *jet black.* Above me now the great square sails, white by day, stood out against the dim starlit sky. They were *jet black.* Turner was right, as usual; and his critics were wrong, as usual.

The poor young widow had gone to her cabin, not far from the dining-room, to spend her first terrible night alone. She wanted to keep the coffin with her one more night, but the captain was peremptory, and she was resigned. We are in the habit of sneering at French frivolity. On entering the saloon I noticed the piano was shut. The little French organist was sitting at the other end of the room chatting with a few of his particular cronies, all very quiet and subdued. He never opened the piano again during the voyage. His gaiety seemed to have received a check from which it could not recover. True-hearted little man! you never sought to know that poor bereaved lady, but your respectful tribute was not thrown away upon her. You did what you could. That very night a noisy party of girls and vulgar men squabbled over dominoes and cards till

past eleven o'clock, laughing and joking boisterously, close to the poor lady's room. They were English.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was on board ; he was going to New York to bring out 'Saints and Sinners,' which had lately had such a run in London. He doubted whether the satire on Dissent would be appreciated in America, where all sects are equal, or are supposed to be. Mr. Howard Paul and I did our best to cheer him up. Indeed, the Americans are quite as alive as we are to the tyranny of the congregation over the minister, and to the occasional vulgarity of the lay jack-in-office under the Voluntary system in the New Republic ; and accordingly 'Saints and Sinners' took in New York as well as in London.

Chit-chat, reading, writing and routine on board ; an occasional unknown ship in sight on the horizon ; a couple of little brown-and-white birds on our rigging, so tame that the steerage passengers caught them and senselessly put an end to their poor little lives. Once some pretty dolphins sported at a respectful distance round the vessel ; happily, they could not be caught. A whale spouted far out to sea ; he was wiser still, he could not even be seen. The fog-whistle blew exasperatingly all one night, and the next morn, the ninth after leaving Liverpool, through a blinding sheet of rain, we steamed into New York harbour.

III

ON THE HUB OF THE UNIVERSE.—After a wretched night in a suffocating sleeping-car I got into Boston about 9.30 A.M. Not a soul came to meet

me; nor did I know personally a soul in Boston, Mr. Howells, the novelist, being absent at the time. I put up at a first-class hotel, which shall be nameless, where I was robbed of about 50*l.* or more. My room was entered, my locked box broken open, and my cashbox abstracted. It being pretty evident that the hotel-keeper was responsible for the whole amount, he concluded tardily to pay me half. I took it and left his hotel. *Mem.*—Never keep your money in your box.

I had crept stealthily into Boston; no reporter called, no newspaper announced my arrival, till Monday, when I was due at the Lowell Institute; but on Sunday several friends, to whom I had introductions, found me out, and called. On Monday I received official visits from the Lowell Institute Secretary, Dr. Cotting, and Mr. Augustus Lowell, and went over to see the Huntingdon Hall, where the Lowell Lectures are delivered. It holds about 1,000 people, and is on the same plan as the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, but without galleries. I had heard much of the Lowell audiences. Boston being the hub of the U.S.A., the Lowell Institute seems to be the hub of Boston. It is the American Royal Institution, and, by paying heavier fees, prides itself on securing the best lecturers and the most enlightened audiences. I might well tremble at the ordeal before me. In the course of the day I was favoured with a great deal of good advice. I was told the sort of lecture I was to give; how I was to speak—not too fast, not too slow; not too loud, and not too low. Above all, I was to be *learned*—abstruse with plenty of hard science—and in fact prove myself generally worthy of the aforesaid hub.

I went back to my hotel and pondered. I had never had so much good advice in my life. I was a Royal Institution lecturer; I fancied I had come to Boston to instruct, to enlighten. That is the spirit in which Royal Institution lecturers in London go to their work. I was quickly undeceived. Boston was going to instruct me—to judge me, to weigh me in the balance, and perhaps find me wanting. To be prompted on my own special topic—to be told how I was to address an audience after twenty years of incessant public speaking in London—'Well, well,' I said to myself, 'this is indeed a novel experience, and all is no doubt kindly meant.' And so I went home to tea. But I could not help being a little shaken in my self-confidence. I never face a new audience without anxiety and trepidation, and the ample advice I had received was certainly enough to wreck any lecturer of ordinary sensibility on a first night.

At last the moment came. I appeared 'B 4 a c of upturned faces,' as poor Artemus used to say. The theatre was quite full. There was hardly any applause on my entrance. I had been prepared for that. Who was I? A pilgrim and a stranger indeed! I soon felt as if I hadn't a friend in the world. I tried a feeble little complimentary allusion to the manager of the Lowell Institute, which was received in ominous silence. I quoted one or two of their favourite poets without a gleam of recognition or sympathy from that apparently austere assembly. 'This will never do,' thought I to myself, and at this moment the very atmosphere seemed to conspire against me. There were horrid echoes and harmonic sounds ringing in my ears and mocking my voice. I had a violin on the table, and a gong—I covered the one and removed

the other. All in vain; the mocking echoes continued. I was speaking slowly, accurately, and with all due dullness, on the anatomy of sound. I remembered the placards stuck up on the organ loft in the far west, where the rough worshippers were wont to lounge into church with bowie knives and six-shooters: 'Gentlemen, please not to fire at the organist, as he is doing his best.' I was doing my best, but, sorely weighted with good advice—and bent on pleasing the Bostonians, bad was that best, and dull as ditch-water.

O man, vain are thy words when thou ceasest to be thyself, and art bent on finding favour, instead of speaking forth the truth that is in thee, as thy soul shall prompt thee to utterance, heedless of praise or blame!

That night I learned my lesson for good. I had not been, after all, quite a failure. To my surprise, a great many people seemed pleased with the lecture. I certainly was not one of them. The next day I received more good advice, and I was not surprised. The local allusions, it seems, were out of place; the quotations over-trite or trivial; the learning not heavy enough. I accepted the rebuke with outward meekness, and inwardly boiling over. 'Hard science' alone, it seemed, could redeem me in the eyes of Boston. This was final—I had apparently failed to please the hub of the universe. Henceforth I intended to deliver my message in my own way, and please myself. The next night was more crowded than the first; there was not standing room. That evening I was fortunate enough to establish that *entente cordiale* with the Bostonians which was to be the beginning of a very happy time, and one in which

I think I may say I laid the foundation, at least, of some lifelong friendships. I at once took the bull by the horns, and warned my hearers not to expect any hard science in my lectures on music and morals. Science, I said, was not in my line; I knew nothing at all about it. I was musical and I was moral; and I then plunged at once into the mission of Art, and the special place and rationale of music. The more I pranced through all the rules laid down for my guidance and correction the more the room kindled, and the genial applause which greeted me at the close of my hour emboldened me to believe that I had this time almost satisfied the hub of the universe.

From that time I looked forward to my nights at the Lowell Institute with unmixed pleasure. 'We regard those lectures,' said a past Lowell lecturer to me, 'as ordeals to be got through somehow.' 'I never spent happier evenings in America,' I replied. Indeed, all reserve between me and the audience seemed broken down; we almost conversed. 'Conference' would have been a better word for our meetings. After the second Wagner lecture, which I concluded with a dramatic paraphrase of 'Tannhäuser,' end of Act III., the applause continued, with cries of 'Let's have him out!' until, contrary, I believe, to all Lowell Institute etiquette, I was brought back to the platform, and I there remained, shaking hands with my friends, and answering questions about Wagner, until it was evident that the audience would not disperse until I retired. On entering my private room I found it full of ardent intruders, who were determined not to depart without my autograph. After that night I got no more good advice. My audience had delivered me.

I used to go to my room adjoining the platform about half an hour before lecture time. I always found the staircase blocked with people waiting for the opening of the doors, and one night the crowd was so great that fears for the staircase were entertained, and the people after that were always marshalled in the lobbies below.

My good friend Mr. Augustus Lowell, who treated me from the first with the most delicate courtesy and generous appreciation, had been as much annoyed as I was by the non-arrival of a great Belgian bell, cast specially for me by Severin Van Aerschodt, lineal descendant and representative of the Van den Gheyns of the sixteenth century, who cast some of the chief suites of bells that now hang in the noble towers of Bruges, Ghent, Malines, and Louvain. My first lecture had been somewhat marred by the absence of that bell, and Mr. Lowell asked me to give an additional lecture should the bell arrive in time. After a rough voyage the bell arrived, and there was rejoicing at the Lowell Institute. Its fine silvery surface was flecked with green spots of wind, weather and sea water, but the bell, weighing about five cwt., was a treasure, a model of pure smooth casting with 'America' on one side, a beautiful proud female profile, with thirteen stars round her head, and an inscription bearing my name and that of the Lowell Institute on the other. The good janitor of the Huntington Hall fell in love with her on the spot, and with many powders and unguents, brushes and cloths, set to polishing her up for the evening, until on the afternoon of my seventh and last Lowell Lecture he brought me to see her in triumph. As she

appeared on the platform, swung on rough cross-beams, she shone like silver, and sounded as mellow as an old violoncello, giving the fundamental third and fifth as true as a pianoforte. At night the crowd was so great that every available standing-place was occupied. Phillips Brooks said to me, 'Do you think I can get in?' 'You can get in anywhere!' I don't think he was in the least interested in bells or music. He sat in a remote corner. I can see his massive frame, and his expressive full face, which reminded me so much of Thackeray, just a little way off, where the difference between a broken and a sound nose was not so apparent. Ladies were sitting on the floor and on the platform. The doors were blocked. I had brought with me the official pamphlet issued by the Royal Institution, containing my lecture on bells, delivered therein, and the substance of this I re-delivered. On being recalled at the close, I bade adieu to my sympathetic friends who gathered round me; shook more hands and signed more autographs. By this time I knew many of them by sight. I felt grateful to them for the happy evenings they had given me, and they seemed genuinely sorry to part with me. I had not taught them much 'hard science,' it is truc, but they had taught me two things: first, that Bostonians are often misrepresented by some of their would-be representatives; and secondly, that Bostonian audiences are very much like other cultivated listeners, irresponsive to what is dull, but as sensitive as other people to that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. For one soul *vis-à-vis* a thousand there is, after all, but one three-fold counsel of perfection that, like charity, never fails: Forget thyself, love thy people, and do thy work.'

IV

BOSTON DAYS.—I was pleasantly detained in Boston a fortnight more by an unexpected request to fix my own fees, and redeliver three of my Lowell Lectures. I did so at the Hawthorne Hall before what I was told was the *crème de la crème* of Boston: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Berthold, Mr. Shattuck, the venerable and gifted Miss Peabody, Mrs. Ole Bull, Asa Gray, and other remnants of the brilliant Emerson, Bryant, and Longfellow circle occupied prominent seats and vouchsafed no advice. They gave me what was better, an almost loving attention. I was the only person, it would seem, aware of my own defects, and I kept the knowledge to myself. They did their best to conceal it from me. Miss Peabody compared me to Hawthorne; Mr. Putnam, a leading Boston lawyer, who had kindly managed the hotel robbery affair for me, assured me that since the days of Agassiz there had been no such success; and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed himself very kindly. 'A model,' he said, 'of what such a lecture should be.' In the 'hard science' days, a month before, I had almost been tempted to blow my own trumpet a little in self-defence, but wisdom and modesty prevailed. I now felt myself to be one of Wisdom's justified children. *Mem.*—Another three-fold counsel of perfection: 'Don't praise yourself; don't run yourself down; don't defend yourself;—leave it all to other people.' Have I disregarded this ih chronicling in my diary the verdict of others at a time, I confess, when my own was doubtful? If so,

let Sterne's recording angel drop a tear and blot out my offence. Few things can be more humbling, after all, than a man's real knowledge of himself and his own shortcomings, what he aims at, what he achieves. He alone weighs accurately the praises lavished upon him for things which merit blame, or the blame so rashly cast for things which deserve praise; but in all his earthly striving, his successes and his failures alike, one thing is ever wholesome, ever sweet—nay, little less than sacred—it is the genuine sympathy of human hearts; and that was given me at Boston.

I preached once in Boston. It was in Phillips Brooks's grand mosque-like church, to a congregation of between two and three thousand people. Phillips Brooks and Canon Farrar conducted the service. I preached again for my kind and hospitable friend, Dean Gray, in the Episcopal Church at Cambridge, and again before the Harvard University, at the request of Principal Eliot. On this occasion the congregation consisted of Unitarians, Nonconformists, and a sprinkling of Episcopalians. The Harvard students were in force, and on that Sunday night the spacious edifice was crowded. It was the strangest service—stranger even than that at Cornell University, where I was told to wear what I liked, and do what I liked, and say what I pleased. Below me Dean Gray, in plain black coat, conducted an improvised service; a hymn or two was sung, and I then rose in the pulpit wearing a black Geneva gown and a Cambridge hood. I was not in good condition, and for the first half-hour, whilst treading the thorny ground of Bible inspiration, was quite aware that I was not putting my points persuasively for the

Episcopalians at any rate. My second half-hour I warmed up, but it was too late.

The next day the papers gave an extraordinary travesty of my sermon, in which it appeared I had trampled on all that was most dear to the Bible Christian. For several days the papers pursued me, and things were made to look so bad that I broke through my usual reserve in correcting wild reports, and sent a letter mildly protesting against the misrepresentations current. Dean Gray did the same, and hearing no more, I suppose the theological watchdogs of Boston lay down to sleep again. In no single instance was I treated unkindly by the Boston or Cambridge newspapers, nor, I am sure, did they willingly misrepresent me. On the whole, I wonder they did so well—I think they could hardly have meant better.

V

DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS.—Never ought he for his own sake to have been made a Bishop. Admirable was he as Bishop—greater as Rector of Trinity Church. But for America it was well. How bravely he soared above all the cackling, blear-eyed ecclesiastics and timorous prelates who protested against his election. How little he cared whether they elected him or not. 'Dear old moth-eaten angels!' he said to me one day, alluding to some of the conservative, stick-in-the-mud clergy who had voted against him, and there was a lofty, only half-contemptuous pity about the humour of the phrase, which somehow left no sting behind it.

I can see the tall, portly figure—monumental and

impressive—fit tabernacle for that noble spirit with its strange aloofness and yet quick sympathies that gave all and seemed to want nothing in return—and never became too familiar or common. It was a strange lifted-up kind of sympathy quite irresistible; it seemed to carry you away with a rush, like a full strong river. The poor felt it and worshipped him; but he was so other-worldly, almost like the denizen of some far-off planet whose inhabitants had moved on a stage or so beyond us. He seemed like one not of us come amongst us for a little while, understanding us better than we did ourselves, loving us, full of a divine depth and simple helpfulness and artless humility, but still aloof as though some innavigable ocean washed between us. I wonder, did ever anyone *know* Phillips Brooks intimately?

The bishopric was Phillips Brooks's crown of sacrifice. The last time he lunched with me at the New University Club with the Bishop of Gloucester, the Earl of Meath (ever full of good works), and Canon Milman, we remained chatting alone for some time after lunch on the top gallery opening out of the club smoking room and overlooking the chimney-pots of London.

I had a presentiment that I should never see him again, and it was so. Subdued, gentle, caustic, eloquent, severe by turns, but more 'detached'—that is the only word for Phillips Brooks—more detached than ever. There was a far-away look every now and then in his eyes which came and went like a cold gleam of wintry sunlight falling upon him from beyond the clouds. It always seemed to me that Phillips Brooks did not care greatly to remain here

below, except for the work of the ministry, in which he rejoiced, so that whenever the Master should come and call for him, he would not have to call twice, but the faithful servant would immediately rise up quickly and go to Him. He always reminded me of those exquisite lines in 'Ezekiel:'

'What have ye lacked, beloved, with us,
We murmur heavily and low,
That ye should rise with kindling eyes
And be so fain to go?

'It was not that our love was cold,
That earthly lights were growing dim,
But that the Shepherd from the fold
Had smiled and drawn them unto Him.

'Praise God, the Shepherd is so sweet;
Praise God, the country is so fair;
We might not hold them from His feet,
We can but haste to meet them there.'

And Phillips Brooks's preaching? Quite indescribable! He stood up, and the Spirit entered into him, like a mighty rushing wind. I have heard him read his sermons. I have heard him pour forth a perfervid stream of extempore eloquence for an hour. It mattered little to him—less to us—it was always the whirlwind, the fire, and through it all and in it all somehow the still small voice.

It was not what he said—indeed, there was not much in what he said—and there is no more in a page of his printed sermons than in a column of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence. He formulated little, he theorised less; he hardly attempted to construct or

reconstruct, still less to criticise or destroy. Only the waters of the great deep were broken up; the tongues of fire alighted on the heads of the people. Strong men stood and wept; others were lifted up with inconceivable emotion, a sense of triumph; the sorrowful went away jubilant; the sinner went off and without knowing that he had repented forgot to sin again; and numbers who were thus moved could hardly *hear* what he said. I once ventured to remark to him, alluding to the furious rapidity of his utterance, which defied all shorthand writers: 'The people miss whole sentences and paragraphs.'

'No matter,' said Brooks; 'they get a sentence and a thought here and there; if they heard all, they would forget half; they hear quite enough.'

It was true, and Brooks knew his own secret. They said he talked fast because he stammered if he talked slowly. It may have been, and doubtless his method was unskilled and imperfect from an elocutionist's point of view, but what Phillips Brooks gave was *himself*.

People went out stepping lightly as on air, with a sound of angels' voices 'chiming' about them: as Dante says, 'like those that chime after the chiming of the eternal spheres.'

No; there never was anybody, there never will be anyone, like Phillips Brooks. There was an incomparable elevation and buoyancy about his torrential oratory and himself; he positively radiated faith and joy in the Eternal.

His one theological triumph was in restoring to Unitarian Boston some sort of belief in the doctrine of the Trinity. It was Phillips Brooks's intense grasp

of the human side of God as an essential and not an accidental part of the Divine nature which enabled him to do this. Whilst professing no toleration whatever for the bitter polemical document mistakenly called the Creed of St. Athanasius, Phillips Brooks was passionately Athanasian, and believed as firmly as I do that the doctrine of Athanasius concerning the Holy Trinity, more especially in relation to the Person of the Redeemer, is absolutely the only convincing and unanswerable statement that was ever or is ever likely to be made concerning the Divine Nature under the limitations of Humanity.

In my 'Conquering Cross,' the fifth volume of 'Christ and Christianity,' the chapter on 'Constantine and the Nicene Council,' I have endeavoured to state the true Athanasian doctrine, which so few theologians and hardly any of the clergy seem to know anything about, as opposed to the equally misunderstood Arian doctrine; and in a conversation which I had with Phillips Brooks not long before his death, I found that our views were in almost exact harmony upon this subject.

VI

PHILLIPS BROOKS'S LETTERS.—One of the first to welcome me to Boston in November 1885 when I arrived to deliver the Lowell Lectures was Phillips Brooks. The following letter speaks for itself:

'233 Clarendon Street, Boston:
'November 5, 1885.

'My dear Mr. Haweis,—I was so sorry to miss seeing you yesterday.

'Welcome to Boston.

'Will you preach for me at Trinity, Sunday morning next?

'I do hope you can and will.

'Most sincerely yours,

'PHILLIPS BROOKS.'

It was on this occasion that Archdeacon (now Dean) Farrar turned up quite unexpectedly and took part in the service. We were both at that time lecturing in Boston, and the papers made copy out of us, not always in the best taste, by comparing our platform and pulpit styles. Of course the journals which extolled the distinguished Archdeacon were cool on me, and *vice versâ*. I thought it was very graceful, under the circumstances, of the Archdeacon to appear on the occasion of my preaching, and still more friendly of him to assure me afterwards that everyone who heard my sermon must have been the better for it.

'The large house'—by which the 'Boston Journal' meant Phillips Brooks's magnificent church—'was packed with a congregation comprising the regular congregation and many from other churches. It was a surprise to see behind the chancel rail Archdeacon Farrar: it seemed that he had returned to Boston for the Sunday, and therefore assisted the Rev. Phillips Brooks in the devotional exercises. The Rev. Mr. Haweis was not seen until the moment he mounted the pulpit steps.' Then follows a specimen of the 'impressionist' sketches of my humble self, which varied according to the taste or animus of the reporter. On this occasion—the 'black hair sets off my pale colour.' At another time I am very dark—or like Dr. Talmage, or Ward Beecher—or Mr. Toole—

or 'a slender joyous man of forty-seven.' Other reporters considered me stout and melancholy, and so forth.

I shall never forget the kindness and attention shown me by Phillips Brooks whilst I was at Boston. His beautiful house was close to my lecture-hall. I sometimes met Dean Farrar at lunch there. I could always turn in and rest there, and I made it my home whenever I came out to Boston from the Deanery at Cambridge, where I mostly lived.

Our friendship matured as the years rolled on—too few, alas!

'You are most good,' he writes in 1887. 'I am here [Westminster Palace Hotel] for the shortest visit with my sister and her child, under my charge, who have never seen the great London before, and so all the sights are to be seen in truest tourist fashion.

'I never can *repay* the sermon you preached for me [" the fiery echoes of your voice," he wrote in another letter, " still seem to linger about the walls of Holy Trinity "]. This year I must not attempt to do so. I am here only for two Sundays, and on both of them I am promised for two preachings. These promises were made months ago, long before I left America, so I am helpless there. I must not hope either to preach for you, or (what I should like far better) *hear you preach*.

'Do not count me faithless, but only unfortunate. You kindly name two days, on either of which I could come to lunch. . . . Above all let me not be a bore or burden. . . .

'PHILLIPS BROOKS.'

A few more extracts from his letters may as well follow here.

I had asked him to meet a distinguished company at my house, including Cabinet ministers, bishops, and well-known writers and men of science; he could not come, but he came one afternoon when we were alone.

'It would have been good to meet all these great people; but I am quite content. I shall see you and Mrs. Haweis. I shall not miss the others.

'PHILLIPS BROOKS.'

I wrote and asked him to go with me to Lambeth Palace.

'Thank you for one more added to your hundred kindnesses; yes, we have cards for Lambeth for this afternoon, and shall go. And I have the pleasure of knowing Bishop Lightfoot, and shall see him if he is in Durham. . . .

'PHILLIPS BROOKS.'

In 1889 I wrote to him about Tangier, which I had been visiting in order to investigate the state of the prisons and the consular corruption, which I subsequently exposed in the London press with some good results.

'April 23, 1889.

'The brightest Easter greeting to you! It is good to see your most exemplary handwriting, and to know that you are well and happy. How fine the church façade must be! [I had lately built a new façade to St. James's, Westmoreland Street.] I shall not see it this year, for I shall not come to England. If I go

anywhere, I shall go to Japan! But it looks now as if I should stay quietly at home.

'This is a sad story about Tangier. Thank Heaven, the places of cruelty cannot be quite as much hidden as they used to be. Some tourist parson finds them out, and the "Times," with all its blunders, is still there.

'This little town [Boston] grows apace, and there are interesting things going on in it all the while; but I am sad not to get a month in London. Some day I shall do it yet, and then I shall see you again.

'Till then, think of me, and be sure of my remembrance with kindest regards to Mrs. Haweis.

'PHILLIPS BROOKS.'

I had asked him to go down to Fulham Palace to the Bishop of London's with me. I had also invited him to my conversazione at the Portman Rooms, a description of which is given by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his 'Over the Tea Cups.' Brooks writes:

'July 4, 1890.

'I wish that I could be at your conversazione this evening. It was good in you to give our national festival the honour of your choice.

'As I write the rockets are burning and the boys are shouting over the now well-established fact that we are an independent nation.

'I fancy you are as glad of it as we are, for we should have been a most troublesome dependency. I thank you for your counting me . . . amongst your friends, and giving my very much misspelt name a place upon the prospectus of your meeting.

'After all, I hope to cross the ocean for the shortest

of all journeys this summer. It seems to be the only way of getting thoroughly clear of appointments on this side. I shall get only a few days in England and a few days in Switzerland.

'How long I shall have in London I cannot say. I should think as much as an hour and a half.

'I shall try to see you of course, and trust the kind fates for success. But my time is so uncertain that I cannot guess when I shall be at your gate, and you must make no account of me. Only it will be sad if I miss you entirely. . . .

'PHILLIPS BROOKS.'

As early as 1888 I was contemplating a visit to the Pacific Coast, although not until 1893 was I destined to see for the first time the City of the Golden Gate. Phillips Brooks wrote:

'February 23, 1888.

'How gladly would I be sitting this afternoon in your pleasant garden or your pleasant library, and thanking you in person for your most kind note. Instead of that this thick gross medium of pen and ink comes in; but still enough of human feeling may penetrate through it to let you know that I am glad that you remember me, and that I think of the bright days in London with perpetual gratitude and joy. I shall not come this year. I shall go up into the country and sit under my apple trees and read my books, and hold my peace. The blessed silence after all these months of talk!

'And yet the months of talk are most delightful; one grows surer of a few strong things, and more and more delights to tell them to his fellow creatures; and the fellow creatures—bless them!—are so good! They

listen so kindly, and their hearts, recognising what is true in what we say, leap up so cheerily and say, " *Yes, that is so. I felt it!*"

'It is a delightful work, and I trust there are a good many years yet of it before the end. [Alas! there were but four.]

'I had a rather miserable summer after I went on to the Continent from London. It was only a lame hand [he had been nursing a sick dog of low degree most tenderly, and it had bitten him], a felon! a mean, miserable, undignified, decrepitude! but it disabled me somewhat, and ended by shutting me up for ten days in Geneva under a doctor's care. It is all well now, and the winter has been full of hearty happiness.

'So you are bidden to come and look at the Pacific. I hope that some day you will do it. A new ocean is a great sight in a man's life. We shall see you here on the way, which will do us all good.

'PHILLIPS BROOKS.'

Alas! in 1893 Phillips Brooks was dead.

I deeply regret now that I thoughtlessly destroyed so many of his letters; but little I dreamed the hand that wrote them would so soon be cold in the sepulchre.

Only on his last visit to England did I notice a certain weariness and want of alertness, doubtless due to enfeebled action of the heart, which latterly proved insufficient to vitalise adequately his tall massive frame.

I think a letter dated July 8, 1892, from the Westminster Palace Hotel, is the last I received from him:

'It was most pleasant to hear from you again and I sent at once my telegram to say how gladly I should come to lunch with you on Saturday, and go with you to the Bishop of London's as you most kindly propose.

'I am counting upon it with the greatest pleasure.

'I must not have the privilege of going home with you to Queen's House afterwards, and, indeed, I must hasten back from the Bishop's early because I have promised Farrar to be with him at his schools at half-past five ; but I shall get a good delightful afternoon with you, in which I much rejoice. You are very good to remember me, and I am yours most sincerely,

'PHILLIPS BROOKS.'

For people who had seen so much of each other and were on such friendly terms as we were, a certain tone of needless humility and deference which breathes through his letters may seem a little artificial, but it was genuine and characteristic of Phillips Brooks. I remember a story about an obscure American clergyman who once got the great preacher to fill his pulpit in the country. The crowds which always flocked to hear him gathered from far and wide, and there was not standing room in the chancel.

Phillips Brooks congratulated the worthy parson upon the magnificent congregation that he had got! It never seemed to occur to him that they had only come to hear him.

VII

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.—Name well-beloved wherever English is read—incomparable Autocrat—the last survivor of that glorious band of

genial and brave writers (all abolitionists), poets, philosophers, novelists, and essayists, who have created American literature. Oliver Wendell Holmes, outliving Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow—even James Russell Lowell—it was my good fortune to see at Boston, and for seven years to number amongst my friends and correspondents.

It was on Wednesday, November 4, 1885, at a reception given us by our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Parker, at Boston, that I first met Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—a small spare man of some seventy-six years, with a genial, mobile face, lips seldom at rest, kind eyes, quick at penetrating. I told him that, instead of allowing him to come out to see me, I had been about to pay my respects to him.

'Well,' said he, 'I don't go out much this weather. I suppose about my time of life one may expect to sit at home under one's pagoda and be visited like a Chinese god ; but I have come out to see you.'

O. W. H. talked just as he wrote, and was just what he seemed to be. He was always the Autocrat, or the Professor, or the Poet of the Breakfast Table.

'The sound of our own voice,' he once said to me, 'is sweet; we all love it.'

His mind was naturally prone to go back to that brilliant circle—Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Bryant, Whittier, James Russell Lowell—of which he himself was so subtle an ornament; but he never lost sympathy with the present.

'After a life like mine, one may well live a little, as pigs are said to do, on one's own fat. We certainly were a good circle in the old days. What a presence was Agassiz, with his flashing eyes so full of life, and

genius, and insight, and eloquence! As for Hawthorne—such a contrast to him—he was as shy and retiring, like a blushing schoolgirl of fourteen. For a whole evening you could hardly get a word out of him in company; but then Margaret Fuller—rather dull, as I think, in her books—was a rare talker—overrated though,' he added. 'Do you know, I think I was always a little jealous of her? Perhaps I never did her quite justice. It began when we were children. We used to go to school together, and she got ahead of me. Once she wrote an essay beginning, "Trite as may be the remark," &c. She read it to me. I didn't know what "trite" meant. She evidently did. I felt quite piqued and disliked her for her lofty superiority. Is it not absurd the trivial little things that warp the mind and impress young children, and old ones too? As for Poe, he was really a poor creature—a very poor creature; he gave great offence at Boston; people were kindly disposed towards him, but he treated them infamously.'

Holmes always stood a little outside the Emerson clique. 'Oh, as to Emerson,' he would say, 'he was an angel—so pure and sunny; but the stuff talked in his name about transcendentalism was insufferable; it has infected Boston ever since. The brainless littérateurs and charlatans that lived on his peculiarities and mimicked his language—it makes one sick to think of them—to him his style was native, it was clear, pure inspiration. We are too indulgent here in Boston to mere littérateurs; we do not see things in right proportion; we hardly know first-rate quality from second rate.'

And after a pause he added—

'No, nor fifth-rate.'

One afternoon we went in to see him. He lived in Beacon Street, and the back of his house commanded a view of the sea and the sunset. His study table was strewn with letters. He began to describe with inimitable humour the way he was pestered by admirers. Yet I think he would have missed them. He tossed me a letter asking for his autograph; he opened another requesting a sentiment; and a third wanting his opinion on some verses.

'I live,' he said, 'on interruptions; but what am I to do with the books people send me and urge me to read?'

I told him what Stanley, the late Dean of Westminster, did with such presents; he wrote a post card with 'Dear Sir, I will not wait to open your book, but best thanks.—A. P. S.' Holmes thanked me for the hint.

I was delighted to hear him talk about himself, his poems, and his varied experiences of admirers. He seemed to me about the most contented martyr to popularity I ever saw. He would complain of being made a butt of by everyone who wanted a lift in art, literature, or lecturing, but I could see that few applied to him in vain. At times he would check himself lightly with—

'Dear me, I am talking of nothing but myself, like a garrulous old man that I am.'

'You will never grow old,' I said; 'the vigour and freshness of your soul will keep you young for ever.'

'Ay,' said he, 'young with a second childhood, through which, I suppose, we must all pass till we get washed clean, as I hope we shall be when we wake up by-and-by.'

Although Dr. Holmes talked of sitting at home like a Chinese god, I certainly met him out several times—indeed, no choice assembly seemed complete without him, and wherever he was the talk was sure to be bright, genial, good, and kindly.

At a great reception given to Canon Farrar at the Brunswick Hotel, I again found myself close to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

'Who is that bishop,' I asked, 'who just spoke to me?'

'Oh,' said Holmes, 'that is the well-known Bishop of ——, and not at all a bad fellow either. I will tell you why I have a good opinion of him. I once saw him go up to two ladies in the street in the rain—he had on a brand-new hat. I happened to know those ladies. They were total strangers to him, but he offered them his umbrella and walked off in the rain, and quietly spoiled his hat. Now,' says Holmes, 'a man loves his hat—and a bishop's hat!' He paused; it was an awe-inspiring thought.

'Yes,' I cut in, laying my hand gently on the poet's arm, and holding him 'with my glittering eye'—

'Wear a good hat: the secret of your looks
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks.
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.'

I saw the author's eyes kindle.

'Well,' said he, 'I had better be off now. I shall hear nothing better than that. I am in luck to-day this is the second time since I have entered this room that I have had my own poems quoted to me.'

'Ah,' I said, 'you should have seen the electrical

effect produced by those lines when I quoted them at the Royal Institution—the soundest sleeper awoke.'

A few days afterwards I was fortunate enough to hear him read some of his own verses, 'Dorothy Q,' 'Bill and Joe,' and one or two more, which have already become American classics. He prefaced them with one of those graceful impromptu introductions which at once proclaimed the practised lecturer.

Holmes was an exquisite reader, the singularly sympathetic and vibrating voice rising at times into passionate but never unrestrained declamation or dying away into a trembling and pathetic whisper. When I heard the poet read, I could not help feeling that, facile and appropriate as may be the *vers d'occasion* for which he is so famous, he will take rank in poetic literature at the side of Longfellow and Bryant by virtue of such perfect and tender lyrics as 'Under the Violets' and 'The Voiceless.'

VIII

HOLMES'S TABLE TALK.—Holmes was one of the most amusing after-dinner talkers imaginable, and the more he got all the talk the better he talked, which did not prevent him from being a very good listener. One night, at my friend Mr. J. Perkins's, he entertained us all with accounts of his early lecturing tours, when the managers of forlorn institutions tried to bate him down, when he had to walk miles over ploughed fields to reach some remote town, and then send his agent out into the highways to beat up an audience. 'Ay,' said he, 'things are changed now.'

'You gentlemen come over here with your reputa-

tions made, and a literary public promising you fixed fees; in my young days no one had heard of me, and few people knew what a lecture was. There was no literary public: we had to create the taste, and uphill work it was I can tell you, but it had its adventure and its sweetness and reward. I can go back thirty, forty years, and remember the comfort and content of sitting in some outlandish inn after my lecture with a glass of hot punch and my pipe, and my feet upon the mantelpiece, with my agent near me whom I could talk to or let alone as I pleased, and—and—' he added, his eyes twinkling with almost boyish exultation, 'rattling the well-earned dollars in my pocket!'

Holmes was very fond of Emerson, and I gather was much with him towards the close of his life, when his mind had entirely given way, and he could recollect nothing.

'His beautiful spirit,' he said, 'remained quite unclouded and serene, although his memory was gone; latterly he would read a book without turning over the page, for by the time he had got to the bottom of it he had forgotten what he had been reading, and would begin all over again. After Longfellow's death, as he lay in the chapel before the coffin lid was shut down, I went in with Emerson to take a last look at our poor friend. Emerson stood gazing at the quiet face for some moments. Then turning to me he said, "That is the face of a very amiable gentleman, but I do not know who he is." All his sensibility, his fine judgment, and taste remained unimpaired—only his memory was gone. Of all men that I have ever known he was the most serene and angelic down to the very end.'

From another intimate friend of the great Concord philosopher I obtained a curious glimpse into Emerson's method of composition. He knew nothing thoroughly, was not at all logical, never defined his views, read unsystematically, and often for long intervals read little; but he would go out into the woods and fields.

'I place myself in right and happy relations with nature,' he would say, 'and let thought come to me; when an idea strikes me I put it down in my note-book, and fortunate am I if in one morning or day I get a real living thought of my own. When I wish to write upon any subject I consult my thought book and select from it those thoughts which seem capable of being welded appropriately together. I work at the expression of them till I have reached what seems to me the best form, and so I leave them.'

These fragments of Emerson's talk explained much to one who like myself for years had been a loving Emersonian student. The essays are gnomic and prophetic, not literary and rigidly connected. They abound in leaps and gaps of thought like St. Paul's Epistles; and there is no great reason why paragraphs out of one essay should not be neatly fitted into any other with good effect. The whole of Emerson is thus fragmentary; but so fertile and suggestive that, without a system, he has leavened most systems of contemporary philosophy, and sent thousands of ardent minds along new tracks of luminous thought. He seems to me, indeed, one of the greatest initial forces of the century, and in his pure and lofty 'transcendentalism,' his keen insight into the essence of things, his contempt of wealth, his severe analysis of life, shown in those flashes of intuition in which its

spiritual heights and depths stand revealed, Emerson is the true and timely counterpoise to the hungry, money-getting materialism of America.

IX

O. W. HOLMES'S LETTERS.—The dear Autocrat having promised me a copy of his famous book, I sent him 'My Musical Life,' then just out. Here are two charming letters *à propos* of my book :

'296 Beacon Street : December 1, 1885.

'DEAR MR. HAWEIS,—I am really delighted with your "Musical Life." One is not always delighted with the books sent him ; but I opened on the Violin chapter, and found so much that pleased me that I fell in love with the book that held it.

'I have been so much taken up for the last week or two that I hardly know whether I have sent you any book of mine or even my photograph. I know I meant to ; and if I have not done it already, I mean to. Just write one line on a post card—tell me if I have or not. Please do not take the trouble to write a note, for you must be, as we say, driven to death by all sorts of well-meant attentions. My remembrances to charming Mrs. Haweis, and very kindest regards to yourself.

'Very truly yours,

'O. W. HOLMES.'

On the 5th of the same month—December 1885—I received this second note :

'One word more. It is absolutely necessary to relieve my sense of obligation to you.

'When I thanked you for "My Musical Life," I had

only *dipped into it.* I was much pleased, of course, but I have enjoyed reading it since so much that I meant to tell you of it.

'You have given a life to the "fiddle" such as nothing but its own music ever gave it before.

'I never knew until I read what you say of the instrument, what profanation I had been guilty of to touch one, much more to write about it!

'I find your book really fascinating, full of spirit, picturesqueness, *vitality*; and I cannot help thinking it may give you pleasure to have me tell you so. Therefore I do it, and you can be sure I am honest about it, because I have written once thanking you, and should not have thought of writing again if the book had not tickled my very heart's root and forced me to do it.

'With the kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Haweis—charming Mrs. Haweis,

'I am very truly yours,

'O. W. HOLMES.'

Here is a characteristic little note:

Postscript to letter of same date.

'April 15, 1885.

'DEAR MR. HAWEIS,—I remember that I wrote *b*ery for *v*ery, and forgot to scratch off the superfluous prolongation. As I do not write in the negro dialect, I must beg you to be assured that in writing the word I always "spell it with a *we*," as old Mr. Weller told Sam to spell his name.

'Very truly yours,

'O. W. HOLMES.'

When news reached me that Holmes thought of

coming to England, I tried to sound him about a lecture at the Royal Institution. I also invited him to stay at my house. The following was his reply:

'296 Beacon Street, Boston.

'MY DEAR SIR,—You are exceedingly kind, and I am very much obliged to you for your cordial invitation; but the arrangements I have made for Mrs. Sargent [his daughter, who accompanied him] and myself oblige me to decline your offer of hospitality.

'As to lecturing or reading, I have formed no project of that nature. I go to England to spend money, not to make it. What I most wish is to find myself as little hampered by engagements as possible—to live quietly in the quarters I have engaged for as long a time as possible, and get a little rested before seeing my friends, excepting one or two old American intimates.

'I am very grateful to you for your generous invitation [to stay at Queen's House], and hope to thank you and Mrs. Haweis in person as soon as I am established in London.

'Believe me,
'Most truly yours,
'O. W. HOLMES.'

Little did he know what awaited him. From the first moment when the Duke of Westminster invited him to Eaton Hall to his final departure for Paris—where nobody seemed to have heard of him, and he saw hardly anyone but M. Pasteur, for whom he had a profound admiration—the genial Autocrat was hailed with a series of ovations.

In his Dover Street hotel I found his ante-room

table covered with cards and notes, and a young lady secretary was engaged all day in answering invitations and parrying the oppressive assaults of his admirers for autographs.

He always took a nap in the afternoon, and devoted all the rest of his time to society. This was not the ideal of life in London with which he had started; but Holmes really loved society, and submitted to hero worship with most becoming resignation.

Here is a specimen of many similar notes written shortly after his arrival, which tells its own story:

'17 Dover Street: May 19, 1886.

'DEAR MRS. HAWEIS,—Thank you for your kind invitations. If you please, send the victoria to-morrow [we had placed our carriage at his disposal].

'I have marked next Monday for the lunch at 1 o'clock *to half-past.* [On that occasion he met Dr. Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help," and Bishop Ellicott, and we did not rise from table till nearly *five o'clock*, the talk being absorbing and incessant.]

'I must make a brief visit at the "tea and talk" [the reception at Queen's House] on the 27th, as I must be at Sir James Paget's at 6.30.

'Believe me, dear Mrs. Haweis,

'Very truly yours,

'O. W. HOLMES.'

I introduce these 1886 waif and stray memories of Holmes here for the sake of the letters, although they do not belong properly to my American travels.

When I had made up my mind to accept the invitation from Chicago to visit that city as Anglican delegate to the Parliament of Religions in 1893, I wrote to Holmes hoping that we might effect a meeting. I then received from him the last letter he ever wrote to me.

'Beverly Farm, Mass. : August 7, 1893.

'DEAR MR. HAWEIS,—You have laid out a grand plan for the early autumn months, and I hope it will be carried out to your heart's content.

'I envy you the visit to Chicago, which I do not feel able to undertake, but which I think must be one of the great sensations of a lifetime. My eighty-fourth birthday comes in three weeks from to-morrow.

'I am well enough for so venerable a person, but I cannot do all I could in 1886, when I was almost ten years younger.

'I hope before you begin your career in this country the state of affairs will be less unfavourable than I am sorry to say it is now. The financial depression surpasses anything I have ever known.

'I am glad that you took my good-natured account of my reception by your people [referring to the reception I gave him at Queen's House in 1886, noticed in his 'Hundred Days in Europe'] in so good-natured a way, and I trust that I shall smile as benignantly on the notice you propose to give of me in one of your periodicals.

'With kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Haweis,

'Very truly yours,

'O. W. HOLMES.

'P.S.—I inclose a hymn—the last poem I have written—also the formula to correspondents to which

[illegible] in my eyes and [illegible] in my fingers have driven me during the absence of my secretary.'

Here is the card to correspondents:

'Beverly Farm, Mass.: 1893.

'DEAR ,—Yours of the is received. I can do little more than acknowledge the reception of the very numerous communications which come to me from unknown friends, near and distant, many of them containing requests to which I cannot conveniently pay the desired attention. Regretting that I find my time, my eyes, and my hand overtaxed by an ever increasing correspondence,

'I am,

'Yours very truly,

'(*Signature*).'

Here is the hymn, a veritable swan song, and I believe the last he ever wrote, quite as dignified and characteristic as Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar,' written at about the same age:

'*Hymn written for the Reception in honour of the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Reorganisation of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union*

' The forty-second since its organisation in 1851),

'Wednesday Evening, May 31, 1893.

' *Tune, "Dundee."*

' Our Father! while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong Thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With Faith's undying flame!

'Not by the lightning gleams of wrath
Our souls Thy face shall see,
The star of Love must light the path
That leads to Heaven and Thee.

'Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds His sacred image still,
And see Him once again

'The brother man, the pitying friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.

'If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.

'Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live,
And nobler work to do!

'OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

'May 28, 1893.'

On paying a farewell visit to Oliver Wendell Holmes in Boston, he took me into his study and presented me with a copy of the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.' 'Write your name, I pray, and any verse if you will.' The poet took up a gold-nibbed pen, and said, 'This is the pen I wrote the whole of the "Autocrat" with. I now keep it only to write my name for my friends,' and he wrote. When I looked at the frontis-

piece, I not only found his signature, but the following exquisite lines, certainly amongst the finest and tenderest he ever wrote:

'A few may touch the magic string,
And greedy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas! for those that never sing,
But die with all the music in them.'

ICHABOD.—The Boston Age is over. Even Howells, the most illustrious of all the modern American novelists, is getting lukewarm. Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Whittier, Bryant—not all identified with the Hub, but almost all—are now gone, and New York is gradually sapping the Bostonian supremacy for culture, and weakening the magic spell of Concord.

'Ay me! ay me! the woods decay and fall.'

X

LONGFELLOW'S MSS.—At Cambridge in 1885, I lived chiefly with Dean Gray, close to Longfellow's house, and I was in and out constantly to see Samuel Longfellow, his brother. There I met the aged Miss Peabody, indefatigable friend of the 'poor Red man,' who, as Artemus Ward remarked, 'is rapidly becoming exstink.' There too was Mrs. Agassiz, the gifted widow of the great Professor whom I have heard Sir Richard Owen quote so often with such love and admiration; and there were delightful Professor Childs and Asa Gray too, most gentle and modest of savants, and most gifted of naturalists. I remember on his seventieth birthday reception, at which I was present,

they gave him a beautiful silver jug embossed all over with his favourite ferns and flowers and most delicately chased.

'Whose is this exquisite work?' I asked him.

'Only the firm's name is inscribed upon it,' he replied.

I am glad that our Walter Crane and a few modern Art leaders have with true Ruskinian ire protested against this absorption and exploitation of genius by trade.

At Dean Gray's too I met Mrs. Ole Bull, widow of the magic violinist who astonished the wild Indian tribes and electrified courts and puzzled the steady-going fiddlers of the day.

I stayed in Mrs. Ole Bull's house afterwards, and she showed me her husband's rare collection of violin

Looking over the poet Longfellow's MSS. wit Samuel Longfellow, I observed that they were all written in pencil. There I saw the rough draft of 'Excelsior.' In coming upon the first embryo opening of 'Evangeline' it was interesting to see how the poet had wavered over the first line—

'This is the Forest Primeval.'

He had written—

'Still stands the——'
'Here is the——'

and scratched both out, and at last decided on—

'*This* is the Forest,'

to open with, and used

'*Still* stands the Forest Primeval'

at the conclusion of the whole poem.

Glancing hastily at the end of 'Hiawatha,' I noticed some beautiful lines which do not appear at all. Longfellow, like our own poet Gray and unlike Byron, was a very careful and fastidious artist in verse, for all his apparent ease and spontaneity. He would sacrifice in a moment any form of thought or a melodic line if it broke the unity of his poem, or marred its technical finish.

> '*In the glory and the fragrance*
> Of the purple mists of evening,'

has been ruthlessly expunged. It should come between

> 'In the glory of the sunset'

and

> 'In the purple mists of evening.'

XI

BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, EMERSON.—Whilst in Boston I received a note from Henry Ward Beecher inviting me to occupy his historic pulpit at Brooklyn, and offering me 100 dollars as a fee.

To my English notions of pulpit etiquette this seemed to me singular, nor could I have occupied any Nonconformist pulpit in New York without the Bishop of New York's consent, which would have most likely been refused. As it happened, I was engaged for the Harvard University pulpit that day; but I was assured that the great preacher had meant to pay me a very high compliment, and that for sixteen years he had never made a similar offer to anyone.

To have arrived in America just too late to see Emerson, Bryant, or Longfellow, was indeed a bitter disappointment to me. My correspondence with these eminent persons is almost confined, as far as the interest of it is concerned, to the possession of their autographs.

I tried to get Bryant and Longfellow to write something for 'Cassell's Magazine,' which I at one time edited. I had succeeded with Victor Hugo, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Tait), Farrar, Wilkie Collins, Garibaldi, Swinburne, and other famous people. I failed with my Americans. The aged Bryant wrote :

'New York Feb. 17, 1870.

'DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the kind words in which you accompany the request made in your note. It will, however, be impossible for me to comply with it. I have several good friends among the editors of the American magazines, who have asked me to write something for them, but I am so occupied, so old, and so lazy, that I cannot, and I am obliged to excuse myself to you on the same plea of too much to do, love of ease and old age.

'I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
'W. C. BRYANT.'

Longfellow wrote :

'Cambridge, Masschts. : 1870.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your kind offer, but am afraid it will not be in my power to accept it. I am not at present writing for any periodicals, and do not wish to enter into any engagements of the kind.

'Regretting that I cannot comply with your request, I remain,

'Yours truly,

'HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.'

I had a burning desire to see Emerson when he was in England in 1873, but I failed. Emerson wrote:

'Stratford-on-Avon: May 5, 1873.

'DEAR SIR,—Your very kind note reached me last night here, at the house of Mr. E. F. Flower, and made me regret the missing you in London. I grieve also that I have failed to receive the good books you have sent me ['Music and Morals,' and 'Thoughts for the Times']. I leave this place of good omen to-morrow for York, Durham, Edinburgh, and for Liverpool, whence I sail on the 15th instant for America, whither I shall carry the recollection of your kind words. With grateful regards,

'R. WALDO EMERSON.

'Mr. J. R. (?) Haweis.'

[P.S. Emerson was not the only person who has failed to read my signature correctly.]

It was pleasant to find 'Music and Morals' a standard prize book in the American schools, and even a class book in some of the colleges. It was more gratifying to learn that 'Music and Morals' had been a favourite with the poet Longfellow in the evening of his life, and had even, so I was told, inspired some of his later poetry.

XII

FAREWELL, BOSTON !—I have never revisited thee since 1885, but ere I left a parting Public Reception was tendered to me and my wife at the New England Conservatory of Music, which touched me very much.

The New England Conservatory, besides lodging and boarding several hundred students on a magnificent scale, and in connection with a refined system of culture, chiefly under the direction of M. Tourjee, is certainly one of the most influential musical schools in the United States. A reception, therefore, offered me at the immediate instigation of the professors and musical authorities of Boston, in recognition of the lectures I had delivered to mixed audiences, and as a mark of the value they set upon my musical writings, was very gratifying, especially as they might have adopted the glib cant, not unknown in my own country, that an amateur could have nothing to say about music worth the attention of professional musicians.

We found on our arrival at the Boston Conservatory, about nine o'clock in the evening, the entrance of the building draped in red cloth; floral wreaths, with 'Welcome!' over the grand staircase; and as, conducted by the Principal, we moved down the spacious corridors to the reception room, we passed between rows of fresh young faces and a large crowd of invited guests. The ceremony was this time more formal than on previous occasions. We stood with Dean Gray on one side, and M. Tourjée and some of the trustees and the council of the Academy on

the other; whilst in front of us were several hundreds of the assembled guests—as many, in fact, as could crowd into the principal reception room.

The Rev. Dr. Duryea, one of the most elegant speakers in America, then stepped forward into the open semicircle between us and the company, and delivered a neat address in terms most flattering to myself and wife, in which with the best taste he alluded to my ministerial career as in full harmony with my musical studies, and was good enough to say that my books on music had done much to raise the tone of the profession throughout the civilised world.

'It is with the greatest pleasure,' said Dr. Duryea, as the representative of the Trustees and Faculty of the Conservatory, that I add to the general welcome which you have received in our city, the special welcome to the social fellowship of our patrons and friends at this house.

'We do not desire to weary or chill you by the frigid methods of a formal reception, but to open our hearts to you in sincere and warm expressions of our personal regard and affection, and in a testimonial of our indebtedness for your services to the art to which we are devoted, our obligation to you for all you have written, our reverence and love for what you have been and done as a man and as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. We owe you much for all you have written. You have not only interpreted to us the thoughts and sentiments of the great masters of music, but you have initiated us into the secrets of high art by leading us up to its moral aims, and by sanctifying it to the higher uses of the soul as an expression of the loftiest thought, the finest feeling.

'And, also, we are indebted to you because you have shown how this art may be consecrated to the service of God, and made use of as an expression of affection towards Him upon whom we centre our minds and hearts as we grow in knowledge, in love, in purity, in excellence, and in beauty. But, most of all, we are grateful to Providence and the grace of God for what has been manifested in your character and life. We desire to consecrate the art of music to the highest aims, and to engage in the pursuit of it men of the noblest powers and the finest culture.

'When one who can consecrate himself to literature, the service of religion, and the Church of Jesus Christ, can hold still with steadfast devotion to the art of music, and in some degree even adhere to the practice of it, we are encouraged to believe that the day is coming when our art shall not be beneath the service of the noblest, the purest, and the best men and women we can entice within its charmed circle, who will bring to it the diligence and zeal equal to accomplishment in its service.

'Long after you are gone, you will be remembered here. Long after your voice is silent, it will echo still in the hearts and souls of those whom you have taught, encouraged, uplifted, and inspired.

'Our hearts would not be satisfied until we had turned to her who has been, in homely Anglo-Saxon words, your companion, your partner, and your wife. Some men are self-made; some men are made by women; and some men are unmade by women. You recognise with reverence and undying love her power over your constantly developing power, her refining and purifying heart. We commend you to Him who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand. May He

speed you on your way to your native land, and may Providence go with you and yours for all you have been and are to be!'

I replied: 'Dr. Duryea, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am extremely glad that I had not any adequate notice of the nature of this occasion, which would, perhaps, have tempted me to prepare some speech. Some one did say that I should have to speak a few words; but, then, "a few words" is a *façon de parler*, and you can often get out of a few words. But it is very easy to get into a few words, without getting out of them. Still, if I had made any preparation before I came here, I should have to throw it entirely to the winds, because not one word of anything I should have been likely to prepare would have been of the smallest use to me on the present occasion. I should have felt very much like poor Artemus Ward who used to say that "he was the possessor of a colossal intellect, but did not happen to have brought it with him."

'When I first began listening to my friend's very eloquent and too flattering address, I thought it might, perhaps, prove to me a little exhausting—not from any fault in the address itself, but in my own powers of endurance. You can stand a certain amount of encomium in public. I could have read it without a blush in the papers on the following morning; but to stand up and be fired at as a fine specimen of a man (that must have applied to my "colossal intellect")—I hardly know what it applied to, but I am deeply gratified; for, you know, we always like to be praised for those qualities in which we are most deficient. I owe a debt of gratitude to my friend for all his kind words.

'When he first began to speak, I thought I was going to have a good time, although, no doubt, a rather trying time, in the presence of so many spectators; but he had not gone on long before I found the subject was going to be lifted out of personalities into a higher region, and although I was the peg upon which a great many excellent things might be said to hang, I was going to be delivered of all further embarrassment.

'I am not at all insensible to all the kind words I have received; but when we speak of music or any of the arts, I desire to say that I do not wish the art to be glorified in the man, but I think all who love art, and who co-operate for the progress of art and the cause of art, should lose themselves in the cause. They really work for art just in proportion as they forget their own services and themselves. The address was put upon such a footing, and was raised to such a high moral plane, that I was able to forget myself. I was able to forget anything like personality in the general interest that we all feel in music; and then I became one with you in heart and sympathy. The instant the fettering personalities ceased I became one with you. Then I said, "We are now all engaged in contemplating the beauties of art and the benefits which we may receive from art."

'I think that, above all things, America is in the van of active industries, and what I may call the discovery of industries, pushing, active enterprise, and the accumulating of wealth, and the developing of experimental science. America seems to have a peculiar genius for all that side of life; and when that is the case, we find that the arts are apt to take a second place. The old countries have plenty of art.

The new countries need art, especially as a kind of counterbalance to the prevailing genius and activity of a people whose aims are mostly set upon the accumulation of material wealth. I think, for such a nation as that, the arts are almost of a religious significance. They seem a visible and active power, like angels, who bring sweet fragments from the songs above to the dwellers upon earth.

'An institution like this, which stands for the art of music, has the power of sweeping the cobwebs from the brain and restoring the blue sky and sunlight of the soul. An institution like this is a refining institution, showing that what the nation most needs is a counterbalance of its great and successful industry. I am not come here to prate to you. I have lately delivered ten lectures in this city, and I should think that Boston has very nearly had enough of me; but I cannot leave you without saying these few words, without thanking you, on behalf of my dear wife, for all the kind things which my good friend has said about her, in which he has coupled my name with hers in his graceful compliment.

'I may tell you that I think she wrote out about the whole of "Music and Morals" with her own hand before it went to the printer. I am not so careful about the printers now. I let them read what they can; but, in those days, "Music and Morals" was my first book, and, in those days, we had a little more time than, perhaps, we have had since. Our labours have rather accumulated upon us. Our children make certain demands upon us, and we do not have as much time as we had in those days. But then she used to be very much my amanuensis, and she used to be

able to write a hand which everybody could read; while I, unfortunately, wrote a hand which nobody could read. And in those days it was of more or less advantage to me to get the editors to look at what I sent them. Now, I do not care so much. They are obliging enough to read anything that I send them; but in those days I was anxious that they should print my books, and therefore I always asked my wife to copy my writing off for me. And, as I said before, she wrote every word of "Music and Morals."

'I must return you, on behalf of Mrs. Haweis and myself, our heartfelt gratitude for the manner in which—I was going to say—you have "drunk our health;" but you have done something better. You have given me your good wishes. If I may be allowed to say so, you have put forward in Mr. Duryea a spokesman whose eloquence and methods of statement were extremely proper. Indeed, what he said about myself I could not have improved upon. I'm going to try to live up to it. I never could have said anything nor shall I hear anything better than that, if I should live to be as old as Methuselah—not only the way in which he alluded to me, but still more the way in which he lifted the subject, and rose into a more worthy atmosphere, as far as I am concerned. I think that such a gathering as this at so short a notice shows that you are not anxious to get me out of the country. I do leave on Monday; but it shows that you are as anxious to see me, and shake me by the hand, as I am anxious to do the same by you, before I leave your cultured, respected, and celebrated city of Boston.'

After my reply the ceremony of introduction

began, the principal guests being brought up by Dean Gray and M. Tourjée and presented to both of us; this took about an hour, and we were then conducted through the chief rooms of this noble establishment by the director, returning to the Deanery at Cambridge about midnight.

I shall always retain the happiest recollections of Cambridge, U.S.A. Most of the time I spent with our kind friends Dean (now, alas! dead) and Mrs. Gray and Miss Charlotte, their amiable daughter. One night, at a reception given to Canon Farrar and myself at the Deanery, I met a large number of the theological students, and was at first a little taken aback at the way in which the young men formed in a circle round me whenever one of them was presented, so that my replies had to be addressed to at least a dozen at a time; however, on glancing at the other end of the room, I noticed that a similar group had gathered round Canon, now (1895) Dean Farrar, so I accepted the situation frankly, and discoursed to them colloquially on the lessons to be derived from Church history in view of successive schools of religious thought—the distinction between doctrine or religious teaching and dogma or fixed opinion, and the recurrent need of restatement if interest in theology was to be kept alive. There was something to me extremely refreshing and unlike our old-world theological schools in these young aspirants to the Christian ministry being brought under the genial and liberal influence of so accomplished and wide-minded a divine as Dean Gray. He represented the best and most vigorous elements of American episcopacy. He was not afraid

of coming face to face with antagonistic sects, because he was generous and philosophical enough to acknowledge whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report wherever they existed. Happy are the students who are allowed thus to develop ! happy are the institutions under which they flourish !

NEW YORK

XIII

COURTLANDT PALMER.—No doubt a very exceptional person, often I think needlessly at war with clergy, politicians, and all established modes of society and religion, and very much intent on founding a society, if not a religion of his own.

'Courtlandt Palmer' was the signature of a letter which I received on my first visit to the States. (Dr.) 'Guilbert' was the signature of another. I knew nothing of either, I trusted both—both proposed to entertain me at New York, and both did so in the most hospitable manner.

I had not spoken five words to Courtlandt Palmer, who with his charming wife (now Mrs. Abbey) received me on my arrival late one night at his beautiful house in New York, before I was impressed with a certain sur-excited sensibility, a winning gift of manner, and an undertone of pain and restlessness. which never seemed to leave him. He was a slight well-built man; of strong will and definite purpose, and when I heard him address a large and fashionable assembly at that unique and phenomenal New York club known as 'The Nineteenth Century Club,' I could feel the concentrated earnestness of a man who believed in his Ideal. That Ideal was as noble as it was simple—it aimed at discovering a common ground

of fellowship and agreement amongst all sorts of thoughtful and cultivated people professing all sorts of diverse political, religious and social views.

I was much with him. He listened to anything I might have to say about Divine Sympathy, Immortality, Prayer, the Person of the Redeemer, with much toleration; but I do not think he ever budged an inch for me or anyone else from the opinions whatever they were, formed independently by himself. His thinkings had evidently landed him in Agnosticism as regards the future, but in a very practical philanthropy as regards the present.

When Courtlandt Palmer came over to England a few years later, I heard him deliver an address at Felix Moscheles' studio in Sloane Gardens. He wished to establish branches of his democratic New York club in London and Paris, but no fish seemed to rise to his fly, and I thought he himself felt a little awkward and fish-out-of-waterish. He had not quite hit the English tone. I noticed the same about Henry Ward Beecher in his later days when he lectured at Exeter Hall—things which set the world on fire thirty years before fell flat; nothing he said was quite in the humour of the day.

I was asked to write a few memorial lines on my distinguished American friend. I find them reprinted in a privately circulated volume. They run as follows:

'Courtlandt Palmer was a great social centre and a true apostle of progress. He was a large-hearted, liberal-minded man, with the courage—sometimes the fatal courage—of his opinions and a zeal for all popular causes which occasionally outran his

discretion ; but in an age where discretion abounds and zeal is scarce, that was certainly a fault on the right side. You could not be in Palmer's company for long without the leading passion of his life cropping up in his talk to found a society, the only passport to which should be a sincere reverence for truth and an ardent love of man. To get people of different creeds and callings to meet upon this broad and genial basis and keep their temper without burying their differences, this was his apparently vague and perhaps utopian aim. The Nineteenth Century Club remains a standing witness to his success. It has expanded from an "at home" into a community numbering its hundreds. Courtlandt Palmer's language was sometimes wanting in temperance; he did not spare his opponents; controversially he "was ever a fighter." He made short work of abuses, and denounced bigotry and shams wherever he met with them. He had no sympathy with narrow-mindedness, and he scorned and ridiculed it; but he could love narrow-minded people if they were honest. The result was that he was hated and vilified by outsiders, especially those who had never seen him; but few people could resist the charm of his personal influence. His eager enthusiasm and a certain tender personal sympathy, combined with great candour and a refined courtesy even when face to face with his bitterest opponents, never failed him. One would say naturally on meeting him as a stranger in a railway carriage for half an hour, "Here is indeed a fine type of the American Christian gentleman." Yet Courtlandt Palmer was not a Christian, scarcely a Unitarian. Positivism was his creed, if he had any. Still there was a diffidence about his dogmatic professions and

a pathetic tinge of sadness about his religious thinkings that seemed ever to hint at further possible modifications of opinion.

'"I do not see my way," he once said to me, "about a next life. I wish I could think like you. The old heaven and hell is such an intellectual scandal nowadays; one has no patience with the people who talk the current religious nonsense; but I know that is not your conception of the future life. I have none; I wish I had. The Unknowable is still my sphinx—the great mystery hangs over us all. This life is clear: to live up to human love and duty, to labour with the best for the best—that is all I know. I wish to die having done something in that way. It is for this reason that I earnestly desire to bring all good people together and make them understand each other on the ground of a common and noble humanity; to worship the true, to love the good, to cultivate the beautiful—that is my religion, if I have a religion; but I am sick of names or nicknames."

'It was said that Courtlandt Palmer hated the clergy. This was not true; they hated him—some of them, at least, whose narrowness forced him into opposition. But some of the best of them were members or visitors at the Nineteenth Century Club. At a reception given to me (*Americano more*) at his house I met several clergy, although I was assured that clergy, Anglican and nonconforming, would shun me if I entered the arch-heretic's house, or accepted his hospitality. The only Sunday I was in New York, after preaching morn and afternoon in the Church of the Holy Spirit and Grace Church respec-

tively, we made a pilgrimage with Courtlandt Palmer to hear Ward Beecher at Brooklyn. Mr. Beecher's grand prayer that night was reverent and human, like the infinite, trustful, happy sigh of a child in its mother's arms, and no one could be more apparently devout and sympathetic than Courtlandt Palmer.

'We listened to Beecher's sermon with that rapt attention which the great American orator could easily command even in his latter days, when he had certainly lost nervous force. As he sat in his chair restfully watching the dispersal of his vast congregation, we went up to him on the platform. Courtlandt Palmer said:

'"Mr. Beecher, I thank you for your noble sermon. I wish thousands more could have heard your grandly human words."

'Whilst in New York I attended a reception at the Nineteenth Century Club. There must have been over one thousand persons present; fashionably dressed women, the *élite* of New York's youth and beauty, were there, and many men of light and leading. When I arrived the hall was already crammed, and ladies in full toilet were sitting all down the grand staircase. The Club met at some large public art galleries. I was the special lecturer on that evening by Courtlandt Palmer's invitation, and he introduced me with great tact and courtesy. After the lecture and a brief discussion, the company dispersed for tea and talk all over the spacious anterooms.

'Men of all opinions upon every conceivable subject are heard at the Nineteenth Century Club, and the tea and promenade and talk at the close

generally send everyone home happy, enlightened and content.

'Courtlandt Palmer's death was not unforeseen by himself.

'"I thought," he said to me at New York in 1885, "last week the end was coming. I think my heart stopped; all grew dark. Well, I'm not afraid; I'm sorry to go, that's all. I might have done worse."

'When in England he complained much of his head, and his vast correspondence and excessive restlessness and activity seemed to be wearing him out. The end came soon after, and the eager spirit, full of schemes for the regeneration of mankind, battling to the last with the strife of tongues and a mortal disease, passed away, all too soon,

'"To where, beyond these voices, there is peace."'

XIV

HENRY WARD BEECHER as a preacher stood up to the day of his death a head and shoulders figuratively above all the preachers in America, perhaps the world.

President Lincoln said of him that 'Beecher was the greatest motive force he had in the North' during the anti-slavery war.

This massive-minded and consummate orator, I have heard it reported, on one occasion went into a hall packed with Southerners, spoke for three hours, and sent the people out into the streets roaring liberationists, at any rate *pro tem.*

Mrs. Beecher Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and Ward Beecher's oratory probably did more to suppress slavery than all the other 'pleas' put

together, barring General Grant's big battalions. Barring, did I say? Where would the big battalions have been without them?

When Mr. Beecher came to London in 1866, in the height of the anti-slavery agitation, he delivered some memorable orations in Exeter Hall. A man present told me you could have walked on the heads of the people. The assembly was motionless and magnetised, and the listeners seemed to breathe together, breaking out simultaneously into sobbing or tumultuous applause. When the great preacher, personally conducted by Major Pond, came over for the last time in 1886, his nervous energy was much lowered, he was already a dying man; besides, then he had nothing to fight. He resembled Mr. Gladstone in one respect—he was always grandest when at bay, fighting with his back to the wall and in a minority of one. The sermons in 1886 were good but not powerfully characteristic, and the lecturer failed to hit the tone of the public; there was a slight flavour of superannuation even about the jokes. No, I certainly don't think Beecher was quite happy in England the second time of asking.

De Witt Talmage, a far lesser man, when he was in London in 1893 and recently in Australia, though past his meridian, was brimful of what power he ever had. In the gentle art of saying nothing like a whirlwind, he is certainly supreme. But when he says something, he marshals his facts with admirable effect; and when he gets on the big war, in which he played so active and philanthropic a part, his anecdotes are as stirring and graphic as they are apparently inexhaustible.

I did not hear De Witt Talmage in America. I just missed him in Australia, where the general opinion was that his preaching was a huge success, but his lectures a comparative failure, the audiences being in a diminishing ratio, chiefly because he elected to talk about Evolution and questions, if not beyond, certainly outside his 'last.'

As a thinker Talmage could no more be compared to Beecher than could Mr. Spurgeon. Neither Talmage nor Spurgeon has done anything to reconstruct theology for the nineteenth century; all three as great popular orators reached each in his way quite the first rank, but Beecher distinctly towers, and intellectually he was almost as happy and lucid in reconstruction as W. F. Robertson of Brighton.

On the day of Henry Ward Beecher's funeral busy New York closed its shutters, all Brooklyn went into mourning, and the current mercantile life of the city seemed suspended.

Henry Ward Beecher was a large, 'whole' and altogether phenomenal nature. It was not easy to place or to judge him. His moods were infinite, and in him, as in most powerful actors—and Beecher was a marvellous natural actor—extremes met; the sublime and the ridiculous lay close together. He was made up of contrasts. He was half a dozen men, not one, which, as Emerson says, is the real distinction between great and ordinary men. The lion, the wag and the prophet seemed oddly blended and at times quickly interchangeable; but no one man, save perhaps Lincoln or Emerson, has left such a mark on the American life of the nineteenth century.

One night I made a pilgrimage to hear Henry W.

Beecher, taking a car from Madison Avenue, which in about half an hour brought me to the foot of the famous Brooklyn Suspension Bridge.

No words can express the effect of that wonderful structure, which spans the river, swings on two mighty piers, and connects New York with Brooklyn. It took me about twenty minutes to walk across. The immense height of the Gothic stone piers, the colossal chains and binders, with their multitudinous network of lines converging in aërial perspective in the electric light, the glimmering cities on both sides the river, and the fleet of night steamers and ferry boats brilliantly aglow with ruby and emerald points of light, formed a magic scene never to be forgotten.

Another tram brought me to within a stone's throw of Ward Beecher's tabernacle, a spacious but unpretentious-looking edifice. On entering I was offered a slab seat near the front, and very soon, on looking back, I saw that all hope of retreat was completely cut off. Every inch of space was utilised and every seat was occupied. Beecher, in ordinary frock coat and black tie, was reading from the Bible on a raised platform. A tall horn-shaped glass full of large yellow daisies was on one side, and a mass of tropical-looking scarlet foxgloves and drooping creepers stood on his left-hand side.

Henry Ward Beecher's hair was completely white, his oval face strongly marked, with finely cut profile, expressive mobile mouth, and rather restless eyes that sometimes flashed out with sternness and at others seemed concentrated with a sort of inward gaze. His manner was very quiet; his voice very low and distinct and musical; his reading, to my

mind, almost perfect in its natural but impressive emphasis. In the prayer which followed, and which was quite buoyant with hopefulness and trust and full of comfort for the weary and heavy laden, I was much struck by the absolute stillness of the dense throng; every inflection told; there was not a superfluous word, no attempt to prompt the Almighty or dictate to Him, or make a personal display of rhetoric; it was quite an ideal presentment of the creature, with all his wants and sins and hopes and fears, submitting himself to the Creator for guidance and help. Then followed a hymn, which might have been more congregational in its delivery, and then the sermon, which lasted about thirty-five minutes.

Mr. Beecher preached on Christ before Pilate, and I shall not attempt to give any detailed analysis of his sermon. He read the whole account, and proceeded to deal with two criminals—one an individual Pilate, the other a collective body, the multitude who cried, 'Crucify Him!' He showed up Pilate as a weak person, who had not the courage of his opinions, for he knew that Jesus was innocent, but he would not do the right and honest thing, because it was 'bad politics.' Upon this theme he played with many good side hits at immoral politicians; but he only reached his full effectiveness when he came to deal with the corporate 'criminal'—the crowd who, in their eagerness for their victim, had cried, 'His blood be on us and on our children.' 'Oh, yes; they were quite ready to take the responsibility of the criminal action——' Beecher stopped suddenly and turned to a passage in the Acts, where these same men, when confronted with the preaching of the Apostles,

are found whimpering and complaining that the people are now charging them with the blood-shedding of Jesus. 'It is always so,' said Beecher; 'when passion is hot you will take any risk. But by-and-by, when you have to take the consequences, you are not so well pleased.' On this theme he waxed most eloquent, with solemn and altogether impressive and earnest seriousness. He dealt with the inexorable nature of the moral law, the inevitable connection in the moral and in the physical world between cause and effect. The penalty might be delayed, for five, for ten years, but the day of reckoning would come, and every breach of the moral law would sooner or later be visited. Toward the close of his sermon he introduced a very powerful and dramatic illustration. 'Down by Hell Gate,' I understood him to say, in allusion to some well-known place where certain blasting was to be carried out, 'the rock is tunnelled, and deep under the solid masses over which men walk with such careless security, there are now laid trains of explosive powder. All seems so safe and firm outwardly, it is hardly possible to imagine that those solid masses will ever be shaken, but the time will come when a tiny spark will fire the whole train, and the mountain will be in a moment rent in the air and torn to atoms. There are men here to-night,' he said, looking round—and a kind of shudder went through the assembly—'there are men here who are tunnelled, mined; their time will come, not to-day or to-morrow, not for months or years perhaps, but it will come; in a moment, from an unforeseen quarter, a trifling incident, their reputations will be blown to atoms, and what they have sown they will reap—*just that.* There is no dynamite like men's lusts and passions.'

As I mingled with the throng who passed out into the Brooklyn streets, everyone seemed subdued and solemnised. I could not wonder at Beecher's long-sustained and, to the day of his death, unabated pulpit popularity.

Only once or twice did Beecher rise to anything like oratorical fervour. I can understand that he is often more powerful, but I should think seldom more really impressive, and all the more so on account of a certain deliberate and sad restfulness of delivery, like that of a man speaking out of the wisdom of his heart concerning the things he knows to be true.

When an English edition of his sermons was called for, I was invited by the publisher to edit the book. I chose a certain number of his finest sermons, ranging from 1856 to 1870, and sent a fly-leaf frontispiece to Brooklyn for approval. I had styled the preacher by inadvertence 'the Rev. Ward Beecher,' although, being already personally acquainted with him, I should have avoided the error. I received the following characteristic letter of rebuke:

'July 23, 1886.

'MY DEAR HAWEIS,—When my mother, of sainted memory, brought me to the altar, I was baptised with the name of *Henry Ward Beecher*, and I am determined to preserve her work from all dissection and demolition. I am an orphan; I have little in this world but my name; I will not suffer that to be taken from or added to. I have refused a D.D., and I never use the Rev.

'Some call me Henry Ward (in America), and in England Ward Beecher, and eke Beecher, all of which

F 2

I tolerate as an economy of breath, and maintain my amiable mood. But when a learned man like you, deliberately, and upon the back of my sermons, in coloured ink, prints me Ward Beecher, leaving my mutilated name to go down, like cruel surgery, without being bound up or its blood staunched, I cry out —I will cry—and continue to cry, till you give me my whole name, *Henry Ward Beecher.* What has Henry done that it should be expelled, divorced, excluded—remorselessly exscinded? Restore me, put me together again, and I will ever pray for blessings on your head.

'I am pleased to have my sermons circulated and read, and I know of no one who, from a long acquaintance with my writings, is better fitted to select and edit them than yourself. All the recompense I ask is, that I may have a copy sent me by my indulgent publisher.

'HENRY WARD BEECHER.'

Beecher was essentially an orator—not a writer; he did, indeed, once attempt a novel, but he was very modest about his own literary merits, and I have heard him say jestingly, 'Why, it would be as absurd for so-and-so to pretend to eminence in the pulpit, as it would be for me to pretend I could write a novel like my sister's "Uncle Tom!"'

Some people thought that Beecher must be a vain man; but such men are not usually vain or conceited, their outlook is too wide, their experience of themselves and others is too sobering; the vain ones are the little people who climb up on their shoulders by toadying, and then criticising them like flunkeys who strut in borrowed plumes.

XV

ANDREW CARNEGIE gave us a fine supper that night at Delmonico's. It was a strange Sunday. I had listened in the morning with deep satisfaction to my friend Dr. Guilbert at the Church of the Holy Spirit (now in the hands of Dr. Heber Newton); preached myself for Dr. Huntington at Grace Church in the afternoon, midst a raging storm of rain, hail, thunder and lightning, and in company with Courtlandt Palmer the Agnostic, and the charming Miss Ingersoll, daughter of the famous Anything-arian lecturer Colonel Ingersoll—listened to Henry Ward Beecher at night.

A supper at Delmonico's with canvas-back duck and terrapin soup and every other thing rare and strange seemed a not inappropriate close to such a many-sided day. The canvas-back, which had it been cooked would have been good, I managed a few mouthfuls of, drowned in cayenne pepper; it had just been carried through a warm kitchen—it was redder than the cayenne—it was . . . Never mind—I survived it. The little mud-turtles in the soup were more to my taste. Mr. Carnegie talked, and talked freely, his opinions generally being delivered in a trenchant manner, mostly at variance with other people's, and carelessly unsupported by argument—not the less amusing and suggestive for that.

Absolutely the only thing more I recollect about that Sunday night supper was a piece of interesting information about the canvas-back duck. It seems there really is a canvas-back duck that dives for the wild celery, and brings it up to the surface and

feeds royally thereon. It thus with a most considerate epicureanism enjoys the luxury of a delicate meal, whilst flavouring itself for the table. But numbers of ducks—not canvas-backs—are sold for such, and in truth taste just as good. The canvas-back diver in fact brings up a great deal more celery than it can eat, and crowds of other ducks that have not laboured proceed to enter into its labours and eat its wild celery; of course they get themselves flavoured quite as well that way, and no epicure can tell the difference.

XVI

HEBER NEWTON is a very different type of man from Ward Beecher, but he is certainly one of the most pronounced and influential religious personalities in America. When I was in New York he was in very feeble health, and I had the honour of preaching twice for him in the Church of the Holy Spirit (now called All Souls), at one time in charge of my good friend Dr. Guilbert.

It is to Heber Newton that I owe a very pleasant glimpse of Long Island—the New York Isle of Wight.

A hundred miles away from the great city, at the extremity of Long Island, lies East Hampton—home of some of the earliest New England settlers.

A mile or two beyond is a quiet coast land. A sandy reach of 'dunes,' tufted with coarse grass, vocal with grasshoppers and winged things full of gorgeous colour, bright little active toads, and a few harmless snakes, miles of clean yellow sand and a blue sea on

one side, a series of fresh-water lakes, fringed with polychrome forests, boasting of kingfishers, blue jays, and even eagles, on the other—such is the retreat of the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton. Nor of him alone; at a pistol shot from where I stopped stands Dr. De Witt Talmage's log shanty, in reality a commodious and elegant wooden mansion, and about him, at respectful distances, the well-appointed wooden houses of select divines, physicians, and other men of culture, who seek here in the summer months surcease from patients, clients, congregations, and, I may add, costume of the period.

I was glad to get a glimpse of this *sans façon* New England life, which in its simplicity recalls something of the old 'Evangeline' days; but, above all, I was pleased to find my friend Heber Newton in these quiet surroundings in his charmingly appointed plank house on the sand dunes close to the breaking of the waves—to see him in his unconstrained and happy home life, with his ideally mated wife, charming daughter, and fine manly sons.

And who is Heber Newton? At New York a name to conjure with. He is, in a word, the leader of the advanced but altogether spiritual and devotional Broad Church party in America. More intellectual and constructive than Phillips Brooks, there is probably no divine now left in America who wields so wide, sane, and purifying an influence in the Episcopal American Church. 'Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible' and 'Creed and Church' are amongst his best known volumes, but his influence is felt in the vast congregations that assemble in All Souls whenever he preaches, and his prolonged withdrawal

in 1893 owing to ill health has been an irreparable loss to New York. I am glad to say that he has now slowly recovered from the nervous collapse brought on by years of overwork, embittered by anxious polemics—for Heber Newton is a fighter.

Born in 1840, ordained deacon at twenty-two, he came to New York in 1869, and for twenty-four years he has been widening and deepening in doctrine and spirituality, somewhat to the consternation of his ecclesiastical rulers. The last ten years of Heber Newton's life have been years of hard fighting, and the battle is by no means over. His lectures on the Bible brought the first episcopal censure down upon him. Bishop Potter suspended his course on Genesis —not, however, characteristically enough, until he had got to the last sermon ; then Father Ignatius set up in a hall close to his church, and so badgered Bishop Potter, and 'worried around' generally, that a commission was appointed to inquire into Newton's orthodoxy. We believe the commission is still busy. It is composed chiefly of second and third rate men, themselves somewhat innocent of theology. Bishop Potter, kindest, ablest, and discreetest of men, is well known to be adverse to such prosecutions, but, like most bishops, is occasionally forced to take vexatious action by lay bigots, always more clerical than the clergy, who get played upon by some wordy busybody like Ignatius. Certainly an attack upon Heber Newton proved 'very good business,' as the theatrical managers say.

'And for me,' said Heber Newton, 'it was excellent. Of course I let the Father go on without reply. He was giving me the opportunity I had so long

waited for. When he had done I was certain of the ear not only of New York, but of America, for what I had to say; he saved me all the trouble and expense of advertisement, and paved the way, by his noisy and impertinent diatribes, for the wholesome truths I wished to impart to a circle far wider than my own local congregation.'

'But what is your present position in the Church?'

'Well, I am still waiting. The Commission of Inquiry would probably have gone to sleep, but I would not allow this, and wrote to the Bishop insisting on some conclusion. Charges had been made—untenable heresies, a dishonest ministry, keeping in the Church for the sake of gain, &c. Why,' said Newton, 'if I went out to-morrow, as many have done in our country, I should be five times better off than I am now. My traducers forget that. Let them look at the piles of popularity acquired by other seceders like Swing of Chicago. It is easy enough to preach enlightened doctrines, and bring religion up to date *outside* the Church; but I entirely hold with you, our mission is to reform from within, and to claim enlightenment and truth right in the midstream of authority and tradition represented by the Reformed Church. I was surprised at Stopford Brooke's secession; it was easy, but it was not heroic—it was simply surrender.'

Perhaps the most striking remarks made by Heber Newton were in connection with the Roman Catholic Church in America:

'People don't seem to grasp the importance of Leo XIII.'s action in sending over a legate, and reinstating Dr. McGlynn in opposition to the Ultra-

montane policy of his own Archbishop. Here was McGlynn actually excommunicated and deposed at the instance of Archbishop Corrigan in his own diocese, chiefly on account of Socialist politics, and when the Father appeals to Rome after defying his diocesan, the Pope sends a legate and reinstates the recalcitrant priest under the Bishop's nose—and this is done manifestly out of deference to American popular and public opinion. What does it mean? It means that the dogma "Catholic first, American second" will be reversed, and it is to be American first, dogma second. The Pope admits by this and similar acts that respect for American opinion is essential to the maintenance of Roman authority in America. The Roman Catholic Church is to be adapted and remoulded to suit our national needs and aspirations. This is an entirely new departure, and it emanates from Rome. It is a blow struck at Ultramontanism by Ultramontanes! It is the beginning of the end of the old, fatal, and suicidal *non possumus*, which has so long sat like a nightmare upon the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, and prevented it from breathing freely. All liberalism has been quenched in Europe; but what no Pope has done for France or Italy, Leo XIII. has just accomplished for America: he has supported independence and freedom of thought *within* the Roman Catholic Church.'

Heber Newton spoke of the deplorable effect produced by the Archbishop of Canterbury's snub to the Parliament of Religions at Chicago.

'The Roman Catholic Church rose at once above such a narrow and pusillanimous policy. She accepted the invitation heartily and respectfully, and

sent, in Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, two of her strongest men. No doubt the official authority of your Archbishop has influenced many of our clergy, but his censure is, nevertheless, widely deplored, and felt to be unworthy of his high office, and out of harmony with the age. There is a curious irony about the head of the reformed Churches posing as a narrow inquisitor or Mugwump at the moment that the Pope is throwing over the old *non possumus* to join hands with the latest and most daring forms of political and religious liberalism.'

Of course it is justifiable to criticise the attitude of the Archbishops and Bishops of the English Church; but we must remember that it is easy to be wise after the event, and no one could have quite anticipated the weighty and solemn character assumed by that unique concourse of the world's religious representatives at Chicago in the Hall of Columbus.

Heber Newton is a man apparently in the prime of life; outwardly he shows no signs of that nervous prostration which followed an attack of influenza in 1893. His countenance seems ever radiant with peace and even joyousness. He speaks with flowing ease and grace, is full of anecdote and wit, and a most fascinating companion. A deeper note is frequently struck, and his spiritual sensibility, as it were, shines through and irradiates the common affairs and occasions of life. That so pure and fervent a spirit may not too soon wear out the earthen vessel, is the prayer of many a grateful and devoted heart in New York City. On writing (1895) to ask how he was getting on with the commission appointed to

inquire into his orthodoxy, I received the following characteristic letter from him:

'Bernardsville, N.J.: December 11, 1895.

'Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.,
'Queen's House, Cheyne Walk,
'London, S.W., England.

'DEAR MR. HAWEIS,—Your letter from home is very welcome. It relieves my mind of an anxiety. Never having heard of you as passing by here on your way home, as you had expected, I did not know but that in your remarkable individuality of life you might have essayed a journey to the Milky Way *en route* for London. I am very sorry to hear that you have been so much worn down. I should not have guessed it from the brilliant articles I have seen from you in the magazines.

'How you must have enjoyed this round-the-world trip!

'In answer to your inquiry, I am glad to report that I am still within the fold of the one true and only true Church. I suppose your inquiry refers to the slight disturbance of last spring. I do not know whether you understand how that came about. While you were in this country, our House of Bishops set forth a pastoral letter of a most astonishing character; undertaking to define the Church's teachings upon the doctrine of the Incarnation, the Birth of Christ, the Resurrection of Christ, and the Inspiration of the Scriptures. They assumed to do what never has been done in our Church—i.e. give an authoritative and an official interpretation of the Creeds. They even ventured so far as to say concerning the Resurrection of Christ that the Church tolerated no other teaching than that interpretation which they set

forth. It seemed to me that this pastoral letter was fraught with great danger to the intellectual liberty of the Church. I tried to get a united protest against it, but failed. Had I been in good strength I should have taken up the letter seriatim in a series of sermons. I was not up to this. So I relieved my conscience by taking direct issue with the House of Bishops on the question of the Resurrection of Christ, when Easter time came around, and in as explicit a way as my English allowed, set forth the very teaching which they had declared to be not tolerated in the Church—namely, the spiritual nature of the resurrection body of Jesus in which He appeared to the disciples. You can quite imagine the holy horror of the brethren. For a while I thought my day had come at last. But I stood to my colours and let the excitement wear down, which it did in time. So I had the satisfaction of demonstrating that the Church did tolerate this particular view. And thus I had the satisfaction of making an effectual protest against the intolerant position assumed in the letter. Incidentally I had a great opportunity of leading the thought of the religious people in the country to this larger conception of the truth, as I had ample opportunity of knowing from all parts of the country.

'Since then I have been quietly at my work.

'Does this answer your inquiry? If not, ask me anything further, and I will tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

'Mrs. Newton joins me in most cordial remembrances to Mrs. Haweis.

'It is barely possible that I may have a chance of listening to you in your own church another summer.

'Always yours sincerely,

'R. HEBER NEWTON.'

XVII

DR. HENRY CHARLES POTTER, Bishop of New York, it will be generally admitted, stands at the head of the New York clergy, and stands very high, both in capacity, energy, and achievement. Of the many Episcopal clergy whose good name and fame is in all mouths, I number specially among my few good friends and valued acquaintances Dr. Rainsford, Dr. Huntington, Dr. Guilbert, Dr. Heber Newton, and Dr. Henry Potter, the Bishop of New York.

Dr. Henry Potter, of whom it has been remarked that he was never known to say an imprudent thing or do an unwise one, is nevertheless, like our Dr. Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester, one of the bravest and, like our Stanley, Dean of Westminster, one of the most chivalrous of men. He was the trusted almoner of the late wealthy Miss Wolff, an admirable lady, whom it was my privilege to meet at Dr. Huntington's house, and who was good enough to keep her house open a fortnight later than usual on purpose to offer me hospitality. Dr. Henry Potter, formerly rector of Grace Church, now Bishop of New York, came over to London several years ago with letters of introduction from my friend Senator Sumner, if I remember rightly, or *vice versa*, and I had the honour of accompanying him to Fulham to visit the Bishop of London, as later on I introduced Dr. Peabody, the Boston Professor of Moral Philosophy, to Archbishop Tait at a garden party at Lambeth. Old Dr. Peabody positively shook and trembled with emotion in the presence of the Archbishop, and in the midst of the historic and venerable precincts and associations of Lambeth

Palace, and was unable to get out a word when Archbishop Tait shook him in a friendly way by the hand with his pleasant little Scotch smile.

Dr. Potter first introduced himself to me one Sunday morning after service in the vestry of St. James's, Westmoreland Street.

Bishop Potter's friendly attentions to me from the time of our first meeting till now have been many; and in 1895 he was very useful in facilitating for me some lines of travel with his introductions. I have just stumbled upon one of his friendly letters.

'London: February 7, 1887.

'My dear Mr. Haweis,—Many thanks for your call and most kind note.

'I am sorry to think that I shall miss you.

'If I were to be here it would give me great pleasure to be of any service in any form, but I sail next Saturday for America.

'I trust you are not seriously indisposed, and am, with all good wishes,

'Very faithfully yours,
'H. C. POTTER.'

XVIII

GROVER CLEVELAND.—No President since Lincoln (Grant was a military more than a civil figure) has made anything like the mark which Cleveland has already made (1895) and is likely to leave on the political character and constitution of his country.

I speak of course as a complete outsider. I am as completely outside American politics as Cleveland is rather ostentatiously (1893) outside British politics.

A distinguished American has just assured me (1896) that President Cleveland, who was returned on the Democratic ticket, is a good 'England hater.' I can hardly believe it, though, like any other President, he has shown himself quite equal to a little international frontier juggling at England's expense on the eve of an election.

A bright sun, a bitter wind, a blue sky, and the thermometer 4° below zero—and there you have Washington on the morning of December 7, 1885, at the opening of Congress. The immense dome-crowned pile of white marble (?) which stands up against the blue sky, and is reached by flights of marble steps, looks like nothing less than St. Paul's Cathedral built of snow, with a couple of huge Parthenon temples on either side. From an early hour the vast halls and corridors were crowded with a miscellaneous throng, and about half-past eleven the Senators and M.C.'s began to pour in. Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, one of the foremost men in Congress, was good enough to pass me to the President's own gallery. It was an imposing spectacle. An immense hall packed, the floor laid out as an amphitheatre, the Speaker's tribune on one side, deep galleries all round, and every place thronged, every door besieged with twenty or thirty rejected applicants for admission.

Many of the members, as I looked down, seemed embarrassed by the huge bouquets placed on their desks by political admirers. The roar of conversation subsided for the roll-call of names, and the Clerk of the House then took the votes for the two Speakers nominated, Reed and Carlisle. All through the voting *viva voce*, errand boys capered up and down the

House and members carried on excited colloquies. It was soon clear that Mr. Speaker Carlisle would be re-elected, and presently he was escorted to his high seat by Reed, the rejected candidate, and another hon. member. He then made what I suppose is the routine speech of thanks, buttering the House profusely as the greatest political assembly in the world; then reminding hon. members of their duties, which was more to the point; recommending mutual forbearance, candour, order, and general propriety of conduct; lastly, promising to govern the House with impartiality and justice according to the best of his power, &c. Judge Kelly, the oldest M.C. present, then advanced to the front in plain clothes (of course everyone wore plain clothes), and standing on the floor of the House, swore the Speaker in. It was understood that little more would be done that day, Sherman having been duly elected as President of the Senate *pro tem.* I took a last look round on the immense assembly. A portion of the galleries was devoted to the general public; but everyone was in black upstairs and down, and the effect was most impressive, almost funereal. The bright stars and stripes draped above the Speaker were the only spot of colour in the House except the occasional bouquets dotted about on the dresses, chiefly of the Southern M.C.'s.

I left the members of Council and the Senators in full session. The swearing in of one member is like the swearing in of another, and out of respect to the memory of Vice-President Hendricks it was arranged that the House, after electing its officers, should adjourn.

I entered the White House. Ascending the marble steps I was ushered into a spacious hall, in which stood a large picture of Washington about to sign the inevitable Decree of Independence as usual. A very beautiful glazed opaque glass screen separated the hall from the rest of the ground floor. To right and left open out other apartments, anterooms, and the staircase leading to the President's own chambers. On receiving my card the President sent down that he would see me at once. On such a day, when all Washington was in a political ferment, and the President was understood to be preparing his Message, I should not have been surprised if I had been kept waiting an hour or two, and then learned that the first citizen of America was rather too busy to engage in small talk with travellers. Not at all.

As I entered the spacious apartment in which the head of the American State transacts business, the President was sitting at his bureau with his back to the windows, and after shaking me warmly by the hand bade me be seated. He was in the middle of a long letter, but he pushed it aside, and, swinging himself round on his pivoted chair (like those used in the Pullman cars), he at once inquired about my stay in America; asked me how far they had got on with business in the House; and on my remarking that the Speaker, who had finished about half an hour ago, seemed to be rather profuse in his thanks, dealing out a good deal of butter to the M.C.'s assembled—

'I guess,' said Mr. Cleveland, 'they can stand a good deal of that.

He added that Carlisle was admirably fitted for the post of Speaker, and he was right glad of his

re-election, commanding, as he did, the esteem and confidence of all sides of the House. Speaking of Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, who had given me my letter of introduction, he said:

'He is a most able man, but I fear his health is not good. Unfortunately, nervous energy, brain power, and physical strength do not always go together. For every great effort Hewitt has to pay. A great speech costs him a great deal—days before. I wish I could give him some of my strength.'

The President then went on to say he missed his exercise. 'When I was a bachelor I always made a point of taking my meals in a different place from where I slept. At breakfast time I went out, all weathers, and took a good stiff walk before I got my food. To such habits I attribute a good deal of my health and strength.' He asked me about my own methods of work, &c., which would hardly be widely interesting to a discerning public, and added:

'I myself sit up late, but I sleep well—a great point; but this White House all day long, and not to be able to get away, it sometimes oppresses me. Walking in the streets is, of course, not pleasant. I get into my carriage, which is change of air, but I find the less exercise I take the less inclined I am for it.'

Some one here came in with despatches, and I rose to go, but the President seemed in no hurry.

'It seems to me,' I said, 'at such a time as this that your minutes run out like golden sands. I thought you would be too busy with your Message to see me.'

'Oh,' he said, swaying to right and left on his wooden chair, 'I finished my Message on Thursday.

Of course I am beset with business, but there often comes a lull in the busiest day, and one is rather glad of the relief.'

I was struck throughout with President Cleveland's ease of manner, and his aptitude for interruptions. He seemed to me a man like Lord Brougham, but without Brougham's irritability, capable of getting through any quantity of work with astonishing speed and little effort, and like so many very busy men he seemed always to have time to be idle.

'I had a very pleasant little visit from Archdeacon Farrar the other day,' he remarked; 'he seems a very agreeable gentleman, and I heard one of his lectures.'

The President seemed bent on light chit-chat, and I therefore avoided the introduction of any political question; but he suddenly broke off.

'What will be the end of all this power suddenly thrown into the hands of the masses in England? Who will hold the balance?'

I said it looked very much as if the Irish would (1885): that for many years we had been trying to govern them, and it seemed now as if they were going to have a turn and govern us, the Irish vote having to be rather more than reckoned with by either side of the House. He then asked about Mr. Parnell, and on my remarking that as Mr. Parnell was a statesman and a gentleman, although more dangerous than an inferior leader, the members would rather have him than another, because they could deal with him on equal terms—

'That,' replied the President, 'is very justly said—they might easily change for the worse.'

He asked which party was going to govern next

(this was December 7, before the result of the elections was known), to which I replied that many people who called themselves Liberals were so disgusted with the muddled foreign policy of the last few years that they would not be sorry to see Lord Salisbury at the helm, simply because they wanted a change.

I am no politician, but the history of English politics 1885 to 1895 has curiously confirmed my presentiment.

I was a little impressed with the feeling that the President took a purely outside interest in our politics. They did not seem to affect him one way or the other. He had no part in the European Concert—he was simply curious to know as a matter of gossip on a big scale; indeed, with three thousand miles of ocean rolling between, what can it matter to America, complete in her gigantic self, whether Lord Salisbury, or Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Rosebery, or Mr. Parnell rule the roost? Niagara would go on just the same. I heard the other day that a school atlas had been issued in the United States in which all the islands—England among them—had been omitted as likely to confuse the pupil with unessential details. This may have been a joke, but with a dash of sense in it.

I asked the President if he had ever been to England. He said No, and had never felt moved to leave America. There was so much to do there. He has four years more to reign (1885), and then—then, as Miss Cleveland remarked to me after my interview with the President—'no one can tell what will happen,' but she seemed to imply that although the burden of the State at times was well-nigh intolerable, Cleveland would not willingly leave the helm.

'For years he has had certain aims before him, and as long as he sees some chance of lessening the corruptions and abuses with which the head of the State has to grapple, he will go on.'

As I rose for the second time to leave, President Cleveland rose and accompanied me to the drawing-room, where we found Miss Cleveland, who before I left was good enough to show me through the chief rooms in the White House: the large bedroom in which poor Garfield lay, and which was then her own; the President's bedroom and private study; the room occupied by the Prince of Wales in President Buchanan's time, and the elegant drawing-rooms and private reception chambers. The interior of the White House is on a large scale a reproduction of many a great country seat in England. I understood from Miss Cleveland that it was a close copy of the Duke of Leinster's seat. Miss Cleveland herself, although before the President's marriage she occupied the position of the foremost lady in the land, never allowed the onerous social duties which she discharged with such gracious ease and hospitality to prevent her from taking the liveliest interest in the arts and literature. She is herself the authoress of a charming book of essays, justly admired and widely read, and she gratified me personally by saying that she had been attracted to my writings years ago by reading an article of mine on 'Emanuel Deutsch,' of Talmud celebrity, and was just then engaged in studying 'Music and Morals.' Of course this won my heart.

I have never drawn very close to the American

politician. But I have known one or two who have inspired me with respect and admiration. Unhappily, such men can be counted on the fingers; but they stand out as witnesses that it is possible to enter the arena of politics, if not without some compromise, at least without serious loss of dignity.

Among these I need not say, in the opinion of all unprejudiced persons, is President Grover Cleveland. It has been my privilege to know personally at least three other high class politicians — Senator ABRAM HEWITT, the HON. JOHN BIGELOW, and Senator CHARLES SUMNER.

XIX

ABRAM HEWITT was introduced to me by the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, whose patient he was whilst in England. On my arrival in 1885 in New York, I immediately received a courteous invitation to stay with him on his large estate in New Jersey. I here got my first impression of a country gentleman's life in the wilder parts of New Jersey. Accompanied by my wife, I drove through a large thinned-out tract of wooded country. All the old trees in the park had been cut down, and the coloured and half-caste people were at work on the land. At last we came to something like open rough lawnland and a large house all built of timber, but splendidly appointed inside in the latest French style; there was no touch of anything peculiar, highly artistic or specially æsthetic about it —simply French. The hall was decorated with skins, antlers, trophies of the chase and implements of the vanishing, or I may say vanished Indian.

For several days we enjoyed the hospitality and agreeable society of Abram Hewitt and his amiable wife and daughters.

I remember Mr. Hewitt's taking us on to his lawn and calling our attention to a little wooden shed on the slope of the hill, in full view of the house. 'That,' said he with the pardonable pride of a man who felt he was preserving an interesting monument of American ancient history, 'that wooden shed is where Washington stopped to shoe his horses; it was a forge in those days, and I would not allow it to be pulled down, though many people declared that it spoiled the view. To me it is an interesting relic of the past. I will not have it touched.'

We drove out one day to see a beautiful lake about twelve miles away, still on Abram Hewitt's land. 'I had some idea,' he said, 'of coming back by rail;' in fact, a line of rail ran by the lake.

'But where is the terminus?'

'Oh, not near here.'

'How could you use the train, then?'

'Stop it,' he said.

'Just hold up your umbrella?' I said, joking.

'Why, yes, about that.'

'And would that stop the train?'

'Why, yes,' said Hewitt, smiling at my ignorance. 'You see, the railway belongs to me, so they must stop!'

Truly they do things on a grand scale in America. I sent him a 'Pall Mall Gazette' article in which I had given some account of President Cleveland, and recorded the President's kind allusions to himself.

I wrote again in 1890 telling him of Sir Morell Mackenzie's proposed visit to America, for at that

time Sir Morell had some thoughts of going to New York and Boston to deliver some lectures; the lectures, however, did not come off.

Mr. Hewitt writes:

'Aix-les-Bains, France:
'July 14, 1890.

'DEAR MR. HAWEIS,—Your note of 16th inst. has just reached me at these baths, to which I have been banished for the cure from a very serious attack of rheumatism. I hope to sail for home on Aug. 2nd, and to see Dr. Morell Mackenzie at my house during his visit. He must not pass us by, as we are old friends.

'Your reference to me is duly appreciated, and I am glad to have been remembered by Mrs. Haweis, to whom please present my kind regards.

'I regret that my stay will be too short in England to admit of a personal renewal of the very pleasant associations of your visit to America.

'Sincerely yours,
'A. HEWITT.'

Communication had been opened between Sir Morell Mackenzie and the Lowell Institute, but the episode of the German Emperor and Mackenzie's book had intervened, and I fear that professional unpopularity had something to do with the withdrawal of the Lowell Institution's offer. Mackenzie was no doubt annoyed, but he bore what he certainly considered to be a snub with characteristic dignity and good humour. He wrote me the following letter, as it was by my advice that he had first turned his eyes to Boston as a lecturing field.

'19 Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.:
'December 27, 1889.

'MY DEAR HAWEIS,—Mr. Augustus Lowell simply says: "I must regret that circumstances compel me to withdraw the invitation I sent you to lecture at the Lowell Institute."

'I do not mind it at all. I had written a letter to Lowell, in which I said, "I *might* be able to give one or two lectures," but I did not actually accept the invitation, so that the slight to me is not so great as it might have been. When I see you I will tell you what I think are the circumstances which have led to this collapse.

'The first day you are in the neighbourhood I hope you will look in.

'Yours always,
'MORELL MACKENZIE.'

Before my second visit to America I received another graceful note from Abram Hewitt, who maintained his friendly relations with Mackenzie down to the last, and often spoke of him with admiration.

Abram Hewitt writes:

'New York:
'September 8, 1893.

'DEAR MR. HAWEIS,—Your note reaches me just as I am leaving town, but even if I had time I am not well enough to call to see you to-day. Pray give my kindest regards to Mrs. Haweis, and tell her how much I regret that I am deprived of the pleasure of extending a welcome to her and to you; but on your return to the city if you will kindly notify me of your arrival, I hope I shall be well enough to manifest in

some way the pleasure which a renewal of our acquaintance will give to me and my family.

'Sincerely yours,

'ABRAM S. HEWITT.'

The wreck of the 'Oregon' liner on the coast of New Jersey will long be remembered. It was one of the finest Cunarders, and no lives were lost. Some of the mail bags were, however, lost at first, but they were afterwards, strangely enough, washed up on the New Jersey coast. One of them contained a letter of mine to Abram Hewitt, which was duly delivered—a little late.

He wrote me the following interesting letter:

'House of Representatives, U.S., Washington, D.C.:
'May 3, 1886.

'DEAR DR. HAWEIS,—The delay which has taken place in replying to your letter of the 14th of March is due to the fact that it went to the bottom with the steamer "Oregon," and was picked up on the shores of New Jersey, many miles below the scene of the disaster. Although somewhat discoloured, it is quite intelligible, and as it may interest you to possess such a reminder of your visit to America, I send it back to you as a curiosity.

'I am glad to learn that you and Mrs. Haweis got safely home, and think well enough of America to entertain the idea of coming back again. In regard to the subject matter of your letter, you will remember that when you were here the Cooper Institute was in process of reconstruction. It will be quite finished by next autumn, and I should be very glad to have you give a lecture there, but you will have to elect between

avarice and ambition. The lectures given by the trustees to the public are free. Of course such a lecture would yield you no profit. If, on the other hand, you choose to hire the hall and pay for the advertising, you may charge such admission fee as you may see fit. Sometimes a very large audience will attend a lecture to which an admission is charged, but it is somewhat of an experiment. On the other hand, for a free lecture you will have an enormous audience, and of the best kind. I must leave you to choose between the two alternatives if you should decide to come.

'My family are in Europe, at present in Venice. They will be in London some time during the month of June. If you should be at home, I will remind them to let you know of their presence. They usually stop at the Bristol Hotel, not far from your church.

'We are nearly in as much confusion here from labour troubles as you are with your Irish difficulties. I think they are largely due to the same cause, but we have no Gladstone to offer any remedy, and perhaps it may turn out that remedies are not needed so much as submission to the will of Providence and the order of progress. Our President has sent in a Labour Message, which you may have seen, but which will not instruct you much on a difficult problem, which even Presidents do not always understand.

'I pray you to make my kindest regards to Mrs. Haweis, and both of you to be assured that if you come to America you will have a cordial welcome at Ringwood, if you like the climate and the dairy.

'Very sincerely yours,

'ABRAM S. HEWITT.

'The Rev. R. H. Haweis,
'London.'

I have had letters delivered under odd conditions—one from a balloon which escaped from Paris during the siege; one which I posted myself whilst in a free balloon up in the clouds and sailing over Kent—it fell into some hedgerow or chimney stack, or on some roof, but it was conscientiously posted, and reached its destination not long after my aërial voyage; but I think on the whole the shipwrecked letter from the 'Oregon' mail bags, returned to me by Abram Hewitt, was perhaps the most phenomenal of the lot.

XX

CHARLES SUMNER is one of those men who live for ideas. Such people seldom make successful politicians, but they are of the stuff of John Stuart Mill, who, though they can never retain place and parliamentary power, invariably leave their mark on a debate, and sacrifice themselves for causes which time alone can insure the triumph of. The Right Honourable James Stansfeld in England is a noble type of this high class, but he is exceptional in being able to claim many political triumphs. Charles Sumner has always been a fighter of monopolies and jobs, and monopolists and jobbers have revenged themselves upon him by shutting him out of office when they could. But somehow there is a vitality about integrity and pluck, and only last year (1895) Sumner went to Washington and defeated a pretty little Southern Pacific job at the instance, and to some extent under the ægis, of my good friend Mayor Sutro of Francisco.

Sumner's name will for ever be associated in the

American politics of the nineteenth century with the noble fight he made against the postal and telegraphic monopoly scandals. He is a typical American speaker, and extremely eloquent and effective—collected, smart, deliberate, and full on occasion of caustic humour, peculiarly his own. When he was over here for the first time I took him to a great public dinner, when he was unexpectedly called upon to return thanks for visitors and foreigners present, and I shall never forget the quiet composure with which he at once rose and delivered, without a moment's time for preparation, by far the most telling speech of the evening. This struck me as the more remarkable because most American dinner and breakfast impromptus are carefully prepared, and not seldom learnt off by rote. Emerson's were usually read —cleverly, no doubt, the manuscript being concealed behind his dessert plate, under cover of some vine leaves, but delivered with quite impromptu grace.

I still remember Sumner's warm grip and moist eye as he shook me by the hand in 1893 at Francisco after my last sermon at the Golden Gate Hall. 'If we never meet again on earth, may we meet yonder, friend,' said he, with a ring of genuine emotion which deeply touched me.

Sumner was in England in 1883, and before leaving he came to St. James's, Westmoreland Street, one Sunday morning, but was unable to effect an entrance. He seems to have stood jammed up in the crowd at the door, and after several futile attempts to get through, wrote the following message on his card, which I only got after the service (I have his characteristic card now):

'10·50 A.M.
'Porch of St. James's:
'June 17, 1883.

'As I can obtain or retain neither seat nor standing room, I will retire in good order. I am sorry that I could not hear you. I congratulate you on your crowded congregations. We sail Thursday, xxiv. Thanks for your courtesies.

'CHARLES SUMNER.

'To Rev. Mr. Haweis.'

XXI

THE HON. JOHN BIGELOW, formerly American minister at Paris and Berlin, is one of those men whose high character and solid attainments would mark him out in any country for the most responsible offices in the State. But Bigelow is a fastidious and, I should say, not an over-ambitious man. Those who are most wanted to serve do not always most want to serve. For a short time in later years he held the treasurership of New York, but I am not aware that he has since accepted any office.

I well remember his wife, the fascinating Mrs. John Bigelow, since dead, making her way through a crowded reception given to me in New York, and at once inviting me and my wife to stay at West Point, her beautiful summer residence on the Hudson River. What a river! with its huge steamers, and its large fish, and its shores almost out of sight.

John Bigelow, seen in his home, is a fine type of the quiet, courteous, and somewhat reserved American gentleman—with that rare simplicity and native modesty which add such sweetness and charm to the truly refined and eminent American.

As I walked about with him in his grounds listening to his talk on the trees and flowers, he stopped occasionally to pass a cheerful remark to some negro or half-caste engaged in not unwilling toil, and I fancied it might have been thus that Washington moved about, treating as equal, in spite of the prevalent slavery, every brother man, and great only in his manhood.

At Bigelow's house in New York I dined with Conkling, the crack lawyer, talker, and I should say characteristic wind-bag of the period. Two more typical American contrasts than Bigelow and Conkling could hardly be imagined. Conkling seemed to me an insufferably vulgar, loud, clever person—utterly conceited and self-centred. If there could have been two Conklings in one, they would have been like double stars and kept revolving incessantly round each other!

Smartness and self-consciousness raised to their highest power are not an agreeable combination, especially when coupled with small regard for others. Conkling talked through you and over you and all round you, and quoted poetry whether you wanted to hear it or not, and answered his own riddles and asked questions which he never meant you to answer, being of the nature of Cicero's rhetorical inquiries in the Verrine or Catiline orations. I can recollect nothing that Conkling said—only the abiding flavour of his arrogance and conceit. I remember, too, being much tickled by the smart way in which Mrs. John Bigelow, with whom he bandied words, put him down with her merry slapping repartee and sly rapier thrusts, which somehow made their victims instantly ridiculous without ever exciting anger, for they usually joined in the laugh.

XXII

MRS. BIGELOW.—No one who ever met Mrs. John Bigelow is likely to forget her. She retained the marks of that brilliant beauty which dazzled the court circles at Paris and Berlin more than thirty-five years ago, where her unconventional sincerities alternately alarmed and amused the old-world aristocracies, her wit and her personal fascination always saving her so as by fire, though it is said the Emperor never forgave her for sending her servants to the Imperial box at the opera, which he had placed at her disposal. Still, no one in any quarter of the globe ever got the better of Mrs. John Bigelow; she remained to the day of her death a sort of social enigma and wonder.

She delighted in extricating herself from almost impossible situations; and often when she had duped everyone into supposing her to be a neglectible quantity, she would suddenly turn the tables on the company, and then laugh in the most genial and forgiving manner at their discomfiture.

I am bound to say that her habits were extraordinary. She came over to England on board the Duke of Sutherland's yacht. She went to court, and nearly slapped the Prince of Wales on the back. She chaffed the German Prince Imperial, afterwards the Emperor Frederick, and rallied him on the old Berlin days when her beauty and singular *bonhomie* and unconventionality had made the solemn Germans sit up and stare with bewildered amusement at her ways and her wit. 'The Americans, my dear!' she used to say plaintively with an odd little twinkle, 'horrid

Americans—so vulgar! Now, I like the English, they're so nice—nice dear girls; and the men, all so kind too. Oh, you know I'm partly English; I'm a Poultney, Poultney of Bath, you know, and my son is Poultney Bigelow, great friend of the Prince Imperial [now Emperor, which was quite true].

'Now, my dear, what a lovely hat! No, I never, never saw such a feather. Oh! and it suits you—you look quite lovely. Do you know that sweet little poem? You remind me of it. It was written by—I don't know, I can't recollect their names, so many poets now.

'Now come and take a little walk; I want to tell you, oh! such a story, a whole history!—Who's that man—spiteful-looking man, isn't he? But of course you know I take such fancies. I dare say he's *very* nice, quite nice. Now he's coming along; now you must introduce me;' and presently you would see her absolutely absorbed in some total stranger, who would listen quite bewildered to her rattling, brilliant talk, but also quite fascinated.

One day she would dress quite shabbily, the next in heavy velvet or satin. 'I'm going to Sydenham, and I'm going third. I love the third class, you see so much life. I like seeing and talking to the people, they're so amusing, quite charming *in England*. The dear people! I quite love them. I can't bear to go back to New York. I'll come and stay with you just for a day or two, or a week, I don't mind; not if it's inconvenient, of course. Oh, you can turn me out if I'm in the way. I've got such lots of friends; everyone is so kind and obliging. Now, dear Dr. Haweis, you'll take me to the sta-

tion ; there's your carriage at the door ; it won't be five minutes out of your way ; not if it's inconvenient, of course—there, now, I'm such a nuisance !—I wouldn't for the world—you kind man ! thank you ! I must have my bag.' (No, I shall not forget that bag, a regular carpet bag. She opened it everywhere ; string, pomatum, slippers, curios, handkerchiefs, I know not what besides, fell out and were bundled in again.) So at last she was off to the underground station in her shabby gown, carpet bag and all. Of course we are late. Mrs. Bigelow was always late ; she had no sense of time, and forgot half her engagements, or pretended to. The train was just starting. She clutches hold of a porter—he shakes her off ; then she seizes the guard, who is just about to whistle.

'I must get in ! I must get in !'

'Too late. Get away from the door ! Can't you hear ?' The guard looked round sharp and angrily at this shabby third-class panting female, but something in her eye fixed him. She is quite unflurried now, and suddenly has the air of a duchess, a duchess born in the purple, but casually in distress. In the middle of the scrimmage she looks the guard—the whistle at his mouth—from head to foot. Really she is quite royal now. 'Well,' she says, 'you *are* an unkind man !' I never saw anyone so knocked over. I have had some experience of railway guards, but I never saw a guard so struck all of a heap. The whistle dropped from his lips and hung by a string ; the man looked back at this royalty in disguise, and looked again, as if he couldn't take his eyes off her. She had a little offended pout on now like a belle out of humour (she must have been near sixty), but she said not another word, she had said enough. 'I—I

beg your pardon, mum—my lady;' and he lifted his hand, delayed the train, opened a third-class door. Mrs. Bigelow stept in like a tragedy queen, gave him a faint appreciative smile, I handed in her bag, and the train started.

Whether she hypnotised people or arrested them by her pure eccentricity, and then fascinated them by an indescribable mixture of sympathy, many-sided experience, knowledge of the world, artistic perception, and quick-wittedness, I could never make out.

Mrs. Bigelow was a person not to be analysed. She got the entrée wherever she meant to, from the court to the kitchen, and was quite as much at home with a queen as with a cook. There was no one to whom she could not tell something about their own business which they did not know before, no one whom she could not advise pithily and often wisely. She read off people, took their measure, and giggled or cried with them. A mixed, stilted, prejudiced company were like a pack of children in her hands in a quarter of an hour.

I remember her at a large luncheon party at my house. She began by making herself almost impossible. She spoke, or rather shouted, across the table—attacking sometimes me, sometimes my wife. Gradually conversation flagged—everyone was getting wretched—she was so loud, sudden, irrelevant, when all at once she jerked out, with quite a wounded expression (dramatically irresistible): 'I dare say you think me very odd' (then pensively, almost to herself): "one of those horrid, vulgar Americans," you say to yourself. So they are!' But in another moment the

whole table was listening to an exquisitely funny story of a vulgar Englishman who was mistaken for an American, and had been lately making a fool of himself in Paris. We were all convulsed, her mimicry was so good. She had won. She had got the company at last at that particular angle where her incomparable gift as a graceful and witty *raconteuse* could come into full play; and from that moment everyone seemed to unbend.

When we got into the garden after lunch, she was already (this more than middle-aged woman with only the traces of her dazzling complexion and finely chiselled features left) the heroine of the afternoon, and she did not wait to be chosen —she just chose which of the company she liked to talk to, and walked up and down the gravel path, and it seemed at last as if everyone was just waiting for his or her turn to walk and talk with Mrs. John Bigelow.

She did one more daring thing that afternoon —she planted herself after tea on the lawn in the most comfortable chair. A few people were sitting about. Suddenly she exclaimed, 'Come closer'—she ordered them all about, and they obeyed like lambs. Then she made me get some more chairs and collect some more people; then in a loud voice, 'Now I'm going to repeat a little poem—a quite beautiful poem. I'm sure you will like it;' and almost before we had grasped the situation, or even sat down, she was into the middle of the first stanza. I can't recollect what it was all about—I had never heard it before—but soon everybody was listening, absorbed and delighted. She was certainly an accomplished reciter, with the

ars celare artem, and above all the 'one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.' When she had done, there was just a little dimness in many eyes. She jumped up suddenly, like one half scared, looked at her watch, said she had missed two appointments, begged me out loud to give her everyone's name and address, declared she had had such 'a lovely time'—never met such lovely people, such dear kind lovely people, and so nice of everyone to receive her so kindly, and she only an American, a vulgar American; and would I have a hansom called—and her bag, yes—'thanks! good-bye! *au revoir*!'—and she was gone like a flash.

When she was at Florence, I am told that she was bent upon seeing 'Ouida,' but that lady is averse to being pestered with visitors. However, Mrs. Bigelow of course got in—and sat down. Ouida—so runs the tale—at last put in an appearance, and intimated somewhat candidly that of all people who bored her, Americans were the worst. 'Well,' says Mrs. Bigelow, 'that I call downright mean and ungrateful of you, when the Americans are about the only people who buy your disagreeable, immoral books.'

Ouida seems to have been knocked over as completely as the railway guard. Mrs. Bigelow's faculty of putting anyone in the wrong box when it suited her was certainly phenomenal.

Genius, of course, is interesting, but it is (diplomatically) embarrassing; and it has been rumoured that the American Embassy in London would have been open to John Bigelow had it not been for the eccentricities of this most fascinating but somewhat embarrassing lady.

XXIII

MRS. 'COLUMBIA.'—It was sad to find how many dear friends, alive in 1885, had passed away, when I visited the States for a second time in 1893 and again in 1895. Dean Gray, Asa Gray, Courtlandt Palmer, Henry Ward Beecher, Walt Whitman, Mrs. John Bigelow, Conkling, and soon afterwards Phillips Brooks and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Principal and Mrs. Barnard, Miss Wolff—all gone.

In the following letter from the Hon. John Bigelow this rather extraordinary mortality is alluded to:

'"The Squirrels," Highland Falls, N.Y.:
'July 8, 1893.

'REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I was pleased to learn by your favour of—without date—which reached me a few days ago, that you and Madam Haweis meditated another visit to the "States." Though you will miss some, you will find many here ready to welcome you. I hope you will advise us of your return to New York after your visit to Chicago, where I possibly may meet you early in October.

'We are proposing to spend August and September at St. Andrews in New Brunswick, and under the protection of her Imperial Majesty your Queen.

'Yours very truly,
'JOHN BIGELOW.'

Among the numerous kind attentions I was favoured with and somewhat embarrassed by was the assiduous hospitality of another singular lady, also since dead. I allude to Mrs. Barnard, the wife of the venerable Principal of Columbia College, a well-

known and admirably appointed educational institution in New York.

This good lady was bent upon our staying at the college, and hunted us from house to house until we took up our abode with her; and I confess that I found her rather amusing at first, and I am sure she meant most kindly. She was a great talker, and when she got on the war between North and South, she being at the time down South, her stories were very stirring and graphic. But there was an inconceivable fidgetiness about her, and an incapacity to let people alone, or even listen to anything they said in answer to her questions, which poured out as from a quick-firing gun, that became at last intolerable—she got on our nerves. Then her arrangements were of such a complicated and at the same time urgent nature that no one in the house knew from moment to moment what they might or might not be expected to do. You had to be down to breakfast to the minute, or a message came up that you were not to hurry—only everyone was waiting. If you took tea, why did not you take coffee—did you not like coffee? or *vice versa.* You must take certain things in the right order, or you must not take something without taking it before or after taking something else. Then after breakfast at ten o'clock you must be ready to go out, to inspect this, that, or the other. The Principal wanted you to go over the college. Nonsense! the Principal always wanted people to go over the college, there was nothing to see, you could do it any time; besides, you had to go with her at once somewhere else. But you had an engagement at twelve. What was the use of that when you had to be somewhere else? You could not be everywhere. She was

going to introduce you to some friends of hers; and then you had to be back to lunch at a quarter past one, because at half-past two you were due, &c. &c.

Worn out in the middle of the day, my wife had retired for a little rest, but a sharp knock at the door roused her. She must get up at once; some one down stairs who had read 'Chaucer for Children' and 'The Art of Beauty' had called to see her. Then, at half-past three, mind, there was a reception—a large reception—all the clever people in New York were coming, Professor this, and Dr. that, and Madame some one else, and Conkling, and Mrs. ——, the authoress, you know; and at last came dinner, usually *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. and Dr. Barnard, who was a very agreeable and scholarly man of cultivated tastes and habits, but who being very deaf could only communicate through a trumpet attached to a hearing tube, which reached a good way and could be taken up by anyone who wished to speak to him. We conversed in this way without difficulty, but seldom got far before Mrs. Barnard, impatient at the exclusion, seized the tube through which her husband was listening or speaking, and laying it down on the table, broke up the conversation.

One day—the second or third, I think—my wife confided to me that she could bear it no longer. It was seven o'clock in the morning. I descended stealthily before the breakfast hour, and went out and made my way down the street to my good friend Dr. Guilbert and his amiable stepdaughters, the Misses Storm. They seemed to understand the situation; it was a case of being saved from one's friends. After

breakfast I intimated that our engagements compelled us to take up our abode elsewhere, and with profuse thanks on our side, and reproaches and even threats on the side of our warm-hearted hostess, we left the too oppressively hospitable precincts of Columbia College with a hearty hand-shake from the dear old Principal, and embraces—positively embraces—from the excellent Mrs. Columbia as we always afterwards called her—never, never to return!

Kindly souls!—both are in their graves—and they meant to do us honour—only our nerves were weak!

. . . . .

No! I cannot leave out my first experiences—since renewed happily in 1893—of the American schoolgirl and girl graduate of 'sweet seventeen.'

XXIV

'OGONTZ' is the name of a palatial establishment, situated in a manorial-like park, not far from Philadelphia.

It is an establishment for young ladies, very select young ladies, who can afford to pay two or three hundred a year in exchange for the benefits of such a cultured course of refined teaching as the genius of the lady principal, Miss Bennett, has devised for the future mothers of the great American people.

Miss Bennett herself is a stately but withal most genial and handsome person, 'about the same age as other people,' as the lady said who was asked her age by the Government officer for the census.

She has travelled, read, thought, and, above all, observed. She is eloquent in class, affable at table, delightful as hostess, and she governs, like all real

governors, more by silent influence than by words or rules. All the girls, from the youngest, aged about twelve, to the eldest, just passing out of her 'teens,' know exactly what she wants and what she means. They know they must not be late, nor slovenly, nor inattentive, nor boisterous, though a merrier and less constrained set of young ladies I never encountered : laughter is not checked, a run is not reproved, even out of the gymnasium. They lived, I thought, almost needlessly surrounded by home luxuries ; some even had their carriages and horses, and generally anything they could afford. As in most American establishments, the girls are largely self-governing. The upper class provides the standard for demeanour, style and tone. The monitors and blue-ribbon girls virtually govern. The 'Blue-ribbonites' can do practically what they please, and have even a sort of discretion with regard to personal liberty about attending classes and taking outdoor exercise alone ; but the lovely park, formerly the property of a rich merchant, who named it 'Ogontz' after a great Indian chief friendly to him, is amply sufficient for all such purposes, and I did not gather that the girls ever cared much to stray beyond its happy precincts.

Into this terrestrial paradise I entered for about a week. I was invited by Miss Bennett, who had frequently attended my church in her summer trips to England, to give three evening lectures in the school theatre to her young ladies. Several outsiders, professors, clergy, and others from Philadelphia, were also invited.

Handsome guest rooms were placed at the disposal of myself and my wife, whose book 'Chaucer for

Children' was much used at Ogontz and other American colleges.

Whether or not there were extra half holidays during my stay at Ogontz, I cannot tell; but I never descended into the reception rooms or passages without finding young ladies at leisure to do the honours, and make time pass quickly. I was much struck with the absolute difference between the American and the English girl's view of the *τὸ πρέπον*, or the fitting and the unfit. The Ogontz girls invited me into their class rooms, practising rooms, and even their dormitories—prettily fitted up, and used for sitting rooms during the day.

Here you saw the individual taste and feeling of the young ladies. Some had a piano, some a banjo, a guitar, a violin. Pretty Japanese screens hid the bed, and decorative devices the wash-hand stand; the toilet tables had just as much on them as was required to look neat and artistic by day; the fireplace was decked with flowers or forest leaves; the mantelpiece would contain those china or silver baubles, old Christmas cards, relics with ribbons, Dresden poodles, gold figured Munich glass, even a stray doll or wax Cupid, and such-like Christmas-tree survivals of the nursery, still dear to the heart of budding womanhood. Above were photographs—seldom a man's unless brother or father, but hosts of girls, mothers, sisters, aunts, and a few of those special friends whose 'eternal friendships' are apt at a certain age to be exchanged for similar ones equally passionate while they last, and equally ephemeral!

Ah! what havoc will marriage and the 'Vandal years' between sixteen and twenty-five make in a girl's female attachments!

The dormitories occupied a long wing of the great house, and opened one out of the other, each room being owned by two—seldom, I think, more—girls.

Still some of the rooms were more spacious than others, and here several girls would congregate, and I would read and talk to them. But I was put on my mettle, for they knew too much. I had my dates corrected and my geography set to rights ; and in chemistry I confess they were far ahead of me, though in range of literature I scored a few points, and I was a little surprised at their small acquaintance with leading American authors like Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and even Howells. They knew more of George Eliot and Thackeray, and less of Tennyson, than I should have expected. The American girl does not read much poetry, and not half as much theology and goody-goody books as our English girls ; but then she is very wide awake about Rome, Florence, and globe-trotting generally, and eager to know about everything outside her own country, especially all English manners and customs, and all about the Royal Family.

Dear me ! and in such a republican country to find them all so anxious to know what our beloved Queen does, and so excited to learn that she drives about in a Bath chair drawn by a donkey, and reads Marie Corelli. The girls had quite a Marie Corelli fit after that. And then the Princess of Wales !—how the royal girls at Sandringham were brought up, and why they dressed so plainly, and whether they played lawn tennis and could skate.

Ah ! what a poor companion I was for these quick mercurial American maidens, such an odd mixture of

simplicity and advanced experience; for American girls know most things, 'you bet!' and half of them only just out of the nursery, in some ways so far down the valley of life, in others so fresh and ingenuous.

Well, we walked about the park in little groups of threes and fours underneath the yellowing trees and beside the autumnal hoar frost on the brown ferns; and when I had cudgelled my brains about the Queen, told them how she looked when I kissed her hand; and the Duke of Edinburgh, and what he said at Marlborough House when he lent me his fiddles for my Royal Institution lecture; and the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and what she said and how she received me when I had failed to bring Wagner to Lord Houghton's one night, &c. &c. Of course I did my best to do this sort of 'Court Circular' chat, which is not quite in my line. Had I been Mark Twain or Artemus Ward, I should have had no difficulty in inventing long conversations between myself and the Prince of Wales, anecdotes of my singular influence with her Majesty, of the Prime Minister's devotion to me, and my confidential relations with the Lord Mayor; but although I sorely wished to please my eager listeners, the longer I went on, the thinner grew the narrative; in good sooth 'twas very poor gossip, and it too soon became painfully apparent that I knew very little personally of the Royal Family, and had had next to nothing to do with any of them. At which point I artfully turned the conversation upon Rome. I fancied I knew something about Rome. I had been there many times. I had lectured there twice on Garibaldi and Mazzini (worse luck! they cared not a jot for Garibaldi or Mazzini), I had worked up the catacombs, the galleries, the churches, the—no

matter what. Will it be believed that I had not gone far before I made a slip about a Bronzino which I said was in the Corsini when it happened to be in the Borghese, or *vice versa*? I was caught out instantly. The girls had been to Rome and got up the galleries with Murray. My *coup de grâce* came when one of them inquired whether I had seen the Roman bath in the Strand. It was an awful temptation, but I felt I could not lie, and after a brief but, I am glad to say, a decisive struggle, I frankly admitted that I had not so much as heard that there was a Roman bath in the Strand! On re-entering, a guide book was, of course, produced, and a description of the fine specimen of Neronian brickwork still to be seen in the Strand, on what was formerly a portion of the Earl of Essex's house, was read out for my instruction. I was by this time quite chapfallen, and I think we conversed no more that day, as writes Abelard or Héloïse or some such pathetic personage.

I believe these kind girls, who seemed to entertain an opinion of me far above my deserts, thought I was shamming to please them and draw them out, and that I only pretended not to know this or that, but really knew all about it; but, alas! I didn't.

I have often noticed in this world that if you get any sort of reputation in one line, people are apt to give you credit for it in some other. When I was a young curate in Bethnal Green, I was supposed to direct a penny bank, and on certain nights, with the assistance of two friendly coadjutors, the greengrocer and the tax collector, both my devoted parishioners, I appeared to be casting up the accounts. My results were so frequently at variance with the others,

which usually tallied, that at last I admitted, what is perfectly true, that I was a very poor accountant; but nothing could persuade these dear people that this was the simple truth—why! had I not drawn the church full? My additions seemed wrong, no doubt, but they merely thought this serving of tables was too far beneath my attention, and that I would not take sufficient trouble, and at last they always did it for me, accepting my earnest assurances that I could not possibly do it up correctly in the time with a respectful but incredulous smile.

XXV

IN THE SCHOOL THEATRE.—A truce to digression. Ogontz is lighted up; the girls are coming out into the passages in their white muslins and pretty ribbons and flowers—'tis half-past-six—they are coming into the dining saloon. I shall not be there. I shall be upstairs in my cosily furnished sitting-room meditating, over a cup of tea and a poached egg, my lecture on the 'Rationale of Music,' which I am to deliver in the theatre at eight o'clock.

The hour strikes. I enter from behind some ornamental canvas trees on one side, and a conventional cottage façade with an open flap window. (For stage elopements?—impossible! 'Tis a well-regulated seminary—and then we are told that American girls are not romantic!)

I am saluted with well-bred applause. The footlights leap up full. I advance and survey my flower garden of young, fresh, eager listeners, who settle themselves smiling with expectancy, with a touch of critical discernment about it such as becomes an

advanced and fastidious assembly, accustomed to nothing but the best.

Never did I have a more genial and appreciative audience, and I am bound to say the applause was unstinted, and at the close as unrestrained and tumultuous as was consistent with the elegant discipline of 'Ogontz'—a name which to all Philadelphian initiates suggests the quintessence of character and culture.

The school kept early hours, and even the subsequent dissipation in honour of the visitors, consisting of tea and light refreshments, was not prolonged past eleven.

XXVI

FAREWELL, OGONTZ.—On my last evening my nerves were rudely tried. It was on this wise.

At the close of my lecture, amidst a very flattering display of enthusiasm (for I was now thoroughly at home with my audience and had the egotistical satisfaction of feeling that, although unacquainted with the Roman bath in the Strand, I was considered an authority on Richard Wagner), just as I was about to retire from the stage, amidst the 'applaudissements frénétiques,' I remarked an unwonted stir—the whole room seemed about to rise, whilst two of the tallest and strongest girls advanced in front of the stage, bearing a huge basket of towering flowers, orchids and roses and lilies, and ferns and dazzling autumnal foliage. This expensive but perishable trophy was with some difficulty heaved up to me over the footlights, and, feeling rather like an inexperienced porter at a railway station, I wrestled with it for an anxious moment, and finally landed it with a stagger on the stage. The ladies had already retired, blushing. I

stood looking I dare say very pleased and foolish by the side of my embarrassing and pyramidal greenhouse assortment. In a voice 'hoarse with emotion' I believe I faltered out something about the 'most affecting moment in my life,' and I then gave the audience to understand that I intended firmly but hastily to retire before my feelings completely overcame me.

Next morn, in the grey dawn, a few girls only like belated angels hovering dimly about the passages, I left 'Ogontz.' 'Twas better so. I am told that tears were shed; my own thoughts, like those of the man when he looked on 'the *meanest* flower that blows,' were 'too deep for tears;' naturally, as all the flowers in my basket were anything but *mean*, and really as expensive as money could buy. What was I to do with them? I could not take them with me—I was going straight to New York. I unwound the soft moss-green ribbon that was wrapt round their stems. I have it now. On my way out I cast a farewell glance at the trophy, deposited on the entrance hall table, and thereby hangs a tale.

Several weeks after leaving Philadelphia, I had a letter from Miss Bennett, the charming lady principal. She said 'I was——'—well, no matter—'that the girls'—*pshaw*! Anyhow it amounted to this—that the flowers had been on the hall table ever since, that they were naturally withered and smelt abominably, but that every time she had proposed to remove them there had been such an outcry in the school that she allowed them to remain. Ye stars and stripes! And then they say that American girls have no sentiment!

A year afterwards a detachment of Ogontz girls

came over to England, as they are often wont to do, with a travelling governess. They came and took afternoon tea with us at Queen's House, Chelsea. I showed them the moss-green ribbon. They smiled—I sighed—and we parted!

But again I must protest that this is not an autobiography, merely holiday 'talk.' I pass on.

XXVII

CORNELL.—Yes! I arrive at Cornell. I have been appointed select University preacher there.

Cornell University is exquisitely situated on high land overlooking the lovely lake of Cayuga. It boasts of Professor Corson, a great friend of Miss Bennett, and a great favourite at Ogontz (where he has delivered several professorial lectures on English literature). Young men and girls are received at Cornell to a joint education. They have class rooms, sitting rooms, and a dining room in common. There are no restrictions on their terms of association; they can walk and talk and sing together, and sit where they like in hall or class; only—only the sword of Damocles is over them all, and they know it: a breath of suspicion, a sign of real irregularity, and off they are packed without explanation, and without delay, and there is no appeal. This seems quite a sufficient check, and within rather wide bounds there is extraordinary liberty, which is hardly ever abused—the students have been known to offer flowers and even organise a serenade to their favourites with impunity. In fact the boys and girls, ranging from sixteen to twenty-four, are all treated like grown and responsible

men and women, and they are expected from the first to act up to this sober and discreet estimate.

Cornell University, like Stanford and Leland in California, and Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, is one of those splendid private benefactions to the nation for which America has become famous. The endowment is so large that the heads are independent of the college fees, and can afford to treat quite independently with the students. At Cornell and Vassar (unlike Ogontz) the Cornell students are not generally rich; they have come for serious study to fit themselves for an educational or professional life; but to this there are, of course, many exceptions.

At Cornell University there is perfect freedom of thought. There are no religious tests. No one need believe anything; no one need go to church. Individuals may be at war with current religion in its many forms; but as all forms are tolerated, it would be rather difficult for any one member to be in active opposition to all, nor would it much matter if he were —except to himself. The effect of this laxity and apparent official indifference to orthodoxy is just the reverse of what might naturally have been anticipated. There is a certain amount of religious indifference, no doubt—there is that everywhere—but there is little religious bitterness, for as every sect has its turn in the University pulpit, no one has a right to complain. The Episcopal Church is generally the most fashionable in the towns, and stands highest socially; but there is real religious equality, and as the Episcopal Church is not allowed to domineer in the name of the State or an assumed orthodoxy, there is far more real fraternity if not much more co-operation amongst the various

ministers in America than there ever can be in England until the Church is disestablished, the good and evil of which this is not the place to discuss. My own personal feeling in the matter I have more often expressed than defended, and it is this: that could the Episcopal Church in England become national in fact as it is in name, could it really represent by its power of restatement, as well as by its breadth, the complex religious beliefs, religious aspirations, and progressive thought of the age; then the occupation of Dissent would be gone, since every form of dissent is merely a witness to some truth neglected or forgotten by the National Church, or the breaking forth of spontaneous piety which finds no established or recognised channel in which to flow.

The Cornell pulpit is prepared to witness to every kind of truth which by any stretch of liberality can be associated with Christianity, and it is doubtful whether any of the doctrinal cults of the day, including Positivism, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Christian Science, not to speak of Unitarianism and Roman Catholicism, would be excluded from the Cornell pulpit, providing the 'ism' could be hitched on to some text and uttered by some one in the habit of writing 'Rev.' before his name; even as to 'Rev.,' many sects have dropped the title, and Henry Ward Beecher openly repudiated it.

Amongst its preachers, the Cornell University has included Lyman Abbott, Heber Newton, Phillips Brooks, Dr. Huntington, Bishop Potter, Dr. Momerie, and myself. Cornell did not even draw the line at the Roman Catholic bishop, but the bishop drew the line at Cornell.

Under all these circumstances I considered that

a cosmopolitan sermon in the morning, in which I would cause a panorama of the world's religions to pass before the congregation, taking good care to emphasise the unities underlying them all and minimise the differences, might be a profitable subject of meditation; and in the afternoon I selected the 'Rationale of Prayer,' a sermon which I have found to be generally helpful, and which has been amply reported and circulated throughout America East and West as well as all over the Australasian colonies.

XXVIII

CORNELL CHAPEL.—On one Sunday late in November 1885, I looked out of my University rooms towards the little chapel, far too small for the congregations that day.

The town lay far below and was reached by trams and carriages uphill, for the noble pile of widely disposed buildings, interspersed with lawns and here and there embowered in foliage, overlooks from a height the clear waters of the beautiful Cayuga lake.

A winding procession of pedestrians came up the hill, and the students had already turned out and taken possession of their seats long before the service began.

When I arrived there was not standing room anywhere, and I was with difficulty got into a dark sort of cupboard, where I had to robe; for although told I might officiate in my frock coat if I pleased, my professional instincts were in favour of at least wearing my M.A. gown and my Cambridge M.A. hood. I stood

at a sort of raised reading desk, and after giving out a hymn I recited a collect or two, then another hymn, and then the sermon.

At three o'clock I preached again, but this time vehicles of all sorts made their way up from the town, and swarms of pedestrians arrived long before service, only to find the chapel (which I suppose did not hold more than 400) already crowded. The morning sermon was well reported ; and to show the smartness of the American operations the MS. from shorthand notes was handed to me in the afternoon, and a version wired all over America, so that in Boston, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, reports of it appeared in the Monday morning papers.

I was much amused to receive in the evening a visit from a professor of elocution, who asked me to favour him with the name and address of the gentleman who taught me elocution. I assured him that I had never received a lesson in elocution in my life, that I knew nothing about the art, and that I had often been told that my own method of speaking, whatever it is, was most imperfect.

The Professor shook his head incredulously, and put up his note book sadly ; he came evidently hoping to detect the secret of drawing large congregations ; whatever it was, it could doubtless be imparted, and would be useful to his pupils, and probably turned on some trick of voice production or oratorical device which could be learned. I assured him I was innocent of all such arts, that I was incapable of committing much to memory, that I prepared my thoughts as carefully as I could, but seldom any set phrases. 'Take care of the thoughts,

and the words will take care of themselves,' was my motto; and as to poses or dramatic action, I left all that to take care of itself, and never thought twice about it—certainly not when preaching.

The Professor seemed much disappointed. 'Couldn't I give any hints?' I did try, but I was so poor an analyst of my own methods that he soon rose and took his departure, thinking me a wily and deep person, who would not be drawn. The rooted belief that every success is due to some trick or system that can be taught is as pathetic and quite as common as the gambler's notion that there is a fixed and certain way to win at games of chance, or a royal road to fortune. Success has its laws, no doubt, and there is very little chance about it—work, capacity, opportunity, are all ingredients; but there is ever something like the pinch of metal that the cunning bell-founder throws into his cauldron, just at the last—he hardly knows why—something which cannot be analysed, and upon that something turns the whole difference between success and failure.

I remember a good clergyman, one of those excellent conscientious plodders whom Phillips Brooks called 'moth-eaten old angels,' wrote to me—understanding my Sunday collections were large—and begged to know the exact form of words I used every Sunday to extract these sums. His disappointment was great on receiving the exact formula, from which I never deviate: *The usual collection at the close of the service.*

But as this is not a general clerical autobiography, I will here insert my Cornell University sermon 'On the Religious Consciousness' (1885), to serve as a sort of pendant to my Chicago speech 'On the

Influences of Music' at the Parliament of Religions (1893), both of which the reader may skip if he pleases, and pass on.

XXIX

RELIGIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS. A SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., BEFORE THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY [ON THE DEAN SAGE FOUNDATION].

WHEN I was invited by your late excellent President, Dr. White, to address you, some months ago, I said I would speak to you upon the unity and solidarity of the religious consciousness in man.

Need I take a text? Well, a text won't make a sermon without the spirit of the Bible, and if you have that you can get on without chapter and verse. The religious consciousness breathes with the Bible spirit. The soul's life permeates the Bible from beginning to end. Religion saturates human history because it is involved in the constitution of human nature. This is to me the most restful and faith-compelling of all thoughts. I look for rest in my religion. Some of us make our religion a mere battle-field; opposing sects bite and devour one another. But I hear the voice of Jesus across the ages: He says, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.' I fall back again and again upon the spiritual elements which do not change: God, the inevitable recurrency, communion with Him, the Divine soul-hunger. Here I find a unity and solidarity of religious consciousness.

Unity implies a similarity of ideas. For instance, you find among savage tribes in remote ages the custom of appointing delegates or representatives,

and you find in Washington or at London of to-day M.C.'s or M.P.'s sitting as representatives of the people. There is the unity of representative government.

Solidarity implies a certain continuity and identity of purpose and effect. So when I dig up in England a coin of Edward III., who reigned 500 years ago, and the coin has the king's head on it, and I find that it is still legal tender, or can be exchanged for legal tender, in Victoria's reign, I say there is the solidarity of the currency. So throughout the religions of the world I find similarity of ideas, identity of purpose, unity and solidarity of the religious consciousness. God has never left Himself without a witness. Religion did not begin 1,900 years ago. It has always been. God, the Oversoul, is superincumbent upon man's soul, as the atmosphere presses at all points upon the surface of the earth. The Divine fact and the human response, these two twin stars, ever revolve round each other; they constitute the unity and solidarity of the religious consciousness. You may come down anywhere within 5,000 years in the history of man, and you will find those ideas cropping up. You may go to India, Egypt, or China, or Greece, or Rome, and you will find them; ay, and you may come on individuals thrown together by chance anywhere to-day, and you will strike the same fundamental notes, the sweetest and purest in the low, sad music of humanity—God and our communion with Him.

The other day a friend of mine was travelling in the desert on his way to the Pyramids. He looked down upon the poor Arab donkey driver beside him,

and the feeling came over him, 'This patient, toiling man, a human being like myself, yet so different from me! I feel kindly toward him, and there is something in his face that draws me to him, something in his lowly condition and serenity that moves me.' So my friend touches him on the shoulder. He could not speak much English, and my friend did not understand much Arabic, but he wanted to communicate with him. And the heart has a language of its own, and the lips are sometimes but stammering utterers. As Longfellow says, there are thoughts which

> 'Words are powerless to express,
> And leave them still unsaid, in part,
> Or say them in too great excess.'

So my friend touched the Arab and said: 'You believe—you believe Allah?' The man looked round, astonished: he understood, and said, 'Yes; me believe Allah.' '*I* believe Allah,' said my friend. Presently he touched him again, and pointed to the clear skies above them, and said, 'You pray Allah?' The man said, nodding his head delightedly, 'Yes: pray Allah.' Said my friend, '*I*, too, pray to Allah.' They could not get on very fast because they did not understand one another's language. But he touched him the third time on the shoulder, and said, 'You love Allah—love Allah?' and the man, now with much gesticulation, assented, 'Yes, yes!' for he was in sympathy with my friend, and caught his meaning: 'Yes, me love Allah.' Then my friend stretched his hand out and grasped the swarthy Arab's in his grip, and said: 'You, I, brothers; you, I, believe —pray—love Allah!' The man nodded, and his face grew radiant, and both drove on in silence.

Now, at the end of that journey, that poor Arab, without a word, took all the backsheesh money that had been given him, and pushed it back into my friend's hands. He would take no backsheesh from a man who loved Allah. That is a modern illustration of the unity and solidarity of the religious consciousness. God writes His name not once on stone tables, but in all ages and climes upon the fleshy tablets of all human hearts.

Nor was this teaching ever more needed than at the present day. Why? Because modern science has attacked the object of religious consciousness, saying that we do not require mind governing matter, that we can explain the phenomena of creation without any appeal to the Oversoul or self-conscious, governing Mind. That *has* been the tendency of modern science. It is no longer quite so much its tendency. The word agnosticism is gradually becoming fashionable, in lieu of the word atheism, or negation. Science now hardly says out loud, with the fool, 'There is no God, there is no object of religious consciousness;' but science now says, 'We don't know.' Amid the rush and splendour of new scientific discoveries we lived about ten or fifteen years ago in the reign of raw atheism before the flaw in the 'no God' argument began to be seen. That flaw was revealed to me when I heard Professor Tyndall say that 'we must fundamentally change our conception of matter before we could get out of it the promise and potency of all life.'

Well, if you can make up the universe without God, do so, by all means. Let us try. Says Philo-

sopher No. 1: 'Give me matter, and I will produce the world as we know it, without God.' Says Philosopher No. 2: 'I don't want matter. I know of nothing but force.' 'But,' objects Philosopher No. 3, 'force must act on something; it must have a *nidus* —be locally lodged. I must have both matter and force before I can begin to operate.' 'But,' remarks Philosopher No. 4, 'I must have a particular kind of matter, made up of atoms grouped into a peculiar sort of molecules, one inorganic, like a steel filing, and another organic, like a jelly speck, with the odd property of turning itself inside out.' Well, we give him all that. 'I think I can do it now,' says he, 'but—but—I must have sixty-three different kinds of atoms before I can get along.' 'You seem to want a good deal,' I reply. 'You have got matter and force—two kinds of matter—made of sixty-three different sorts of atoms, and then you say you can get on. Get on, then.' Our philosopher pauses, and, in the words of Mr. George Lewes, 'I believe,' he says, 'I want matter and force specially determined under peculiar and complex relations.' I begin to lose faith in the philosophers. I feel they are taking unfair advantages. I have been standing ready to be converted; but now I can't help cutting in with a remonstrance: 'You want matter and force specially determined, under peculiar and complex relations; or, as Professor Tyndall says, "You want to change fundamentally your conceptions of matter, and then you can get the promise and potency of all life." No doubt; but how do you get these specially determined, peculiar, and complex relations? Where does it all come from? What so specially determines matter and force, I should like to know?' Says the philosopher, with

calm magniloquence, 'Causality.' Of course, causality; but, the fact is, you have put into matter and force all that you want to get out of it. It is the old hat trick; you put into the hat what you afterwards extract. The scientific hat is called Evolution. You have popped sixty-three times behind the curtain, and the whole thing has been so honestly done that you have not cared to conceal one of your peculiar and complex moves. The process of filling the scientific hat may be called causality, or anything else; and causality explains everything, no doubt. But in the universe causality is nothing but mind immanent in matter. The Unknowable is a bad word for God, Force for Omnipotence, and Adaptation for Wisdom; and

> 'Behind the dim Unknown
> Standeth God, within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above His own.' (LOWELL.)

Science, then, cannot, after all, discredit the object of our religious consciousness. God or mind governing matter cannot be got rid of. The universe cannot be made up without Him; and because mind is homogeneous, essentially of the same kind, if there be mind in God and mind in man, the rationality of intercourse is evident. The witness to the reality of that intercourse is to be found in the unity and solidarity of the religious consciousness.

The religions of the world are much more alike than they at first seem. Let us take a few parallelisms, to show by one sentence after another, removed a thousand or five hundred years from each other, how we arrive at the same result. What do I find in India two thousand years before Christ? I find the devotee on the shores of the Ganges at the rising of the sun,

praying: 'We meditate upon Thee, the desirable light.' I read elsewhere, 'God is light, in Him is no darkness at all.' Another ancient prayer, fifteen hundred or more years before Christ, reads:

'Who is the God to whom we should offer sacrifices?
He who brightens the sky:
He who makes firm the earth:
He who measures the air:
He is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice.
Who is the God to whom we should offer sacrifice?
He who looks over the water clouds:
He who is *the only life of the bright earth:*
He who kindles the altar flame:
He is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice.'

Hundreds of years later, listen to other seers in other lands: 'Offer sacrifices unto the Lord your God,' and 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'

Here is an ancient creed, one thousand years before Christ. Kreeshna is the divine friend of man. He is the Hindu Emmanuel. He is God with us, the one who had an understanding of man's affairs, and who gave him counsel, and was near him in the hour of trouble and in the moment of death. And Kreeshna, the divine friend, speaks: 'I am the worship, I am the sacrifice, I am the fire, I am the victim, I am the father and mother of the world: I am the living way, the comforter and witness, the friend and asylum of men.' Will you go over those sentences once more? I am the worship—'How amiable are Thy courts, O Lord of Hosts!' I am the sacrifice—'Yea, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.' I am the fire—'Our God is a consuming fire.' I am the victim—'He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin.'

Do you not recognise those words? I am the father and mother of the world—'Surely Thou art our Father,' 'When father and mother forsake thee, the Lord taketh thee up.' I am the living way, the comforter; yea, 'The way, the truth, and the life.' Do you remember who said, 'It is expedient for you that I go away for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you, even the Holy Ghost'? 'I am the friend and asylum of men.' Is there any friend like God? Is there any friend to whom we can go at all times, and be so perfectly understood? Is He not the friend that sticketh closer than a brother? Is He not my rest and asylum, protector and shepherd? 'The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.' There is here solidarity between Hebrew and Hindu.

Take the Egyptian religion. Then the Chinese or Greek. Monotheism lies at the root of each. In the Hindu the attributes of these religions are monotheistic. All believe in one God. There Brahma, the one source, was symbolised by Fire God or Water God, but Agni could not burn without Brahma, nor Indra pour without Brahma. In Egypt the myth is arrested halfway between the symbolism of India and the anthropomorphism of Greece. The animal-headed god is more than a symbol and less than a man. If you doubt the essentially monotheistic essence of Egyptian religion, turn to its ancient credo, thousands of years before Christ: 'Hail, Thou great God, who concedest this hour, Father of all fathers, God of all gods, watcher traversing eternity, the roaring of

thy voice is in the clouds, Thy breath is on the mountain tops. Heaven and earth obey Thy commands. God of terrors, bringer of great joy, Thou fillest the granaries, Thou carest for the poor ; Thou art not graven in marble, Thou art not seen by mortal eye—Thine abode is not known—no temple can hold Thee ; Thy name is not spoken in heaven, vain are all Thine images on earth. Hail to Thee, Mighty God !' I read elsewhere, 'The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands—heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool—what house will ye build Me, saith the Lord, and where is the place of my rest?'

Passing to China, we find Shang Ti is not quite a personal God—the Chinaman is cautious about the invisible world. Shang Ti is a personal heaven—a something in the unseen that has affinity with man. He places 'the moral law in the heart of man, and,' adds the practical philosopher, 'sets a governor [the Emperor] over him to see that he keeps it.'

Passing to Greece, polytheism there seems to reign triumphant, but on nearer inspection it is reduced to something like monotheistic order in Zeus, king of the gods ; and a higher unity still is reached in Moira (Fate) and Anangke (Necessity) to which even Zeus must bow. Eternal, divine, irreversible law is seen to lie at the foundation of all things, having its home, as says the 'judicious Hooker,' in the very bosom of God himself. Thus, in India, all is Brahma ; in Egypt all flows from Ra, the Sun ; in China all bows to the Personal Heaven ; in Greece and Rome all is subordinate to Zeus or Jupiter, both summed up in the unity of supreme law—law, Anangke, controlling man and bringing him into sympathy with God.

It remains for me to say to you a word on the Bible. The key of the Bible lies in a perception of the progressive nature of the religious consciousness. Once grasp that position, and no so-called attacks on the Bible will do you or it any harm. The Bible has been wounded in the house of its friends: a kind of verbal inspiration value claimed for it which it nowhere claims for itself. It is the history of an inspired people rather than an inspired book. The word of God is in the Bible, but all that is in the Bible is not the word of God. It represents the highest levels of religious thought reached in the different ages by the most spiritually gifted people in the world.

But the spiritual and moral development of the Jews was gradual, and the steps are recorded. You can give the ridiculer of the Bible all his points and beat him. Says he, I find poor morality in Moses, and you say, So do I. We have got on a little since then. 'I find scientific error in Leviticus, and questionable history in Exodus.' 'No doubt,' you reply, for men spoke as they thought, and their knowledge of history and natural law was the knowledge of their age, not ours. Their view of the Supreme Being was at first childish; the prophets mended upon Moses, and Christ superseded, or, as He says, 'fulfilled,' both. The theological conceptions which clothed the religious consciousness were progressive. You do not speak of the Almighty now as He is spoken of in Genesis. You don't suppose that He walks about in gardens in the cool of the day as if He could not bear the heat of the sun; or that He comes down attracted by the smell of roast meat, as He is said to have done when Noah sacrificed. You do not even paint Him as Giotto did with perfect reverence in the middle ages

—an old man with a long white beard, and the Son a younger man on His right hand, with a dove flying from beneath their feet. Each age has its symbols, and the religious consciousness embodies itself progressively. The God of Adam and Noah is hardly the God even of Joshua and Caleb. In David we have a transition God—one moment He is a mere God of battles, an aider and abettor of pagan spite and violence, and at another a God of mercy and loving kindness, of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. In Ish, He is at once sublime and tender—the High and Holy One inhabiting eternity, and the tender Friend and Protector of man: 'In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence followed them.' But in Jesus at last, in the fullness of time, the religious consciousness finds its perfect rest and realisation; the moral and spiritual, the intelligible side of God stands at last revealed under the limitations of humanity. All the scattered lights of the ages—Brahma, Kreeshna, Ra, Zeus, the Personal Heaven—meet in Him who is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. No note of ancient religion that vibrates still but finds an echo in the heart of Jesus—the Revelator of the Father; the Educator of the soul; the Saviour from sin; the High Priest touched with the feeling of our infirmities; the Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief, who knows what is in man; and therefore the righteous Judge of all the earth.

XXX

VASSAR.—At Vassar, Poughkeepsie, where I have twice lectured and once preached, some of the girls

belonged to rich families at Chicago and even Francisco. I found at Francisco in 1895 a Vassar guild consisting entirely of Vassar students past and present. They gave me a reception, and I had the pleasure of seeing in 1895 several ladies—now mothers of families—whom I remember as young girls in 1885–93. One young lady, a Chicago girl, quite the pearl of Vassar both in beauty and learning, in 1893 head of the senior class, Miss Ferry by name visited me later in London; she was travelling with her family As leader of her class, she invited me and my wife when I was at Vassar to tea in her private sitting room. I cannot recall how many times in how many birthday books I that night signed my name. I preached to the girls in their large college chapel on Sunday morning a sermon on character; it was a most inspiring audience, for all were, as one may say, at the 'meeting of the ways,' all eager, receptive, and earnest; many took notes. A governess reported to me a conversation she had heard between two of the girls—one boasted:

'I have written it all down; I don't believe I have missed out anything. Didn't you take notes?'

'Notes!' said the other girl scornfully; 'what's the use of my taking notes? Haven't I got every word of it in my heart?'

The good lady said she told me this because she thought it would please me. It did please me—it did more than please me, it helped me very much. At the request of the senior class I wrote out the heads of the sermon for the benefit of the college.

At night I preached at Poughkeepsie, three miles from Vassar Park and College. Numbers of the Vassar students walked in, and there was not stand-

ing room in the place. The good Archdeacon Ziegenfuss, who welcomed me, is numbered now with those who have gone to their rest since 1893. He pointed to a shelf in his vestry containing a complete set of my books—alas! mostly pirated American editions.

It is perhaps not unnatural that I should dwell chiefly upon my last visit to Vassar in 1893, as it made the deepest and most pleasurable impression upon me; but I shall not soon forget my first introduction to Vassar College on account of a certain incident. I had hurried away one afternoon from a crowded reception at Columbia College, New York—jumped into the train and run some forty miles by the side of the Hudson River down to Poughkeepsie, an old Indian town three miles from Vassar. A rickety vehicle rattled me off to the College, a most imposing brick building, reminding one of an ancient Elizabethan mansion on a huge scale standing in its own park.

It was a quarter past seven, and I had to lecture at eight. No meal had been prepared for me—I had not dined—I was fagged out with shaking hands all the afternoon.

A stately matron showed me into a vast apartment, containing a vast bed. I was told in awed accents that it was the Founder's Room, used only for guests of the highest distinction. I said to the respectable matron, feeling rather low and generally out of sorts, and having to meet my audience in about half an hour:

'Have you a glass of sherry and a biscuit?'

'I beg pardon?' said the matron with a scared

and nervous look, as if she had suddenly come face to face with an only partially reformed drunkard.

'A glass of sherry and a biscuit,' I said in a louder and perhaps less patient tone of voice. She positively started, and stammered out:

'I—I'm sure I don't know—I'll—I'll inquire,' and catching my eye, which was by this time rolling somewhat fiercely with debility and exasperation, she made a bolt for the door and disappeared. I saw her no more, but in about ten minutes there was a knock. I had thrown myself prostrate upon the enormous bed, for just five minutes' repose before dressing.

'Come in!' I roared, and a spruce Irish damsel entered bearing a tray with tea and a bit of toast. Tea, did I say? No, a sort of green decoction which tasted like verdigris. Of course it was half cold. I could hardly swallow it; but it was all that I was going to get. In that vast establishment, in which there was sleeping accommodation for 300 girls and a full staff of teachers, there did not appear to be a glass of wine or any sort of stimulant. The sequel surprised me, and I make a present of it to all good temperance and total abstinence folk.

I went down positively shaking and sick at heart with the conviction that I was about to be a complete failure.

The hall was crowded with hundreds of young girls, teachers, people in from the neighbourhood and clergy from Poughkeepsie, to hear 'the Lowell Lecturer of the year.' The *locum tenens* Principal, a kindly old gentleman (since superseded by the vigorous and able Dr. Taylor), was in the chair, and introduced me whilst I sat looking out with haggard eyes and a dropt

jaw upon my festive crowd, my pulse beating slower and slower. When, however, the old Principal quoted a passage which he attributed to me out of a book I had never written, and which he said bore my name (some pirated American hash, I suppose), I was so tickled that the blunder provided me with my opening remarks, which set the people off laughing. I then pulled myself together, and I think I was quite up to my usual mark. Indeed, the old gentleman, who I think had slept fairly well during the last part of my oration, waking up to the sound of somewhat uproarious applause at the end, rose and said that I had entranced everybody by my eloquence for two hours. I was of course very glad under the circumstances to hear it: certainly I had done very well without the sherry, and it only proves how the nervous system is capable of picking itself up without stimulant. 'After all,' I said to myself, 'there is nothing but Mind in the Universe, which is just as well, as there is not always sherry.'

As the excellent professor of music, who was very sympathetic to me (and by no means a total abstainer), drove me back to the station, we discoursed of many things, not forgetting the Spartan morals of Vassar College. When I told him about my glass of sherry—or I should say the absence of it—he stroked his beard laconically and remarked, 'You take it far more philosophically than Canon Charles Kingsley who came to lecture here.'

'How so?'

'Well, Kingsley did not require any stimulant before his lecture, but he called for some hot whisky and water afterwards. It seems that the eminent

author of "Westward Ho!" generally took a night-cap of this description (from my knowledge of Kingsley's practice at our English universities, I can confirm the truth of this), but there was no whisky nor any other stimulant to be found on the premises. And Kingsley was so indignant at what he considered mean and disrespectful treatment, that he went off in the middle of the night, carrying his own carpet bag all the way to Poughkeepsie. He bade no one farewell, and so he vanished.'

Let no one imagine that I was disappointed with my reception at Vassar either in 1885 or when I revisited it under Dr. Taylor's new régime in 1893.

It was on this latter occasion only that I preached, and I will close the Vassar episode with the subjoined kindly letter from Principal Taylor:

'Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.,
'President's Office: Nov. 6, 1893.

'MY DEAR DR. HAWEIS,—Let me send you a word of farewell, or better good-bye, which is a far better wish. And I will add, cordially, Auf Wiedersehen!

'No, my dear doctor, no *courtesy* led me to say what I did. Your visit aroused a genuine interest in truth, and your sermon especially seemed to strike the needs of our students. I have heard of it very frequently since.

'I need not add, after that, that we shall welcome you to America again, and to our college.

'With every wish for a prosperous voyage and a happy winter, and with our cordial remembrances to your wife as well as yourself,

'I am, faithfully yours,
'J. M. TAYLOR.'

XXXI

AMERICAN GIRLS.—Whilst in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, I visited Brynmawr, another large girls' college, originally a Quaker establishment, but now conducted on the most enlightened and liberal principles, even theatrical entertainments on the premises not being tabooed. I believe that Brynmawr, for a course of settled and somewhat severe study, now bears the palm over all establishments south of New York. I travelled with one very charming young lady from Chicago to San Francisco, who was being taken away from Brynmawr by her mother for a year's rest, on account of her having over-studied, and I can testify to the enthusiasm and love of knowledge with which Brynmawr inspires its students. Yet this girl was as sweet and unaffected and gentle, and alive to all outward interests, as anyone not a *bas-bleu*. I may here say that, during my three visits to America, in which I have overrun the Southern and the Northern, the Eastern, the Central and the Western Pacific Coast States, I had singular opportunities of observing the ways of American girls, especially school and college girls. I have stayed for days at their establishments, notably Ogontz, Vassar, Cornell, Stanford and Leland, and the Irving Institute, San Francisco. I have seen and addressed them in class, in chapel, in their theatres and music rooms; I have walked and talked freely with all sorts and conditions of them; and I deliberately say that the American girl in her teens is much more interesting, more well-informed, and better able to take care of herself than the *average*

English girl. She is more refined and much more highly educated, as a rule, than the man she marries. Her superior refinement is readily acknowledged, and she is a goddess in the house. This throws some light upon the reason why Englishmen like to marry American girls. It is not only because they are rich—which they often are—but because they are better informed, more amusing, quite as affectionate, and much more conversable and generally able than most young English girls. And the reason why American girls like English men is not because they have all got titles, but because our gentlemen are, *as a rule*, more cultivated, better educated, and less speculative than the average New Yorker. I neither wish to butter my countrymen and cheapen my countrywomen, nor to flatter American girls and disparage American men. I speak very generally, and I qualify my statements with the observation than whilst nothing can be more fascinating than the perfectly well-bred and well-educated American gentleman—he has a grace and openness seldom found even amongst the aristocracy here, for he is warm and they are generally cold—on the other hand, can there be anything more appalling than the loud barking and snapping American woman, only comparable in offensiveness to the traditional John Bull on the 'Continong,' or 'Arry let loose on the 'Bulleyvards'?

The regret which belongs to lost opportunities is often poignant, like that of the man who, looking very much cut up, admitted that he was brooding over the folly of not having had a second cut of a certain incomparable leg of roast mutton three years before.

I record with perhaps deeper remorse that I never went to see Carlyle or Mazzini when both were still living in London, or Madame George Sand when I was in France, or Longfellow when he passed through England.

XXXII

WALT WHITMAN.—I did not miss poor Walt, so roughly handled by all sorts and conditions of men because so needlessly frank and utter in his word-painting; indeed, words were to him mere symbols for atmospheres, emotions and temperatures or planes of thought.

But even the great masters looked askance at him as they had at Edgar Allan Poe, a far less reputable person.

Emerson and Longfellow would none of Walt Whitman. He was too uncouth, too rough, too formless. William Michael Rossetti, with the independent instinct of genius, edited an expurgated edition of his 'Leaves of Grass.' But when all is said and done, honest Walt had a dash of peculiar genius and a sort of fearless and prophetic strength which belonged to none of his distinguished critics, great princes of American literature as some of them were.

No one, not even Emerson, has so seized the spirit of vigorous New America, dashing old precedents to the ground, trampling on effete institutions, bounding towards the future like a wild horse of the pathless prairies revelling in its unconquered strength and freedom.

> 'I will throw my barbaric yawp
> Over the roofs of the world,'

shouted Walt, and he immediately proceeded to throw it; and men wondered, smiled derisively and then passed by on the other side. But presently it came to be felt that in Walt Whitman was to be found what Diogenes failed to discover in all Athens—*a man*; one who risked his life fearlessly on the field of battle, who nursed the sick and wounded with the tenderness of a woman; who shared his crust with the pauper and parted with his coat to the naked, and was ready to console and hearten up all fainting hands that hung down, protect little children, and consort with outcasts as those who also had the Divine, the *τὸ θεῖον*, in them. And so, as he mellowed with the years, all men knew the honest, kindly face, the man who cared not for money or luxury, only for all men, women and children, who passed to and fro on the Philadelphia ferry boats for thirty years, a familiar figure conversing and chatting with the lowest of the people, and quite simple and open and friendly with every human creature, high or low, who happened to address him. A reputation world-wide, unique and sympathetic had gradually grown up round Walt Whitman, who veered and trimmed to no man's fancy, and accepted all, even those who hated and reviled him, and at last they called him 'honest Walt,' and as he grew infirm, and his hair whitened, 'dear old Walt.' When it became known that he could not work remuneratively, and lived precariously on the limited sale of his scanty books, his friends subscribed to keep him out of poverty, and they gave him a pony carriage. Was not Walt an institution?—and he took their money with a kindly heart, but without great thanks. Had he not ever been open-handed? Did he esteem that

a merit? Was it a virtue even to die for his country, or to risk his life freely, as he had so often done to save others? Not at all; a man should blush to be praised for such things. They were the prerogatives of all true Humanity. Did they wish to be esteemed other than human—divinely human?

So Walt took their money and his pony carriage just as simply as he would have given them, but without many thanks—and so died.

It is easy to scoff at his formless poems, at his want of technique, at his singular prose; but the fact remains—Walt Whitman's description of President Lincoln's assassination in the theatre by Booth (the celebrated actor's brother) remains a piece of prose almost unequalled in American modern literature; and his poem to a lady singing in the prison is certainly one of the tenderest, most pathetic, and most noble-souled pieces of poetry in the English language.

XXXIII

WALT AT HOME.—I had got thus far, when I remembered that 'way back,' as the Americans say, in 1885 (just ten years ago, 1895) I had written some lines a few hours only after conversing with the venerable Walt. I think it better to insert them here just as they are. They seem to have the contemporaneous touch about them:

It was on a dull December day in 1885 that, accompanied by my wife and two other ladies, I made a pilgrimage to Camden (Philadelphia), just across the ferry, to see the famous and eccentric Walt Whitman.

I had never joined in the general vituperation which greeted 'Leaves of Grass' when it appeared in an English dress, under the auspices of William Michael Rossetti. Much as there was repulsive even in that expurgated edition, there seemed to me flashes of genius and clear insight which no age, least of all our own, could afford to despise. The man who wrote 'Whispers of Heavenly Death' was not a mere licentious charlatan. The revolt of Whitman against rhyme is like the revolt of Wagner against stereotyped melody, and in his way he seemed to me to be in search of a freer and more adequate art method for conveying the intimate and rapid interior changes of the soul. Over and above this Whitman's wild stanzas, with their lists of carpenters' tools and 'barbaric yawps,' their delight in the smoke and roar of cities as well as in the solitudes of woods and the silence of mountains, and seas and prairies—seemed to me to breathe something distinctive, national, American—in spite of a strange confusion of mind. I could hardly read his superb prose description of the Federal battlefields, and those matchless pages on the assassination of President Lincoln (of which he was an eye-witness), without feeling that Whitman was no figure-head—one more monkey, in fact—but a large and living soul, with a certain breadth of aboriginal sympathy, too rare in these days of jejune thought and palsied heart. In Camden the old man lived quietly and inoffensively. The people liked him—he had survived calumny and abuse. The gentleness and ease of his disposition endeared him to all who came habitually in contact with him; but he sought no one, was in failing health, and lived poorly, but not uncomfortably. He loved the streets, the market

place, above all the ferry-boats. He spent hours watching the people, and chatting, especially with the common men and little children. On the whole, he seemed to think Nature less spoiled and sophisticated there than elsewhere.

We found him, late in the afternoon, just come in from his drive—a rather infirm but fine-looking old man, with a long, venerable white beard, a high, thoughtful forehead, a great simplicity of manner, and a total absence of posing. He received us with ease and even grace, and one almost forgot that he was himself only a poor peasant—a soldier in the great war, and after that a ceaseless worker in the army hospitals, and not good for much else in most people's eyes.

Emerson and the Concord and Cambridge folk had some hopes of him at one time, but they ended by looking askance at him; he was clearly out of their orbit—out of everyone's orbit but his own. In that content—quite unsoured by abuse—plain in life—with a wide, shrewd outlook at the world, and a great fund of what Confucius called 'Humanity.'

Walt sat in his arm-chair by the lamplight, looking a good deal older than he was, for he was then only sixty-six (1885).

'Tell me,' he said, 'about Browning. I have had kind words from Tennyson and many of your people, but Browning does not take to me. Tell me about Gladstone. What will become of you all? You are hurrying on, on, but to what kind of a democracy are you hurrying?'

He seemed more anxious to hear than to speak;

he made us talk to him. Once or twice he alluded to Emerson.

'I saw him quite in the last days, when his memory was gone,' he said.

'Was not that painful?' I asked.

'No, no!' he said, with a glow in his eyes, and leaning forward in his chair. 'It seemed to me just right; it was natural; Nature slowly claiming back her own—the elements she had lent—he himself did not seem to feel it painful. I did not; it was all as it should be—harmony, not discord. As he lived, so he died'—then more slowly, and the old habit of thinking in pictures came back to him—'like a fine old apple tree going slowly to decay—noble work done, getting ready for rest, or'—and he paused and seemed to be thinking of days long past—'like a sunset.'

But I soon found there was not much to gather from the Aftermath of Walt Whitman. He, too, seemed going slowly the way of the old apple tree. His brain went very leisurely—with only an occasional flash. He gave us one more image, I thought a powerful one. I was alluding to the unknown, immeasurable public which seemed to engulf immense cheap editions of books.

'Who buys, who reads these tracts, tales, poems, sermons, which circulate in millions, and which we should never care to open?'

'You forget,' said Walt, 'there is a sea below the sea. We are but on the surface.'

It would have been difficult to hit upon a more graphic image, or one more nicely to the point. I think Walt, as he likes to be called, was tired, not very communicative at all events—or perhaps we had

not the power of drawing him out. He was, however, very gentle and courteous to the ladies, and before we left, gave us two pamphlets, one containing a few poems, and another in prose. He wrote his name in each, and, as he seemed to be suffering physically from rheumatism, I rose to go. We left with a pleasant, genial feeling of having been conversing with an agreeable and thoughtful old man but scarcely with the Walt Whitman whose name has been for thirty years notorious rather than famous throughout the civilised world, and whose works have been freely extolled, execrated, and ridiculed, but probably little bought and less read.

XXXIV

NIAGARA! From Walt Whitman to Niagara may seem rather a jump, nor is there any connection between them except that Walt is a sort of Niagara of American literature, and that I visited the Falls soon after leaving Philadelphia.

Until then Niagara was jobbed and sold like a peepshow to every tourist armed with the requisite number of dollars. The State of New York at last bought out the speculators who farmed the banks and tollgates on the American side, and the Canadian Government has followed suit; for, although the Canadian prospects have always been nominally free, the 'Rapids' and the 'Whirlpool' were for long private property, each worth a dollar a head per peep—an arrangement as discreditable to Canada as it was inconvenient to the visitor.

But nothing can mar Niagara. Nowhere in the

world does it so little matter what man is or what man does. Man can do nothing with his hotels, bridges, and shanties, or even his advertisements ot soaps and liver pills on the precipitous rocks—nothing which in the least affects the Niagara torrent. It laughs boisterously at his puny inventions; it simply swamps him and passes by. Like the sea in width, turbulence, size: and yet like no sea, for the boiling flood comes howling and leaping over different levels, twisted and tossed, hurling tons of water to right and left, yet ever rushing on like the waters of no other tide or river upon the earth.

I came upon these rapids above the falls a second day in clear warm air. The rain was gone. The light lay low on their deep green eddies, and flashed upon the stormy breakers' snowy foam. The wooded islands looked like painted scenes, jewelled with the autumn tints. The sky was of Italian softness—the strange secret of these rapids was revealed in a moment. They belong to a stormy sky, but are the same in all weathers. Such a terrible sea is never seen with such a sky and such light and colour as I now beheld—such peace on the banks close to such boiling fury! The contrast was unreal, magical, beyond words.

Driving over to Canada side, in the middle of the suspension bridge, the immense Horseshoe (Canada) and American falls, separated by a lovely island (Goat Island), come into view. I was not disappointed. A nearer sight of the falls, such as I got with a vengeance when we passed underneath, with the spray of millions of tons drenching me as I clung to the slippery rock—such a view was more appalling in its way, but

not less magnificent, than the combined vision of the two mighty cataracts, with the swelling clouds of vapours for ever rising out of the abysses below.

The store of Mrs. Captain Webb opposite the bridge led me to fall into conversation with the driver, who had seen poor Webb go down in the rapids July 2, 1883.

We drove towards the very spot.

'Yonder, sir,' said the driver, 'the water is quiet on the Canada side. Webb started from the Clifton House. Come over this side 'cos American police would not allow him to take the water from t'other; no, nor wasn't an American boatman would put off with him.'

'Wasn't he advised? Did he make no trial?'

'Advised! lor' bless you, sir! everybody told him he'd never come up alive. But he'd swum the worst waters in the world, and meant to swim Niagara. He made no trial; come down 'ere and went in straight. Says he to the Canada boatman what rowed him into yon smooth water, "I made 25,000 dollars by the Channel and have spent 10,000 of them." "Then," says the boatman, "I advise you to go home and spend the other 15,000, and not drown yourself. You'll never come out alive, you bet." "Done," says the capt'n, "and I'll meet you at Clifton House to-night." Wall, sir, afore the pore feller went over, that boatman was reg'lar overcome with his foolhardy pluck, and he felt for the galliant man: he took him by the hand—"I'll row you back, sir; don't you try it, you'll never come through." "I don't mind the rapids," says Webb, "but I ain't so sure about the whirlpool, 'cos of the undercurrent," which was the last words the capt'n ever spoke.

'I seed him go in, and presently he touches the breakers. Why, sir,' and he pointed with his whip to the boiling eddies beneath us, 'you go down to the brink presently, and you'll wonder any man in his senses dared such a thing. Wall, he breasted them for a bit, and thought he could go through the waves like he did in the Channel, but the tons of water smote on him right and left and all ways—they mashed him up. The current sucked him under; his body came up again and again. I guess the life was pretty well beat out of him afore ever he came to the whirlpool. He threw up his arms, turned his head to the Canada shore, and went under. We never see him alive again. He was pretty well mashed about when we picked him up six miles down the river, and they give him a fine funeral, and did summat handsome for his wife and family. No, she wasn't there: she never see the falls afore he died. She thought he was going to get through, and fancied he must have struck a rock; but lor' bless you, sir, them tons of water war enough to pummel him to a jelly without e'er a rock: and so they did. You minded Mrs. Captain Webb's store up yonder? She don't live there, pore soul! and she's sold the store; but the name draws custom.'

When I got to the hell of waters where poor Webb was last seen, the boiling fury of which no language can describe, the suicidal madness of his attempt was evident. The whole bulk of water that sweeps over the Horseshoe and American falls here comes roaring by over deep sunken rocks at a maximum of twenty-seven miles an hour compressed into a channel of about 2,000 feet wide; clouds of foam rose, and the spray as of a wild sea was tossed high over our heads and descended in showers of glittering rain.

XXXV

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.—Niagara had but one more experience to offer me more appalling than this unutterable flood. It was the Cave of the Winds. On reascending the river to Goat Island, I entered the little wooden shanty embowered in trees on the ridge of the cliff. I little knew what I was in for. I was warned to change all my clothes for the flannels and grotesque yellow oilskin provided for the descent into the Cave of the Winds—coarse flannel slippers tied on with string replaced my boots; my wife accompanied me in similar apparel. In our huge oilskin helmets we looked like two divers. A steep staircase brought us down some 170 feet, and we came out on a ledge of the rock, and picked our way towards the cloud-enveloped pool of the huge cataract. The grey rocks above us hung loose; mighty fragments, five tons at a time, fall in winter over the path we trod, and fragments shatter every day after sunset, as the air cools.

Our guide led us on, down and down over slippery rock, till on a sudden turn I looked up and saw the whole volume of Niagara, descending apparently on our devoted heads. The spray, in effect, dashed in our faces and stung us terribly.

'Breathe through your mouth and tread firm,' yelled the guide, and seizing one hand with a strong grip, he pulled us over a narrow plank drenched and shiny with spray. A bend brought us out on the rock.

The chasm beneath us was sheer, the roar of

waters deafening; for a moment we could realise nothing. I was blinded and soaked—in front of me I at last saw through my drenched eyes the mighty mass, a million of tons a minute, pouring and dashing down its mountains of foam between me and the outer world. It drove the wind like a cannon ball against my breath, and seemed to force open my mouth and swell my lungs. We groped through somehow to the other side and came round on to a jutting rock standing up from the abyss into which fell the deluge.

I had passed between the fall and the rock, and now I was right in front, but still close to the tremendous volume of water. I looked up, and through the dazzling spray I saw the top of the fall, like huge masses of white carded wool against the blue sky, and at that moment the sun peeping out I beheld for the first time the perfect rainbow—a complete huge circle painted on the falls; the bottom of the circle was close to me, and I dipped my feet in it.

To this sublimely beautiful moment succeeded one of what seemed to me considerable risk, and I shall certainly carry the awful experience to my dying day. We came to another slippery wooden plank bridging a watery chasm, but the plank was misplaced and aslant, and the handrail rocked and swung between the shattering spray and the beating wind; a slip, a giddiness or failure of nerve must, so it seemed to me, have hurled us inevitably into the whirling waters that roared from above to below; the shock of the wind, as it was, beat me violently against the rickety rail, and I was too blinded with stinging spray to see my feet. Another moment I got again on the rock and we clambered up the slippery ledges somehow—

tugged, pushed, lifted by our guide, till we regained the narrow, rocky path beneath the overhanging, ever-dropping cliff leading to the precipitous wooden staircase.

The guide assured us that all was perfectly safe and that they never had any accidents. I should like to know about that. I will say, however, that had I known what was meant by the 'Cave of the Winds'—that hollowing out of the rock beneath the downpour of Niagara—I should never have invited my wife to accompany me, nor should any lady unless of iron nerve and a steady head venture down. I can imagine the shock to the system from mere terror at certain points most disastrous to a delicate organisation. Only two things seem to counteract it—ignorance of what is to come, and intense excitement when it comes. You cling and slide and gasp and blink and pant, and suddenly, when the worst is over, you begin to realise what you have gone through. I am told that Professor Tyndall took great interest in the Cave of the Winds, and went down in far stormier weather. He predicted that the curious action of the wind would hollow it out far more deeply before long. I do not know whether the prophecy has been verified.

XXXVI

LECTURERS AND AGENTS.—Before I leave the American frontier and cross to Canada, I think that a word about 'American boomings,' 'American lecturings,' and 'American reporters' will not be out of place.

It is sometimes curious to get behind the scenes, and look at the lecturing in America from that point of vantage. Face to face with sober fact, the inflated newspaper paragraphs have a marvellous tendency to shrivel up, like Cinderella's coach, and the professional circulars to hide their diminished heads when the swans turn out geese. The truth will emerge. People —good, bad, and indifferent—go over to America to show themselves and speak a piece. If they have any sort of name, or have written any sort of book, or if they have made themselves ridiculous or sublime in any sort of way, they expect an audience and cash. With a little management and ready money, the lecture bureaus work up a man's reputation, 'grease it, and make it run,' as they say. Newspaper pars fly about.

The great MacJones, it appears, is suffering from a sore throat in London. The great Mac is well, and will leave for America. Presently he arrives: he is interviewed; a hall is engaged, he appears—the attendance is bad; Jones tries elsewhere, the attendance is worse; Jones has another sore throat, and returns to England.

But sometimes it is some one a grade above Jones. Some gosling poet, who has got hold of a few press wires, is asked over to discourse on other poets of the past, and run down his contemporaries generally. This is a Lyceum or University lecture-hall affair; then it dwindles into a sort of drawing-room business —seats being paid for by any scratch admirers or *gobemouches* who can be got together. Then Poetaster comes home, and perhaps even his best friends do not know exactly how much he is out of pocket.

And sometimes it is a greater than Poetaster. A

Matthew Arnold, for instance, thinks it important that America should see him, if not exactly hear him, and American dollars also happen to be of some importance to him. Accounts differ, but in one respect they agree—that, excellent as might be the matter, there was room for improvement in the Apostle-of-Culture's manner.

Matthew Arnold told me he was always wretched on the platform. He went there avowedly to make money, and made about 800*l.* But he was out of his element. Any one who has *heard* the late poet, philosopher, and theologian in the Royal Institution or elsewhere is lucky, for he was generally inaudible even there.

After his first appearance in America, he took elocution lessons, and was heard a little better.

'What I most enjoyed,' he said to me—and I quite sympathise with him—'was talking to school girls at several great schools and colleges. The girls I thought quite charming and so intelligent, and I felt so perfectly at my ease, which I never do on the platform.'

'Matt,' as he was often called lovingly, was very modest and diffident about his own performances, though somewhat severe, as became the prince of critics, on other people.

Bradlaugh, who certainly was the very opposite in all ways to Matt Arnold, informed me that he had had a marvellous reception in America. He said he had addressed immense and excited crowds, which warmed his blood by overwhelming enthusiasm. I think I took some of that *cum grano*, but barring h's (he very oddly substituted y's), Bradlaugh was a great orator. I remember hearing quite a grand

rhetorical apostrophe a little spoilt by this defect. 'If,' he exclaimed triumphantly, 'I 'ave taken away your y-eaven, I 'ave also taken away your y-ell.' Thus causing his Christian 'enemy to blaspheme.'

The late George Augustus Sala was only a moderate success, but he made money. Charles Kingsley was not a good lecturer, but there was great eagerness to see and hear him.

Charles Dickens, although he made enemies, attracted huge audiences. America and these lecturing campaigns are credited with providing both Dickens and Charles Kingsley with their *coups de grâce.*

Strange to say, the late Mr. Brandram, our most popular Shakespearian recitalist, was such a failure that he had to cancel his engagements and come back; they simply would not hear him.

Archdeacon (now Dean) Farrar was perhaps the greatest success that has been known as a lecturer, although I have heard him declare that 'wild horses should not drag him through it again.'

He wrote his lectures on Browning and Dante very carefully, and was always altering and re-altering them fastidiously, although Phillips Brooks, who was often in the chair, told him they would do very well, and I believe advised him to leave them alone. But the eloquent and experienced Canon probably knew best.

The money he is said to have made, like the proceeds of his books, was variously estimated; but about 2,000*l.* within a year, I fancy, would not be far wide of the mark.

Something fabulous was offered Spurgeon—22,000*l.* I believe—for a preaching tour; but the great Nonconformist rejected the offer with scorn, accompanied, it is said, with a hasty reference to Acts viii. 20 in rather doubtful but quite Spurgeonesque taste.

XXXVII

PROFITS.—I am often asked with reference to lecturing in America about the probable chances of success, the profits, the way to proceed, and the sort of fatigues encountered; and it is a little difficult to answer or to advise.

The chances of success depend not upon what you know, but whether you know how to say it; and not only that, but whether the people want to hear what you have to say, and that depends again a good deal upon who you are, and further whether your personality and your voice will command the market always everywhere, like Dickens, or whether you are only marketable for a time on account of recent exploits, like African Stanley, for if the public mind gets off Africa it gets off Stanley.

Of course great oratorical power like that of Annie Besant or Charles Bradlaugh will always command a public, and great preachers and great statesmen if they choose to turn out will never fail to attract; but personal distinction, like that of Matthew Arnold, or Stanley, Dean of Westminster, will not necessarily draw continuously either here or in America, unless it be coupled with exceptional gifts of oratory and that odd indefinable quality called personal magnetism for which there has yet been found no real name or analysis.

People in London, for instance, will go and hear an eminent man once or twice on his own subject but they will not continue to go if they cannot hear what he says, or understand it, or be made to feel interested in it.

Our Royal Institution has afforded piteous instances of men of supreme scientific importance floundering helplessly about with inaudible talk and unintelligible experiments, and only getting to the threshold of their subject when the signal bell rang and their time was up, and they had got off little or nothing of what they came there to say.

This sort of thing will not do for America, and it is of no use for an author or an authority of any kind to try and fly there unless he has tested his wings elsewhere. His fate will be that of Icarus.

No one who has not tried, even if he has what is called the gift of the gab, can estimate the difficulty of keeping the absorbed attention of an audience for half an hour at a stretch. Remember, you may have too much gab as well as too little—it is upon the quality and the style of the gab that success depends. For once 'the readiness is (not) all.' But this does not profess to be an essay on public speaking.

I pass on to the question of profits. These depend *cæteris paribus* on the method adopted—there are two methods to choose from.

You can go over by invitation from the Lowell or any other institute, and your fixed fee will then vary from 10*l.* to 20*l.*, or possibly at the Lowell 30*l.* Institutes cannot afford more (schools seldom more), than 10*l.*; or you put yourself in the hands of Redpath or Major Pond (H. W. Beecher's agent) if you can get them to take you on any terms, and then your profits will depend upon how you 'draw.'

Large halls are engaged; you take half the gross or three-quarters of the net if you can get it. Your hotels will not be paid, but you can generally get hospitality if you are eminent enough (and if not you

had better not go); your rail fares will probably be paid, but you must make the best terms you can about hotels and railways. If you are a draw, you ought to make from 20*l.* to 100*l.* a night; if you are not a draw, you need not trouble yourself, for your agent will soon drop you.

It does not at all follow that if you are not of the lecturing calibre to succeed as a personally conducted agent's lecturer, you may not do very well in schools and private houses, institutes and lyceums, which the great agents usually dislike and leave untouched.

If you think yourself a sufficient celebrity on account of some book, like 'Ginx's Baby,' or some casual exploit, like swimming the Channel, you travel with your own agent, and if he doesn't expect to be paid much, you may cover expenses and enjoy yourself fairly well; but the only two safe ways are to deal with institutes and schools for fixed fees, when with luck you may average 100*l.* a month for about six months in the year, or else get managed by a well-known lecture bureau or established agent, who will put you through the big halls in the big towns, when if you are at all a success you should clear 1,000*l.* in about nine or ten months. Great hits have cleared double that amount.

The fatigue and strain of lecturing in the States must, of course, vary. They depend chiefly upon three things—whether you work easily or fret and worry, and are nervous and anxious—in a word, whether you *enjoy* your work or not; whether travelling, reduced as it now is to a fine art, fatigues and tries you; and, above all, whether you can sleep and eat and think comfortably *en voyage*.

Personally, travelling does not fatigue me at all—

it rests me; and to run two thousand miles at a stretch day and night, and arrive just in time to slip on a dress coat and turn out on to the platform, affects my nerves and faculties no more than to step out of my study and drive to the Royal Institution at home, or to enter my pulpit on Sunday. But I know that so experienced a speaker as Dean Farrar felt differently, and it greatly shook both Thackeray and Dickens. I shall have something more to say on this subject when I come to my pioneer and general lecturing experiences in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and Ceylon.

XXXVIII

REPORTERS.—I can speak with some experience, as they contrived to make from two to four columns a day at Montreal out of me in one week, and published reports of all my lectures, speeches and sermons, not to say conversations, in Boston and New York, for about two months. In Francisco they kept taking snap-shots at me all through the sermon, and I appeared in grotesque attitudes, illustrated by verbatim reports. I had sent me, in the Eastern States alone, about eighty columns of these literary curiosities, besides innumerable paragraphs, some of a wildly imaginative character. In reporting any speech or lecture dealing with technicalities, your average shorthand man is as hopeless as most other reporters, and as absolutely unconscious of his shortcomings. He will write down Homer for Herodotus, or Plutarch for Petrarch. He will put Brittany for Britain, and describe events as happening at the North Pole which could only occur at the Tropics, and *vice*

versa, with calmness and even gusto; but I must admit that he is generally eager to get his copy corrected if he can; but copy he must anyhow make —if not at his own expense, then at yours.

There are, however, reporters and reporters, and every now and then you get a man who happens to know something about your special subject, and you may be thankful; only then he is apt to put into your lecture, not always what you said, but what he thinks you ought to have said. The most bare-faced bit of reporting I experienced in America was a professed report of a lecture I gave at Vassar College. The reporter had not only not been there, but had evidently not even got his information from any one who had; but he had seen a report of a *sermon* I had preached in New York a week before. This did. And so he chopped up phrases from that sermon, interlarded with a few sentences of his own, and the report of a Vassar lecture, the very subject of which he was ignorant—*le voilà!*

The American Press is also unscrupulous in asserting the arrival or presence of people who don't arrive. I was amused at reading accounts of my appearance at the Newhaven Church Congress, when I was at Montreal. I never went to the Newhaven Congress at all.

As regards the wishes of reporters to know my opinions, I never disguised them or threw obstacles in the way. My great object in life is to get my opinions known and promulgated. What other object can a reasonable man have who believes in his opinions, and wishes to see them operative? Why do the people who make speeches and write books pretend to be

shy of being reported and interviewed? I have no patience with people who shut out the reporter to save themselves trouble, or sneer at the newspapers merely from a sense of superiority, which seldom belongs to those who most affect it. If they are sincere and know their business, they ought to seize every occasion for the most correct and widest diffusion of their views. The reporter places himself in your hands; lends you a vast machinery which you could not, perhaps, otherwise, or in so effective a manner, command; gives you in a day the publicity of a dozen expensive and tedious public meetings; and you, instead of controlling and directing, as you are invited to do, the march of the opinions dearest to your heart, bolt your door, toss your head, or blush like a schoolgirl!

For my part, although my opinions may be of little value to the world, I am only too glad when they excite any public interest, and am thankful to all reporters and editors who will allow me to control their diffusion. If, in addition to this, anyone takes a friendly and nearer interest in my own humble personality, I feel very much flattered, and I hope I am properly grateful, as everyone should be, for all such expressions of kindly feelings. Who am I, or any other man, that I should refuse to say where I was born and how old I am, if it makes any human being happier to know it?

MONTREAL

XXXIX

CANADA.—I have taken two snap shots at Canada : West, from Vancouver to Winnipeg, in 1895 ; East in 1885, Montreal to Kingston. Both were due to impromptu rushes of travel, or what I might call railway parentheses. The records of these journeys may be slight, but I do not regret having made them.

As a newspaper correspondent—and I almost always travel in that capacity—I have necessarily acquired a certain literary effrontery which makes it natural for me, like other globe-trotters, to rush in where wise men fear to tread. But only think what the wise men miss ! How much escapes them—how much is lost because they despise whipping out a pencil, or taking a dry-plate snap shot ! I have sometimes thought that an impressionist sketch, without being as intrinsically valuable as a finished picture, is often more suggestive. Still I plead guilty to having pushed the theory to extremities, and I confess to a faint deprecatory blush when the editor of the 'Contemporary' printed as a serious article under the title 'Vignettes in Spain' some pencil notes (intended for an evening newspaper) which I had scribbled hastily *en route* whilst looking out of the railway carriage between Barcelona and Cadiz.

Curiously enough the first editor of the 'Contempo-

rary,' Dean Alford, gave me a similar surprise, when he clapped into big type a few pages on Beethoven (since reprinted in 'Music and Morals') which I had written for the 'Notices of Books' then usually printed in small type at the end of the number. But this is not a literary biography.

When I come to write *that*, many editors will 'sit up,' from the editor of the 'Times' who—(but Delane is dead)—to the editor of 'Punch.' Honest Mark Lemon—(*de mortuis* !)

As to Sir Arthur Arnold, the first editor of the 'Echo,' we could tell pretty 'literary shop' of each other, and thank God we are both alive and as fast friends, I hope, in 1895 as we were in 1875 (*O labuntur anni* !) when we sat in adjoining rooms up in the 'Echo' office, Catherine Street, Strand: he as Editor, I as a 'Freelance' leader writer.

But to Canada!

My first Canada snapshot was on this wise. I arrived in America very nearly a fortnight before I had to deliver my first Lowell Lecture at Boston. I was then informed that no Lowell Lecturer was allowed to open his mouth in America before he had delivered his official course at the Lowell Institute.

I at once started for Albany, and made straight for Montreal, and there, with the British flag instead of the stars and stripes floating over me, I prated at my ease.

Smallpox was raging at Montreal. We were examined, revaccinated, fumigated, disinfected, suffocated, and everything else that science required, and so passed into the city.

The disease raged chiefly amongst the French, who

are numerous at Montreal, though of course not so numerous as at Quebec. The Montreal French live in the low quarters of the town. They are mostly poor, ignorant, superstitious, and extremely dirty people. They did not attempt to guard against or check the smallpox; they even spread it, especially amongst the infant population. They had some muddled idea of a divine dispensation connected with the manufacture of angels, so the blessed babes died right and left.

My wife and I were received very warmly. Trade was languishing; tourists and visitors were shunning the city. We were hailed by the papers as fearless compatriots. We stayed in the house of Canon Ellegood, kindest and most genial of hosts, who took care that we lacked for nothing, and saw everything and everybody worth seeing.

All the time I was at Montreal the papers managed to spin from three to four columns a day out of me and my wife. The society and dailies swarmed with such important and choice pieces of information as follows:

'A lady, on seeing Mrs. Haweis, exclaimed, "Can it be that this youthful little creature is the great Mrs. Haweis, who wrote &c. &c.?"'

Or:

'Mr. Haweis seemed to have great delight in meeting Dr. Stevenson, with whom he, together with Canon Ellegood, had an animated conversation. The three great d*e*vines (*sic*) &c. &c.'

Or:

'Mrs. Haweis presented a friend at Cote with a silver S hook."

And:

'The Rev. Mr. Haweis dined with the Honourable J. J. C. Abbott on Thursday.'

'Reception to Mr. Haweis at the Queen's Hall. About 1,500 invitations were issued, and over 1,000 guests passed through the assembly. Our reporter, who stated 200, was forced to leave early, &c.'

The reporters, interlarding the more piquant remarks, no doubt, with the 'best butter,' were rather rough on my personal appearance. One describes me at Kingston as 'a man below medium size, with a chubby countenance and a peculiarity of manner which would single him out as a travelling physician, not as a musical *savant* or an Anglican clergyman. The moment he reached the platform he captured the b'hoys with a witty sally, &c.' Another thought my face 'shrewd and keen;' another considered my expression 'gentle and benignant;' and altogether I had a good bit to live up to—or down to, as the case might be.

XL

KINGSTON.—Before leaving Canada, I paid a flying visit to Kingston, whither I had been invited by President Grant, of Kingston University, to address the students. I was much struck by the almost austere and old-world simplicity of the president's household—the evidently deep but unaffected piety, the regulation chapter from the Bible before breakfast, the heartfelt prayer, the gentle, serious courtesy, the atmosphere of plain living and high thinking that

stamped the university, and was evidently inspired by its official head.

How vast is the influence wielded by such men throughout America and Canada! Happy indeed the land in which an ever-increasing number of these 'universities' flourish. No doubt the passion for these collegiate establishments has crossed over from the U.S.A. to the 'Old Country,' the term of filial endearment still commonly used on the frontier. But many of these so-called 'universities' correspond rather to our great public schools than to our universities. They are more what Oxford and Cambridge were meant to be, and actually were, in Chaucer's time. The students were mostly boys, or little more, and so they are at Kingston.

When I was ushered into my Kingston lecture hall, I was greeted by not very respectful shouts clapping of hands, and a few cat-calls, which proceeded from hilarious juveniles in the gallery. I saw at once the mixed lot with which I had to do, and accordingly addressed myself, as every lecturer who hopes for mercy must, to the unruly element, which always has the power to enjoy itself whilst spoiling the pleasure of all the rest. I managed to bandy a few words with them at the beginning, and finding themselves overmatched in repartee, and the laugh turned good-humouredly against them, they grew tame and converted their sarcasm into uproarious applause at such intervals as I found it expedient to prepare occasions for them.

XLI

THE HONOURABLE JOHN ABBOTT, late Premier of Canada, and legal adviser to the Canadian Pacific Railway, and Sir William Dawson, the eminent natural science philosopher, were by far the most important persons I met during my flying visit to Canada. Mr. J. Abbott was a portly man, with broad, square forehead, and solid every way in mind and body. I met at his hospitable board many of the leading people in Montreal; but as I had then no project of chronicling my Canadian tour, I have unfortunately not retained their names.

It was Mr. Abbott who inspired me with that supreme confidence in the future of the Canadian Pacific Railway that no variation of its stocks has since shaken. With the C.P.R. England girdles the globe, and the vast expanse of country opened up by it on either side, right away from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from Montreal to Vancouver—is destined, unless our inconceivable folly and apathy stand in the way, to be the future—why not the present?—safety valve of our surplus population and our over-production. Mr. Abbott was most anxious in 1885 that I should be amongst the first to traverse the new line from coast to coast, and was willing to place every facility at my disposal, but at that time I was due at Boston to deliver the Lowell Lectures. Since then, in 1895, I took a flying journey from Vancouver to Winnipeg and back, whereof more later.

Soon after I left America in 1885 the last spike was driven, the last rail laid, of that great north-west

artery of commerce, the Canadian Pacific Railway. The discovery of a pass through the Selkirk Mountains, and the completion of a Canadian line clear through from Montreal to the coast of British Columbia opposite Vancouver's Island, at once raised burning questions of emigration, traffic and Imperial policy which tend considerably to cheapen the political and commercial importance of the Suez Canal itself.

We can now get from Liverpool to Montreal in less than eight days, the Canadian Pacific Line will take us on to Vancouver in a few days more—and then? Stand at Vancouver and look across the Pacific towards China, and the road lies open to Hong Kong. The British Government contract steamers bring our mails from Hong Kong *via* the Canadian Pacific to Liverpool in less time than we ever got them before, and without even touching alien soil! Look again, and the road lies open to Australia, and a wire connecting Australia through the Sandwich Isles may be taken up along the track of the Canadian Pacific, uniting Australia with Liverpool.

Canada thus gives to England a traffic and a telegraphic route between China, Japan, and Australia, which makes us largely independent of the Suez Canal We can go round the world on our own rails and wires. No one can pull up the first or cut the second; and we are sometimes told that our Canadian colony is of very little use to us, and that Federation would be a mistake! If this be so, it is because we do not know how to develop our Canadian resources or appreciate Canadian loyalty. But Canada gives us her loyalty, and, while chafing bitterly at our apathy and indifference, actually develops her railways in the teeth

of our sneers and discouragements, and places them and the virgin wealth opened up by them at the disposal of the Old Country. Depend upon it, if we do not draw closer to Canada, others will. The French are our rivals at Quebec. Shall the Germans be left to enter into the new heritage opened up by the Canadian Pacific line?

Not so long ago Canada approached the British Government with the following statement and proposal, made through Mr. Stephens, Mr. Abbott (counsel), and others, the president and the directors of the Canadian line. In effect this is what they said: 'We are about to open up Canada from shore to shore; we carry our line through 1,000 miles of richly timbered land from Montreal to Winnipeg; then through 1,000 miles of prairie arable land from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains; then through the Rocky Mountains to British Columbia, which is boundlessly fertile. Doubts of the cultivable nature of some of the prairie land were raised. Well, we tried rough ploughing and planting at intervals of twenty miles along our line, and found an abundant harvest result in each case. We now offer to place as many plots of 160 acres at the disposal of as many farmers as choose to come out. Our agent will superintend their settlement. We will put down a log house and stock with a pig, cow, and sheep, and break up the land. Send us people; advance a million or part of a million to pay the initial expenses. We will give you good security —a lien on the land, shanties, and products, and we will withhold the deeds from the occupants till they have refunded all. You have thousands of dock labourers in London and Liverpool starving, thousands of farmers at their wits' ends—we offer them and

their families immediate and certain maintenance, and in a few years wealth.' That was the Canadian Railway's offer to England. The Government did not see its way to meet this large, statesmanlike, industrial and commercial proposal. Private enterprise did. The Tuke Fund has done something. Lady Cathcart eighteen months ago sent over some of the Scotch crofters, and more are on their way. These have already largely repaid the outlay, and are fast growing fat. The Marquis of Lorne told me in 1886, I think, that some of his crofters had done very well. In a few years along the whole line thousands more will doubtless be at work in the virgin forests that stretch 1,000 miles east to west and 300 miles north to south. Thousands will be breaking up the fertile prairie land of equal extent between Manitoba and the Rockies. This must and will come to pass in time. But why should it not come now? And why should Canada be overrun with foreigners reaping benefits blindly rejected by us?

If the Government, instead of struggling with the difficult and complex problem of improving the dwellings of the poor by practically sinking the public money, left that business to private enterprise on commercial principles—for example, the lately opened model lodging-houses at Chelsea—and took a large, far-seeing view of the colonial emigrant question, why it might help at once to place the surplus inhabitants of these islands in a position where they could not only repay what was advanced, but land themselves in prosperity while developing the sources of our colonial wealth. People the forest, prairie, and mountain track of the Canadian Railroad, and Federa-

tion would soon be brought within measurable distance, because the wealth evolved would be worth the notice of the Imperial tax gatherer.

Since 1885 thousands of English tourists, financiers, and politicians have passed over the great newly opened North-western line. They have seen with their own eyes and been able to judge of the truth of what I say. Such an opportunity for a Government to draw closer the ties which bind it to one of its most faithful and richly endowed colonies has not occurred since the days when George III. stiffened his neck and hardened his heart to the just demands of what are now the United States of America. The Canadian-Pacific offer, I am given to understand, might still be renewed if there were the smallest disposition on the part of the English Government to close with it. With rich lands and a hospitable and loyal 'Dominion' on one side of the Atlantic, with starving paupers and overcrowded cities on the other, England's motto should be now more than ever, 'Settle and cement.'

Canada offers us her virgin wealth, her millions of cultivable, ore-producing, and fertile territory. 'You may have it,' she says, 'almost for the asking,' and no one takes the least notice. No one steps forward to claim our colony for ourselves. The Canadians want our dock labourers and our teeming pauper families. We shut our eyes, raise the poor rate, enlarge the workhouses, tinker up the dwellings of the artisan, and solicit alms from the benevolent in the winter.

I received, soon after my return in 1885, two remarkable letters, one from Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., formerly Speaker of the Australian House

(Sydney), who knows as much as anyone about our great southern colony, and one from the Hon. Mr. Abbott, leading counsel to the Pacific Railway, who knows as much as anyone about our great northern colony. Both these criers in the wilderness said the same thing from their different standpoints—both implicitly charge the mother country, so selfishly wrapped up in home politics, with not knowing the things which belong to her peace.

'There is a freshness,' writes Sir Charles Nicholson to me, 'vigour, and heartiness amongst these young communities that you fail to find in the old European societies. I fancy the secret of this is in a great measure due to the fact that the men who betake themselves to the colonies have a larger amount of innate vigour of mind and body than the mass who remain struggling, starving, and multiplying at such a fearful rate in this country. When one recollects that nearly 1,000 people are added to the population of these little islands *every day*, one can only ask how long this is to go on? And yet sad it is to see that *not a single statesman of any weight or character* has yet come forward, amidst the rival political factions that now plague the world, to tell the people of the Empire, of *all* classes, that the only remedy for the evils under which they are suffering, and which are likely to go on increasing, is *emigration*.'

As regards Canada (and now I turn to Mr. Abbott) it may be asked: What is the Government expected to do?

I reply: First, to recognise the situation; and, secondly, to aid and abet instead of snubbing or

ignoring any sound movement for transferring English hands to Canadian homes. In time, no doubt, private enterprise will rush in—probably German and French enterprise. Many Canadian towns are now half French, and many American towns are half German, not to say Chinese. The messes of political pottage for which our party men are content to sacrifice real Imperial interests must be regarded—as each opportunity is allowed to slip by—as so many blots on our parliamentary scutcheon. And remember, each time Canada gets a British kick or snub of neglect, Uncle Sam roars across the boundary: England don't care for you: why don't you join us? Has not Mr. Lowell himself sung:

> 'God means to make this land, John,
> Clear thro' from sea to sea'?

XLII

MR. ABBOTT, in urging on a policy of immediate emigration, innocently exposed Canada to the next British kick in the following simple and pathetic words contained in a letter to me:

'It must surely be interesting to farmers paying high rents for land in England, to know that many million acres of the best land in the world are offered to them in fee simple, free upon settlement, in lots of 160 acres. The Government of England must certainly be interested in the fact that there is now a route to Japan, China, Australia, and India, entirely over England's own territory, as I suppose we must consider the sea to belong to her. And merchants and manufacturers must also be interested in the

creation of this new Canadian Pacific route, as rendering them, in case of war, independent of foreign nations in transmitting their goods and receiving their imports from those countries. The enormous magnitude of the work that has been done in four years and a half may also be worth a remark, though not going home to people's interests and pockets, as its material advantages must do.

'From the emigrant point of view I entirely failed to recognise the value and importance of the country along the Canadian Pacific route until I saw it myself, which I hope you will do next year. And if you go, you should try to do so early in August so as to see the crops, and the country at the best period for estimating it at its true value.

'The advantages proposed to be offered to immigrants are very great. It is true the company themselves have used their lands as a basis for a bond issue, and therefore cannot give them away; but the Government grants 160 acres of land, as a *free homestead* to every *bona fide* settler. The idea of the company was that the British Government should make advances to people coming out to settle on these lands, who would, of course, require a small capital, say from 100*l.* to 200*l.*, in order to make an advantageous beginning. To encourage such advances the Dominion Land Act allows liens to be created on homesteads, to secure them. Now the company proposed to your Government to make such advances to the amount of, say, a million sterling; which advances the company would manage and would cause to be secured upon the homesteads, so that in the end the advances would be repaid to the Government. This seems to be so favourable and advantageous a mode

of providing for surplus population, that I can hardly doubt that it will be sooner or later adopted, and there would be no difficulty in arranging details in such a manner as to make the advances as safe as could be wished.'

And now, where is the statesman who will touch this immense proposal for the alleviation of misery, and the cure rather than relief of pauperism, with one of his little fingers? And echo answers 'where?' No. Canadian emigration can't be made immediately an electioneering cry, and so it may be safely given the go-by.

Of course, private enterprise has already struck in to some extent. The Canadian Pacific Company has proved the fertility of the soil it offers by planting experimental crops at intervals of twenty miles along the line. Emigration has since been desultory. Canadian grain has superseded English produce, and is in demand on account of its hard quality. Our Government seems alive to the advantage of bringing Canadian crops to British mouths. The other experiment—in the long run infinitely cheaper—of bringing British mouths to Canadian crops, has still to be tried.

XLIII

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON and his charming daughter (who married in England and has since died) visited me at Queen's House in 1886. The Earl of Dunraven, so familiar with Canada, and a mighty moose hunter, lunched with us, and we had some most interesting conversation about some recent discoveries of prehistoric man. Sir William Dawson is one of

the most delightful companions, and a scientific cicerone who might well be compared to the late erudite and eloquent Sir Richard Owen or the clear and facile Professor Sir William Flower. It has been my privilege to number the last two amongst my warm friends of many years' standing. To listen to Owen in the British Museum; to Flower at the South Kensington and in the College of Surgeons; to accompany Dawson through the Montreal geological and natural history galleries, have been amongst the great privileges of my life.

In 1886 the British Association secured as their president in Sir William Dawson certainly one of the most sagacious, learned, and personally estimable scientific men of the day. The following brief biographical summary may prove interesting to his many admiring friends in England.

Sir William early accepted his vocation. As a boy at Picton College, Nova Scotia, where he was educated, he was devoted to the study of nature, and was famous for his extensive collections of such minerals, stuffed creatures, and skins of animals as belonged to his native province. He not only accumulated, but he early assimilated his knowledge. He loved it, and one of his great educational missions in life has been to make others love it. Needless to say that he soon branched out into fields of original exploration and inquiry which have made his name famous throughout the civilised world.

He was born in 1820. At the age of twenty-two he fell in with Sir Charles Lyell, and in 1842 he had

the good fortune to be his travelling companion during a scientific tour in Nova Scotia. They devoted themselves especially to the carboniferous rocks and such vestiges of the animal creation as were to be found in them. In 1846 we find him at the Edinburgh University studying chemistry; and in 1850 he returned to Nova Scotia to apply his experimental knowledge to geology. His name is associated with the first Normal school there, the New University of New Brunswick, and since 1855 with the McGill College and University at Montreal—a truly palatial establishment, chiefly erected by the munificence of Mr. Redpath—over which Sir William presides as Principal, and Professor of Natural History.

No one who has had the advantage of even a short chat with Sir William in the midst of his neatly arranged and well-lighted specimens at the Montreal museum can fail to understand the singular charm and power which, as a teacher and lecturer, he exercises over all who are desirous, or even willing, to learn.

The most quiet and unassuming of men, as fossil after fossil caught his eye, a kind of interior illumination seemed to take place. He began leisurely, but with a sort of mental absorption, and almost reverence, which was most contagious, to trace back the history of the embedded mollusc, fern, or lizard, until the days of Creation were rolled back in our presence, and the eye seemed to take in the majesty of extinct forests, the primeval marshes, the tepid seas, and tangled islands swarming with the antediluvian reptiles, and immeasurable rank prairie lands trodden by the ungainly megatherium or the prodigious stag. Suddenly, with all courteous considera-

tion, would Sir William then break off, just when he had got settled comfortably far back of the Flood or even of Adam and Eve, *et id genus omne*, and apologise for losing himself in his favourite meditations, what time the passing visitor might be waiting for lunch, or anxious to catch some despotic train.

Sir William, though equally able and interesting, differed from Professor Owen in his scientific talk. Owen was always consciously in personal touch with his audience—he spoke to them; Sir William is more absorbed in his meditation—he speaks in their presence. To listen to him is like listening to one who is thinking aloud. He expects and wins from all who are worthy to listen to him the absorbed attention he himself brings to his subject.

Though an active educational administrator, Sir William Dawson has never for a moment relaxed his scientific studies, and these have been from time to time marked with many original discoveries, any one of which would have created an ordinary student's scientific reputation. The discovery of the *Dendrerpeton acadianum* and the *Pupa vetusta* remains is inseparably associated with his name. The *Dendrerpeton* was the first reptile found in the coal formation of America, the *Pupa vetusta* the first known Palæozoic land snail.

In 1863 Sir William issued his 'Air-Breathers of the Coal Period,' which is a complete account up to date of the fossil reptile and other land animals found in the Nova Scotia coal. His discovery and exposition of the *Eozoon Canadense* was another striking addition to science. This fossil was first proclaimed

to be foraminiferous by Dr. Dawson. He revised the scientific nomenclature, for previous to this the rocks of the Laurentian age were believed to be devoid of animal remains and called *Azoic.* Dr. Dawson was now in a position to substitute the term *Eozoic.*

In his 'Notes on the Post-pliocene of Canada,' published in 1873, he raised the number of known species of post-pliocene fossils from about thirty to over two hundred. In 1882 Dr. Dawson became the first President of the Royal Society of Canada, and was then created C.M.G. In 1883 he appeared at Southport at the British Association meeting; in 1883–4 he visited Egypt and Syria; in 1884 he was one of the presidents of the British Association which met in Canada, and he then accepted the honour of knighthood. His later works are chiefly on carboniferous reptiles and fossil plants.

It would be difficult to enumerate all Sir William Dawson's published contributions to science. He has for more than forty years been an indefatigable writer and lecturer in Canada and the United States. He has also lectured at our Royal Institution. Among his better known works may be mentioned: 'Handbook of Geography and Natural History of Nova Scotia;' his 'Archaia,' or studies of creation in Genesis; his splendid work, 700 octavo pages, 'Acadian Geology,' enriched by numerous drawings from his own pencil; and his 'Dawn of Life.' Sir William early imbibed from Sir Charles Lyell certain conservative tendencies in science which at the meeting of the British Association led to some controversy. His presidential address dealt with the sea-bottom of that vast ocean which, if it separates Canada from England,

is also the means of uniting England to her vast, important, and most patriotic colony.

Sir William is opposed to the thorough-going Evolution theories of Huxley and to the contemptuous treatment of Bible science fashionable in advanced scientific circles. We gather from his works, in fact, that there is a good deal of rough truth to be found in the general outlines of the Mosaic science. There is much more of the reverent, reticent, cautious tone of Darwin about Sir William than the eager, offhand generalisation which belongs to some of Darwin's more confident and omniscient followers. That reverent-mindedness and suspension of judgment for which Faraday and the late Sir William Siemens, among others, were so conspicuous, is certainly not the least striking characteristic of Sir William Dawson. No man ever felt more deeply than he does that the wisest of us are but children picking up pebbles on the seashore of the great ocean of Time. No one ever scrutinised nature in his laboratory with more awe, as one who felt himself moving about in worlds not realised. No man was ever more eager to find out 'the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world,' by a patient and tireless examination of 'the things which are made.' No man has a greater and devouter sense of the infinity of the universe, or a deeper reverence for facts.

Such was the President of the British Association at Birmingham in the year 1886; and that such a man should have been chosen with one accord in an age which is supposed to be, if not atheistic, at least agnostic, is an event of good omen for the future of science and for the religion of England.

An equally good omen is it that we should be able to cull from the greatest poet of the last half of this century a motto which Sir William Dawson would not be ashamed to adopt as altogether fit and pertinent to the work of the illustrious Association over whose deliberations he was in 1886 summoned to preside:

> 'Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster. . . .'

CHICAGO

XLIV

WHAT IS AMERICA?—He who has once been to America is almost certain to go again.

The Americans are drawn to the Old World, but the Old-Worlders are drawn to the New.

The mushroom cities, the boundless prairies—now, alas! barren of the buffalo—the untrodden mountains, the lakes into which you might almost drop the whole of England, the rivers, with invisible shores, upon which navies and argosies can float as on oceans, the stir and rush of a mighty cosmopolitan population, careless of precedent, with its face set to the future, all this intoxicates the man of 'use and wont,' the man of routine who crowns his king regularly, swears by 5 per cent., wears a tall hat on Sunday, and still on the whole believes in the law of primogeniture and the House of Lords.

But America! What is America? I have never yet found anyone who knew. To all the world France means Paris; but does New York mean America? Does Chicago, does Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, or San Francisco, or Sacramento?

And how about Salt Lake City—Utah and all its works? The people are not the same in these

widely separated states; their tastes and opinions differ, even their marriage and drink laws vary. A vein of corruption runs through their state and municipal legislatures, and this is about all they have in common except an undefined appetite for Canada and the President; but the more the President meddles with the internal affairs of the States, the more evident it is that the cohesion of the States is rather mechanical than patriotic or politically organic. Why, the States North and South have only just made up their minds that, on the whole, they would postpone political dislocation and live together; but that vexed question will be again on the *tapis* if the President should propose too frequently to put down local strike riots with national troops, or go in for jingoism.

The old difficulty of holding an immense empire or republic together, even with our modern rails and wires, is recurring. The interests are too diverse, the distances too immense, the sympathies too vague, the habitual absence of all outward pressure from foreign nations which would force political and military combination, is too complete. Then the so-called 'American' is half Spanish here, half Irish there, diluted with German, Swede, French, and oddly mixed in some places, as in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and on the South Californian frontier, with Mexican blood, and at New Orleans with African, and up North even with Indian, until the old settler blood from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania is as a few drops in the cosmopolitan ocean, and the perfume of the 'Mayflower' is almost lost amidst the wildly luxuriant native growths that abound.

And still we speak of America? Well, after all,

that is right; the Anglo element rules anyhow, even when it is Scotch or Irish in flavour. The language rules, whatever the accent may be, and it is even urged that 'Americanese' is really, both as regards the very words as well as the twang with which they are uttered, much more like what Elizabethan English was than anything to be now heard in the old country The early settlers, we are told, brought out their words (many of which the old country has dropped) as well as the right way of pronouncing them, so that it is *our* English which has really changed and degenerated, whilst Americanese is Shakespearian from the pure wells of English undefiled!

But 'Revenons nous muttons' (*sic*), as poor Artemus wrote.

XLV

MY SECOND VOYAGE.—On leaving America for England in 1885, after my excursion into Canada, my visit to the Eastern Universities, and my delivery of the Lowell Lectures at Boston, I fully meant to return. But I required some sort of call. In 1893 that call came. I received one morning a strange circular of a more or less Utopian character. It was signed by the Rev. John Henry Barrows, a Presbyterian minister at Chicago.

Chicago was preparing for her big World's Fair. It was, without exaggeration, to be, in the words of the late Mr. Barnum, 'the greatest show on airth.'

It occurred to Dr. Barrows that a 'Parliament of the World's Religions,' to meet in the heart of Chicago, would be a suitable counterpoise or counter-demonstration to the great Parliament of Commerce

that was to show off its wares in the fairy city seven miles distant on the shores of the Michigan Lake. I was invited to be one of the Anglican delegates in that strange Parliament—whereof more anon.

I decided to go. This was to be my second voyage across the Atlantic, and it was to take place just nine years after my first.

Mindful of the 'Germanic' White Star ship, and of all the comfort provided for myself and my wife on board that noble vessel of some 7,000 tons, I concluded that the psychological moment had arrived for paying Mr. Ismay a visit at Liverpool, so I looked in at the White Star office. This time I was resolved to try one of the largest ships, and to sail on the 'Majestic,' twin to the 'Teutonic,' 10,000 tons.

MR. ISMAY is a cheery man; he evidently enjoys the ocean wave himself, and has certainly done his utmost to enable anyone with a reasonable stomach to do the same.

I found Mr. Ismay seated quietly in the midst of his official business, but courteously ready to lay aside his pen for a few minutes. I explained that I was just on my way to the 'White Star' quay. After a few words about these colossal ships—'ocean greyhounds,' as they have been called—

'It is a glorious thing,' said Mr. Ismay, leaning back in his chair, 'to battle with the elements' (people's views of glory, I thought, differed) 'and to triumph over them.'

'Yes,' I repeated thoughtfully, 'to triumph over them.'

The fact is, I had never triumphed over the elements, but they had frequently triumphed over me.

I did not feel that I was going to win this time; and my fluttering thoughts were already out on the rolling Atlantic. Mr. Ismay, apparently inspired by his subject, gave me a stirring description of a cruise he had had in a steam yacht.

'We put out in a terrific gale,' he said, cheerfully; 'the sea mountains high. I was on the bridge along with the captain; never had a finer time; glorious sight. Arrived at Holyhead in a regular hurricane, and soaked right through to the skin. Never felt better in my life!'

'It is a question of the inside,' I answered, faintly. He saw the subject was unpleasant, and so we changed the conversation.

'You have been connected with shipping all your life?'

'Yes. I had largely to do with the mercantile marine long before I became managing owner of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, better known as the "White Star Line."'

'What do you consider your distinctive feature in relation to the Cunard, Inman, Anchor, Guion, and other oceanic companies?'

'I think,' said Mr. Ismay, 'it must be allowed that we made quite a new departure in ocean travelling. We aimed at comfort; that was our speciality. We were the first to place our saloon in the centre of the ship, where there is least motion. We set up smoking rooms, bath rooms, a barber's shop, unlimited supply of fresh water, easy revolving chairs, and all sorts of novel appointments, which have, of course, been adopted by the other liners. No, we are not the quickest (1893), and we are not the biggest; our tonnage is 10,000, the Cunard goes into 12,000, and that company is

the oldest, and also remains the quickest; but our ships have all the latest improvements, and are admirably designed and built regardless of expense. The fastest steamers are still on their trial as regards commercial success—they are experiments. Peril is reduced to a minimum. We also have lost one. The chief danger is not from icebergs, as some people think, but from collisions with other ships.'

'If there is a rule of the road, how can this occur?'

'Why, in a fog, or by an error in estimating the approach or position of lights at sea. As long as men are human and fallible, accidents must happen; look at the accidents which happen on shore.'

'I notice a man died last week on board—not on one of your ships—from sea sickness. Do you recall any such cases?'

'None have come to my knowledge as happening on board, but no doubt there are deaths due to exhaustion and inability to take food. Such fatalities usually occur afterwards, and to people otherwise rickety.'

'I have heard a good deal about the smaller steamers *riding over* the waves with less friction than the big ones which *cut through* them. What do you say?'

'Why, undoubtedly, the bigger the ship the less motion there is: the smaller ships take longer getting over the water, and of course toss more. It is simply a question of degree with the big ones, and the biggest are probably the least trying to bad sailors.'

'What do you think of the American ships?'

'They formerly beat us in wooden sailers; but from fiscal reasons, and the American imposts, they have not as yet competed successfully with us in

the large iron craft. You ask about paddles: the screw system as now understood is much superior.'

Mr. Ismay is still apparently in the prime of life, with a robust constitution, and he is eminently a man whom Liverpool delights to honour. In an age of chicanery and unscrupulous speculation, his aims are simple and straightforward, nor is the influence he has won with the outside public, as well as the shareholders of the 'White Star' and the many other companies with which he is connected, to be wondered at.

'I confess,' he said to me, 'money is not and never has been my first object; nor are those who think most about it and toil most for it the happiest. I have always had other aims in view, and worked for them.'

For a man so little given to talk about himself, so unostentatious and modest, these words mean a good deal; and at the great Liverpool meeting, when his friends, and among them the shareholders of the 'White Star' line, presented Mr. Ismay with a service of plate, it came out in the speeches how well and disinterestedly he had done his work as managing director for sixteen years. It seems that in 1881 a proposal was brought before the shareholders to increase Mr. Ismay's managerial salary and that of Mr. Imrie, his esteemed partner and coadjutor. This offer was declined on behalf of the firm by Mr. Ismay, and then the general feeling of respect took the graceful form of a present of plate to Mr. Ismay, and of two splendid pictures by the late Lord Leighton and Alma Tadema to Mr. Imrie.

'I understand,' I said to Mr. Ismay before we parted, 'that the "White Star" business is only a part of your work?'

'That's so;' and after detailing a few of his occupations connected with other companies, he added, 'Parliament has had no attractions for me; but the fact is I enjoy a quiet life. I think nature intended me for an idle man.'

Mr. Ismay's 'idleness' consists, among other things, in a large, enlightened, and to him highly recreative interest in the poor, the labouring classes, and the squalid population of the docks and slums of Liverpool.

'I assure you,' he says, 'a good deal is done in Liverpool for the poor, and let me tell you that the poor do a good deal for each other. The poor and needy more than the well-to-do are knit together, and are often full of goodness and helpfulness which it is wonderful and instructive to notice.'

I asked about the condition of sailors on their return, and about the land sharks who prey on them.

'All that is much changed now. You see, steam has revolutionised the social habits of sailors. Thousands of them are backwards and forwards once a month or so, who in the old days of sailing ships came back only once in six months or a year. The consequence is they can marry, are received by their wives and families on landing, and have a definite motive for saving their money and keeping themselves straight. Some years ago a company with which I was associated was started in Liverpool, which now owns fifty public-houses on the temperance system. Some of these are down by the docks. They afford good lodgings and provisions for sailors, and are highly esteemed by them. We thought we should sink our capital, and we went into it out of philanthropic rather

than commercial motives; but we got our 10 per cent. —the thing is a great success.'

Another bit of Mr. Ismay's 'idleness' is the Liverpool training ship 'Indefatigable.' This brings him directly into contact with the waifs and strays of the city—their haunts and their families. Boys are taken at the age of twelve, and receive a thorough training for the national mercantile marine navy. The annual working and expenses average 5,000*l.* a year, defrayed by voluntary subscriptions, and the treble benefit—to the boys, the town, and the mercantile navy—is well worth all the money. But Mr. Ismay's 'idleness' seems mixed up with his office work in the most genial manner, for while I was with him—wasting his valuable time—there came in messengers and letters, some of which he handed to me, referring to anything but strict business: benefactions, requests, congratulations, from which I inferred—and I do not think that I am far wrong—that in Liverpool, at least, Mr. Ismay is the friend of everybody, and everybody is his friend; still, as I was just going across, I should have felt more completely in sympathy with him if he had not called the equinoctial gales 'a little blow,' and declared that he enjoyed himself vastly drenched to the skin and hanging on to the bridge of a steamer in a hurricane.

Since my conversation with Mr. Ismay in 1885, besides other big ships the 'Teutonic,' the 'Majestic,' and the 'Georgic' have been launched. The 'Georgic' is the largest carrying steamer afloat (1896), measuring 557 ft. 11½ in. in length, with a displacement of 20,000 tons, and a dead weight of 12,000 tons. She has twin screws and a double set

of triple expansion engines. The public ought to be satisfied.

One word on supply. I could wish that some system were devised by which the store of cockroaches and lavish waste of food on shipboard could be diminished. It wants a woman to do it. No man ever circumvented the rapid flea, the burly and prolific beetle, nor probably did ever man compass the full problem of a shilling's-worth for a shilling, on which turn the true economics of housekeeping, and why not shipkeeping? It wants a woman to observe, to re-utilise, to dovetail, and to conserve, and why should not some master mind set an example to other lines and create a new profession for women, instead of allowing such a quantity of good food to be flung to the fishes?

XLVI

ON BOARD THE 'MAJESTIC,' SEPTEMBER 1893.—Fourteen hundred souls afloat—packed like herrings? Not at all. I am one of them, and here I sit in a gorgeous library, 30 feet long and 20 feet broad, furnished with gilt oak and marqueterie writing tables and bookshelves, and there is not a soul to be seen. We are, in fact, on board the 'Majestic,' bound for New York, twin ship to the 'Teutonic' (White Star Line), which excited the German Emperor's special admiration when he learned that in an incredibly short time this gigantic liner could be converted into a warship, and placed at any moment at the disposal of the Government. For the time being the arts of peace prevail—especially the gentle art of dining. We sit down—287 of us—in the state saloon three

times a day; 921 steerage passengers and 209 second class and 350 crew do the same in their respective quarters.

The consumption on board this floating hotel seems to be something appalling. All do not eat as much as the boy who sits opposite me, who bolts porridge, mutton chops, ham and eggs, sausages, melons, and coffee for breakfast alone, with the rapacity of a shark, and keeps it up at each meal; but still, we do pretty well. People who suppose that sea-sickness paralyses the stomach may be right in theory, but I will trouble them to explain the following simple statistics!

We demolish daily (including waste) 1 ton beef, 1½ ton potatoes, 425 lb. mutton, 200 head of poultry, 1,000 eggs, 100 lb. ham, 200 lb. butter, a whole Covent Garden of fruit, tons of bread and vegetables. Tea and coffee—35,000 gallons of water seem enough for the voyage—but I draw a veil over the consumption of other fluids, all of which seem to cheer, and some of which have been known to inebriate. I went through the steerage quarters with the captain one day. Lavish profusion seems the rule, and everywhere cleanliness, comfort, and content. Of the vexed question of waste, I shall speak anon. Many of these poor people have never fared so well before, and may never fare so well again. Their diversions, visible from the upper deck, are varied and peculiar. Men dance with men, and women with women, till the strain upon human nature is too great, and the couples re-assort themselves; then there is a rush for the pretty girls, who after a day or two are usually found somewhat apart behind kegs, ropes, or tarpaulin, with their favourite swains, by a process of natural selection.

The same sort of thing goes on up above. The English girls generally sit about on deck chairs till imperceptibly congenial associates gravitate towards them. The American girls are much more frank. *They* are all over the place, and spend whole mornings at the less frequented end of the ship, with the men, not who select *them*, but whom *they* seem to select. It is dangerous to draw national distinctions; but, were I asked, I should say that the English rule was to every man a damsel or two, whilst the American system seemed to be to every damsel a man or two.

Apart from the deck recreations of ring-throwing and perambulation, reading and flirting, the voyage is monotonous, but not dull. A whale spouts, a school of dolphins or porpoises leap. Here we are on the most densely crowded ocean track—the ocean Strand, the Atlantic Oxford Street—but so vast is the space that a whole day passes and no ship is seen on the horizon. Yesterday a large French steamer went by and signalled '*Have you seen any ice?*' We signalled back '*No.*' That is a fair specimen of ocean conversation. But being 1,558 of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, we are not dull.

At nightfall 1,600 electric lamps make our ship a floating blaze of light. The deck is draped with flags, and beneath a wide awning a random dance is started to the sound of three violins.

Our last evening was devoted to music and philanthropy. Captain Parsell invited me to preside over the meeting—the duties of which consisted in sitting in front of a large union-jack cushion, and announcing the various singers and reciters who took part in an entertainment on behalf of certain schools for sea-

men's orphan children in Liverpool and New York. Most of the state-room passengers attended, and a collection was taken up by six enterprising young ladies, who boldly sallied forth, and searched the deck and the smoking room, so that, let us hope, no one got off. The collection amounted to 50*l.*, and as the same thing is done on every White Star voyage, these deserving charities ought to score. I am told that at times the amount of talent on board is startling. I was rather startled by its absence. I will mention no names, because everyone did his best, and, as the itinerant preacher justly observed, '*angels can't do no more.*'

My humble tribute and respects as a passenger to Captain Parsell, late of the 'Majestic' and most of the other White Star ships for twenty years back: A genial host indeed, with a smile and a word for all, and tea parties for the ladies every afternoon—sometimes he is to be seen dancing the children, even kissing the babies, lending a kindly ear to a steerage emigrant's complaint, going his merry rounds of inspection twice a day, with an eagle eye for order, and such a nose for a smell, and a strict disciplinarian withal—a man of law and order, half-philosopher, half-patriarch, and whole sea-captain.

Only those who go down to the sea in ships know how much the content, ease, and salubrity and good morale of the voyage depend on the character and the manner of the captain. Captain Parsell is not only respected, he is beloved by all, and, as Mr. Toole would say, 'sarves him right.' We came in sight of shore on our sixth morning. The sumptuous collation called breakfast is once more served—in vain for

one. I am glad to say that poor worm Nature has at last turned. *The boy has ceased to eat.*

For once New York was not to detain me. My kind hostesses the Misses Storm, step-daughters of my good friend Dr. Guilbert, received us most hospitably for a few days. I preached (for the second time) on Sunday for Dr. Huntington in Grace Church, and then, accompanied by my wife, pushed on to the city of the World's Fair and the World's Parliament of Religions.

XLVII

REFLECTIONS.—It is wonderful how much better cities are for being burned down occasionally. The burning of Rome under Nero; of London under Charles II.; and of Chicago under President Buchanan—all go to show how excellent a thing it is to sweep away a mass of old wooden tenements crowded together in narrow streets, and erect in their places stately edifices of brick and stone.

Mr. Stead has asked, If Christ came to Chicago, what would He be likely to say? And Mr. Stead has answered that question in his own characteristic manner. My own impression, after having been there, is that if Christ came to Chicago, He would say neither more nor less than He would say if He came to London, Paris, Munich, Berlin, or any other of our great so-called Christian cities. I don't believe that Chicago is one whit worse. The real difference between Chicago or any of our modern cities and the Sodoms and Gomorrahs of the Old World is not that the crimes and vices are absent from the new cities which were rampant in the old, but that there was once no ap-

preciable public opinion against these corruptions, whereas now Mr. Stead denounces them without being immediately put to death. Ay, and thousands of clergy and philanthropists are engaged before the eyes of an admiring world in an active crusade against Tammany rings, prostitution and cruelty. Impure practices which in the Old World were regarded as sympathetic and even graceful weaknesses are now punished with penal servitude. Bribery for political purposes or in the law courts is actionable. M.P.'s are habitually unseated, and judges are permanently disgraced, for what in old times was a mere matter of routine. I am an optimist, I know: were I not, I could not bear to live in such a world as this, but I believe in the steady amelioration of it. I will not continue this line of thought. Suffice it to say that in Chicago, as in New York and London, there are Christian influences at work which, like leaven in the lump, are surely if slowly permeating the whole mass. I have drawn attention to this in detail elsewhere ('The Broad Church,' 'Is the Imitation of Christ possible?' &c.).

Certainly, if Christ had come to Chicago in 1893, and entered the Hall of Columbus during a sitting of the Parliament of Religions, He would have beheld a spectacle which His life and teaching has alone made possible.

As a rule, whenever Christians assemble together to debate their differences, even now they almost come to blows, and formerly they used to burn each other. But here at last in Chicago, in the year of our Lord 1893 under a Christian presidency, Hindu, Parsee, Chinese Cingalese, Catholic, and Protestant met together for the first time in history to rehearse their beliefs in-

stead of to harp on their differences ; to affirm, instead of to deny ; to construct, instead of to destroy.

Although the notion that such a gathering was merely an attempt to Barnumise religion in the interests of the World's Fair, is a view eminently characteristic of the insular conceit and ignorance of the British clergy, yet the most enlightened and far-seeing ecclesiastic could hardly have anticipated the majestic proportions which the Religious Parliament was destined to assume, and probably the acute Pope Leo XIII. alone amongst the rulers of Christendom rightly gauged the importance of the Parliament and the necessity of the Roman Catholic Church being properly represented there.

In reality the Parliament had nothing whatever to do with the great show seven miles away. Its deliberations belonged to a very different atmosphere ; and certainly there was no remote touch of the Industrial Exhibition or the 'Plaisance' about it, except the crowds that swarmed to its sittings.

Let me try, ere the impressive vision fades entirely from my mental retina, to recall a glimpse of one of those memorable and spectacular debates.

XLVIII

THE PARLIAMENT.—In the centre of the great material, pork-purveying, money-grubbing city of Chicago—seven miles from the World's Fair—is opened the Hall of Columbus, where *three times a day* an excited crowd scrambles for the 3,000 seats, whilst hundreds are on each occasion daily excluded, and this continues for sixteen days without abatement.

An Episcopal bishop or a Presbyterian minister is in the chair. As I sit on the platform I can see through a window the dense crowds waiting outside who will never get in.

At a signal all doors are closed, and the half-hour papers and speeches, 'Theology of Judaism,' 'Hinduism,' 'Existence of God,' 'Immortality,' &c., follow in quick succession. The Archbishop of Zante, in flowing robes, gives an address on the Greek Church; a Catholic bishop, Cardinal Gibbons, shows the needs of man supplied by the Catholic Church; the eloquent mystic Mazoomda in excellent English pours forth a eulogy on the Bramo-Somaj; the Archimandrite from Damascus, who boasts that he has never spent a penny, not only addressed the meeting, but sat every day—sometimes, it is true, asleep—through all the speeches. The names of Canon (now Dean) Fremantle, Professor Max Müller, Professor Henry Drummond, Lyman Abbott, Dr. Momerie, and the leading lights of all the American universities, sufficiently show the representative and influential support given to the Religious Parliament; but to see the absorbed attention of these Chicago crowds day after day riveted on the discussion of abstruse religious and theological questions was a more impressive sight even than the Orientals in scarlet and orange-coloured robes and white turbans, or the galaxy of distinguished speakers and teachers whose names are known throughout the civilised world.

Nothing succeeds like success, and all of us who attended these earnest and enthusiastic meetings seemed to feel that the Chicago religious demonstration, with its cosmopolitan cry for unity

and its practical plan for toleration, would leave a mark upon Christendom resembling, though differing from, the new departure created by the Protestant Reformation.

In listening to the eloquent Dharmapala of Ceylon, and the subtle and incisive utterances of the gorgeously robed Swami (Master) Vivekânanda, it dawned upon many for the first time that so much high Christianity having been taught before Christ did not cheapen the Christian religion, but merely pointed to the Divine source from which both it and every other devout and noble teaching has come.

Clearer and clearer every day, as we listened to the accredited teachers of the world's religions, did we perceive the everlastingly recurrent ideas, pure and simple, which underlie and vitalise all religious systems—God, the Soul, Sacrifice, Revelation, Divine Communion—clearer every day seemed to stand out the supremacy of the Christian ideal, and the unique work and personality of Jesus. A few notes of discord served only to throw up into higher relief the predominant keynote of brotherhood. The Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, or, as some called him, the Rev. 'Cocksure' Cook, in proclaiming his 'Christian certainties,' exhibited an almost archiepiscopal scorn of, and indifference to, all other certainties and religions, but he carried little weight—except that of his own dogmatism, which nearly sank him. Another gentleman raised a storm by intimating that polygamy was by no means an unmitigated evil. He was nevertheless listened to and loudly applauded at the close of his bold defence of Islamism.

Vivekânanda, the popular Hindu monk, whose

physiognomy bore the most striking resemblance to the classic face of the Buddha, denounced our commercial prosperity, our bloody wars, and our religious inconsistency, declaring that at such a price the 'mild Hindu' would have none of our vaunted civilisation. The recurrent and rhetorical use of the phrase 'mild Hindu' produced a very singular impression upon the audience, as the furious monk waved his arms and almost foamed at the mouth. 'You come,' he cried, 'with the Bible in one hand and the conqueror's sword in the other—you, with your religion of yesterday, to us, who were taught thousands of years ago by our Richis precepts as noble and lives as holy as your Christ's. You trample on us and treat us like the dust beneath your feet. You destroy precious life in animals. You are *carnivores*. You degrade our people with drink. You insult our women. You scorn our religion—in many points like yours, only better, because more humane. And then you wonder why Christianity makes such slow progress in India. I tell you it is because you are not like your Christ, whom we could honour and reverence. Do you think if you came to our doors like Him, meek and lowly, with a message of love, living and working and suffering for others, as He did, we should turn a deaf ear? Oh, no! We should receive Him and listen to Him, as we have done our own inspired Richis' (teachers). I consider that Vivekânanda's personality was one of the most impressive, and his speech one of the most eloquent speeches which dignified the great congress. This remarkable person appeared in England in the autumn of 1895, and although he led a very retired life, attracted numbers of people to his lodgings, and

created everywhere a very deep impression. He seemed completely indifferent to money, and lived only for thought. He took quite simply anything that was given him, and when nothing came he went without, yet he never seemed to lack anything; he lived by faith from day to day, and taught Yogi science to all who would listen, without money and without price. His bright orange flowing robe and white turban recalled forcibly the princely Magians who visited the birthplace of the Divine Babe. The Orientalists at the Congress supported each other admirably, not only from a scenic, but also from a controversial point of view.

Dharmapala, the Buddhist ascetic, in white robes and jet-black hair, followed Vivekânanda, and, speaking in the same sense, denounced the missionaries. This brought up a gentleman in Chinese costume, an English missionary, who spoke up for his class with great ability and fire, intimating at the same time that the missionaries were far in advance of the missionary societies who sent them out. These, he said, were often narrow and intolerant; but the true Christian missionary knew how to value the native religions, and went out, not to denounce them, but to preach what was positive in his own, and to help the people to better knowledge and nobler lives. His class were, he declared, as a rule, not the idiots and self-indulgent idlers that had been described, but God-fearing and self-sacrificing men.

All the Orientalists fell bitterly on the pork butcher of Chicago, and on meat-eating generally. 'If you cannot give life,' said Mazoomda, 'at least,

for pity's sake, do not take it.' Their utterances, however, failed to bear conviction to pig-killing, sausage-loving Chicago.

But on the whole, the message to the world from the World's Parliament of Religions has been peace to all that are near, and all that are afar off.

Indeed, it is time to proclaim the essential unity of all religions—they conflict only in their accidents. The 'broken lights' bear witness to the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world —nay, are parts of that Light as much as the colours in the prism are parts of the sunlight. Henceforth to accept Christ the rejection of all the teachers that went before Him is not necessary, and to receive Christianity need not carry with it the dogma that all other religions are in all parts false.

Last, not least, people may feel together even when they cannot think or believe alike, and there may be 'difference of administration,' and yet 'the same spirit.' The brotherhood of man transcends all the 'isms,' even as Christ is greater than Christianity, and Religion than the Churches.

These are some of the voices from Chicago, which no scorn of the world can daunt, and no indifference of the Church will be able to silence.

XLIX

MY SPEECH.—The humble part which I took in these deliberations was essentially unpolemical. I desired that this should be so, and the President readily acquiesced. I spoke upon the connection between religious emotion and music, the subject having a

flavour of 'Music and Morals,' the book which people in America seemed most to connect with my name.

It was on the morning of September 20, about midday; there was a lull in the proceedings; some speaker had failed, which brought on my turn sooner than I had expected.

I cannot pretend that I was unprepared; on the contrary, I had ready the materials of a very carefully prepared speech, and had even brought some notes, but the sight of a dense mass of 3,000 people spreading away in front of me, and to right and left, at once made me feel that they and not my notes required all my attention. I therefore requested that the reading desk might be removed, the platform in front of the stage cleared of chairs, so as to allow me to move more freely from side to side, and I then felt that I had gained the most favourable conditions for securing the attention of what was to me the most interesting and cosmopolitan audience which I had ever addressed, or perhaps shall ever address, in my life.

The speech was reported verbatim. I give it at full length at the end of this (Chicago) section as an excellent specimen of American reporting. I was enabled to watch the process from beginning to end, and it was certainly smart.

This is how it was done. After delivering my speech I went straight to the type-writing office. There I found the shorthand writer already busy dictating his hieroglyphics to a type-writing young lady: she worked with the celerity of steam, and figured away almost as fast as the shorthand man spoke. I sat at another table; and as the wet sheets rolled off the

machine they were handed to me to read and correct, and it was all I could do to keep pace with my co-operators.

So we three worked side by side simultaneously for about an hour. I had ceased speaking about one o'clock, and soon after two a speech which took about three-quarters of an hour in delivery was in the printer's hands. So close was the reporting that I found hardly anything to correct.

The next morning it appeared in the leading journal verbatim, and in the place of honour, with my portrait, a truly hideous presentment, more or less sketchy and impressionist in style, straggling over half a page. At first I felt some slight sense of injury, so little 'speculation' in the eye, so little 'genius and sensibility,' in fact a complete absence of—indeed, no suggestion or hint of that striking exp—that powerful combin— But at this moment a glance at some of the other portraits (all on a much smaller scale, *mihi solatium* !) reconciled me. I felt positively grateful ; I had indeed been dealt tenderly with after all. I said to myself, 'Certainly there are guys and guys !' I pardoned the odious leer, the exaggerated signs of premature decay, I was prepared to meet the condolences of my friends calmly with a shrug of indifference, as if such trifles affected me not a jot—of course they would all feel that so hideous and degrading a misrepresentation of my physiognomy was simply amusing, nothing more—when lo ! the first acquaintance I meet thrusts the paper into my face. 'Seen your portrait ? Isn't it splendid ? Very image of you !' I stared at him for a moment, then I laughed feebly, and passed on ; I felt sorry for him—I saw that his intellect was impaired.

There were a few suggestive incidents at the Parliament from time to time which it would have been my duty to pay more attention to had I been a local journalist. It was very amusing, for instance, to hear the advanced Japanese theological professor get up and deliver a speech on the retrograde timidity of the English clergy, and point out for their benefit that the Japanese, having read Colenso, 'Essays and Reviews,' Sidgwick, Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill years ago, had entirely remodelled their Christian theology in accordance with the most advanced standards of modern criticism, philosophy, and science. The enlightened scholar from Japan seemed to look down on our routine theologians with indulgent pity, as upon people still wandering in Cimmerian darkness! He couldn't imagine why when things had been shown to be untrue or unreasonable they should still be seriously taught by the clergy. This quite unexpected attitude on the part of one who might have been expected to play second fiddle to the accredited theologians of the Old World very much tickled the audience, and the Japanese professor was applauded to the echo. I was invited to reply to him; but as I should have only been a sort of Balaam, I thought it in better taste to hold my tongue, especially as what the gentleman from the land of the Mikado advanced was not only very sensible but unfortunately very true.

The Roman Catholic Bishop's attitude was striking and effective. He appeared in full canonicals at the opening, walked in procession, attended the Parliament once, delivered his infallible message from his infallible Church, and then went off to the World's

Fair to enjoy himself, and we saw him no more. His absence was quite as impressive in its way as his meteoric presence. He had told us the truth and departed. It could not be of the smallest interest to him or the Pope his master to know what anyone else might have to say about religion.

I did not attend all the sittings of the great Parliament. I was sorry to have missed Dr. Momerie's paper, but I subsequently heard him read it at a friend's house. He seems to me to possess an unrivalled power of clear statement, and he is certainly a man whom the Church of England ought not to dispense with, although he has shown some disposition to dispense with the Church of England. That as he grows old (like Dr. Johnson) he may grow peaceable, is the devout hope of all Dr. Momerie's well-wishers and admirers, and they are legion throughout England and the colonies. Dr. Momerie did me the honour of listening both to my address in the Parliament and to the sermon I preached in Chicago. He himself was not only a frequent speaker in the Parliament, but preached to very large congregations in the city before my arrival. Momerie in London is a sort of Heber Newton. Fortunately the present Bishop of London (Dr. Temple) is not a whit behind the enlightened and kindly Dr. Henry Potter, Bishop of New York, in discretion and statesmanlike forbearance, and should these two up-to-date prelates still continue to preside over the sees of London and New York respectively, there is every probability that both Momerie and Heber Newton will continue to find a sphere within the pale of episcopacy.

The gravest blunder committed by the Parliament of Religions was the exclusion of the Mormons.

A stout protest was raised against a step so arbitrary and out of harmony with the spirit of the Parliament; but for once Dr. Barrows was overruled, and the Hall of Columbus was shut against the followers of Joseph Smith. Many people thought this a little rough on the Mormons, especially as they had built Salt Lake City, colonised Utah, and shown themselves amenable to United States law; whereas the Mahomedans, who had neither renounced polygamy nor done anything for the United States, were received with open arms and heard with applause. So at the eleventh hour the Mormons were offered the privilege of reading a paper in one of the sectional rooms, which they firmly but respectfully declined to do; and this most characteristic and phenomenal of all the religious movements of the nineteenth century was simply dropt out at the great representative Parliament of the World's Religions.

But on the whole wonderfully few mistakes were made, and next to no religious bigotry cropped up.

L

SPEECH [REPORTED] DELIVERED AT THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS IN THE HALL OF COLUMBUS, SEPTEMBER 20, 1893.

'FOR more than twenty years,' said Dr. Barrows, in introducing Rev. H. R. Haweis, of London, 'I have been familiar with the name and writings of the honoured English clergyman who is now to speak to us. He is one of the many representatives that we have from the British Empire, one of the few we have

in person from England itself. We are delighted that he has come to us. We believe that he will be heard not only on this occasion, but in the churches of our city and on other occasions here during the progress of this Parliament.'

Mr. Haweis then rose, and spoke as follows :

'It would be very hard for me to try and live or speak up to the kind words of your president. You are very judicious to give me some approval before I begin speaking, because it is impossible to know what your feelings may be when I have done. (Laughter.)

'My topic is "Music, Emotion, and Morals." I find that the connection between music and morals has been very much left out in the cold here, and yet music is the golden art. You have heard many grave things debated in this room during the last three or four days. Let me remind you that the connection between the arts and morals is also a very grave subject. Well, here we are, ladies and gentlemen, living in the middle of the golden age of music, perhaps without knowing it. What would you not have given to see a day of Raphael or a day of Pericles, you who are living in this great Christian age? Well, as the age of Augustus was the golden age of Roman literature, so the age of Pericles was that of sculpture, the Medicean the age of painting; and the golden age of music is doubtless the Victorian or the Star-spangled Banner age. (Applause.)

MUSIC A GROWING ART

'Music is the only living, growing art. All other arts have been discovered. An art is not a growing

art when all its elements have been discovered. You paint now, and you combine the discoveries of the past; you discover nothing; you build now, and you combine the researches and the experiences of the past; but you cannot paint better than Raphael; you cannot build more beautiful cathedrals than the cathedrals of the middle ages; but music is still a growing art. Up to yesterday everything in music had not been explored. I say we are in the golden age of music, because we can almost within the memory of a man touch hands with Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner. We place them upon pedestals side by side with Raphael and with Michael Angelo, yet we have no clear idea of the connection between the art of music and morals, although we place great musicians like Beethoven on a level with the great sculptors, poets, and painters. Now let me tell you that you have no business to spend much time or money or interest upon any subject unless you can make out a connection between the subject and morals and the conduct of life; unless you can give an art or occupation an ethical and moral basis. You do spend a great deal of money upon music. You pay fabulous prices to engage gigantic orchestras, you give much time to music; it lays hold of you, it fascinates and enslaves you, yet perhaps you have to confess to yourself that you have no real idea of the connection between music and the conduct of life. An Italian professor said to me the other day, "Pray, what is the connection between music and morals?" He then began to scoff a little at the idea that music was anything but a pleasant way of wiling away time, but he had no idea there was any connection between music and the conduct of life.

CONNECTION BETWEEN MUSIC AND MORALS

'Now if, after to-day, anyone asks you what is the connection between music and morals, I will give it to you in a nutshell. This is the connection : Music is the language of emotion. I suppose you all admit that music has an extraordinary power over your feelings, and therefore music is connected with emotion. Emotion is connected with thought. Some kind of feeling or emotion underlies all thought, which from moment to moment flits through your mind. Therefore music is connected with thought. Thought is connected with action. Most people think before they act—or are supposed to, at any rate, and I must give you the benefit of the doubt. Thought is connected with action, action deals with conduct, and the sphere of conduct is connected with morals. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, if music is connected with emotion, and emotion is connected with thought, and thought is connected with action, and action is connected with the sphere of conduct, or with morals, things which are connected with the same must be connected with one another, and therefore music must be connected with morals.

'Now, the real reason why we have coupled all these three words—music, emotion, morals—together, is because *emotion* is connected with morals. You will all admit that if your emotions or feelings were always wisely directed, life would be more free from the disorders which disturb us. The great disorders of our age come not from the possession of emotional feeling, but from its abuse, its misdirection, waste or perversion. Once discipline your emotions, once get

a good quantity of that steam power which we call feeling or emotion and drive it in the right channel, and life becomes noble, fertile and harmonious.

'Now, if there is this close connection between emotion or feeling and the conduct of life or morals, what the connection between emotion and morals is that also must be the character of the connection between music, which is the art medium of emotion, and morals.

THOUGHT WITHOUT FEELING IS DEAD

'But there are a great many people who will say, "After all, that art which deals with emotion is less respectable than an art which deals with thought." I might be led here to ask, "What is the connection between emotion and thought?" But that would carry me too far. In a word I may say that thought without feeling is dead, being alone. You may have a good thought, but if you have not the steam power of emotion or feeling at the back of it what will it do for you? A steam engine may be a very good machine, but it must have the steam. And so our life wants emotion or feeling before we can carry out any of our thoughts and aspirations. Indeed, strange is this wonderful inner life of emotion with which music converses first hand, most intimately, without the mediation of thoughts or words. So strange is this inward life of emotion, so powerful and important is it, that it sometimes even transcends thought. We rise out of thought into emotion, for emotion not only precedes, it also transcends thought; emotion carries on and completes our otherwise incomplete thoughts and aspirations. (Applause.)

'Tell me, when does the actor culminate? When he is pouring forth an eloquent diatribe? When he is uttering the most glowing words of Shakespeare? No. But when all words fail him and when he stands apart with flashing eye and quivering lip and heaving chest, and allows the impotence of exhausted symbolism to express for him the crisis of his inarticulate emotion. Then we say the actor is sublime, and emotion has transcended thought. (Applause.)

'Let me now ask, why has emotion or feeling got a bad name? Because emotion is so often misdirected, so often wasted, so often stands for mere gush without sincerity, and has no tendency to pass on into action. Hence the lady in Dickens who was carried home in a flood of tears and a sedan chair, and others who have the power of turning on the water-works at any moment. "Tears, idle tears." Tears which fall easily and for no adequate cause. We do not respect them, but there is no genuine emotion at their back. There are men who will swear to you eternal friendship. You would think these men's feelings were at the boiling point, but when you ask them to back their emotion with one hundred dollars, you find that their emotion is of no use whatever. That is the reason why emotion has got a bad name.

'But believe me, ladies and gentlemen, nothing good and true was ever carried out in this world without emotion. The power of emotion, ay, of emotion through music, on politics and patriotism; the power of emotion, ay, emotion through music upon religion and morals—that, in a nutshell, will be the remainder of my discourse. What does a statesman do when he wants to carry a great measure through our Parliament or your House of Representatives? He stands

P 2

up and says, "I want to pass this law," but nobody will attend to him in Parliament. Then he goes stumping through the country; he goes to the people and explains his measure to them, and at last he gets the whole country in a ferment, and then he comes back to Parliament or to Congress and says: "Gentlemen, have you seen the newspapers?—you see, the people will have it. Their voice is as the voice of many waters. It is as the roaring of the ocean, and as irresistible." And the government cannot oppose a law which has the emotional feeling of the country at the back of it, and so the law is passed.

'Why, I remember in your great civil war that Mr. Lincoln said that Henry Ward Beecher was the greatest motive power he had in the North. (Great applause.) And why? Because he would go into a meeting packed with Southerners or with advocates of slavery and disunion, and leave that meeting roaring for the liberation of the slaves and the preservation of the Union. (Applause.) That was the power of emotion. And I remember very well, because I was in Italy at the time, how when Garibaldi came there at last to conquer—that was the third or fourth time he had come over at intervals to engage his people in the great fight for the freedom of Italy; he devoted his life to that mission—that he fired the people with patriotism, and it was nothing but the steam power of feeling and emotion which carried that great revolution for a united Italy. It may be true that Victor Emmanuel was the brain and gave it its constitutional element, but it was Garibaldi who aroused the great emotional feeling, and Italy became united because he lived and fought, ay, and fell.

NATIONAL MUSIC AND EMOTION

'And now for the connection between the national music and emotion. There has seldom been a great crisis in a nation's history without some appropriate tune, hymn or march, which rouses the emotion of the people. Well I remember Garibaldi's hymn. It expressed the essence of the Italian movement. Look at all your patriotic songs. Look at

"John Brown's body is a-mouldering in the ground,
But his soul is marching on."

PATRIOTISM IN MUSIC

'I say, then, the feeling and action of a country passes into its music. There is the power of emotion through music upon politics and patriotism. I remember when Wagner, as a very young man, came over to England and studied our national anthems. He said that the whole of the British character lay in the first two bars of "Rule Britannia." It goes: (Here the reverend gentleman gave an imitation of the movement of England's great national song.) It means, "Get out of the way; make room for me." It is John Bull elbowing through the crowd. (Laughter and applause.)

'And so your "Star-spangled Banner" has kindled so much unity and patriotism. The profoundly religious nature of the Germans and Austrians comes forth in their hymns, such as "God save the Emperor." Our "God save the Queen" strikes the same note in a different way as "Rule Britannia"—

"Confound her enemies, . . .
Frustrate their knavish tricks"—

that is, in the same spirit as "Get out of the way," and is enshrined in the British national anthem. This shows the connection between emotion and music in politics and patriotism. It explains the wisdom of that statesman who said: "Let who will make the laws of a people; let me make their songs."

'I see another gentleman is in charge of the topic "Religion and Music," but it is quite impossible for me to entirely exclude religion from my address to-day, or the power of emotion through music upon religion and through religion upon morals, for religion is that thing which kindles and makes operative and irresistible the sway of the moral nature. It is impossible, with this motto, "Music, Emotion, and Religion" for my text, to exclude the consideration of the effect of music upon religion. I read that our Lord and His disciples, at a time when all words failed them and when their hearts were heavy, when all had been said and all had been done at that last supper—I read that, after they had *sung a hymn*, our Lord and the disciples went out into the Mount of Olives. After Paul and Silas had been beaten and thrust into a noisome dungeon they forgot their pain and humiliation and *sang songs*, spiritual psalms in the night, and the prisoners heard them. I read in the history of the Christian Church, when the great creative and adaptive genius of Rome took possession of that mighty spiritual movement and proceeded to evangelise the Roman Empire, that St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan in the third century, collected the Greek modes and adapted certain of them for the Christian Churches, and that these scales were afterwards revived by the great Pope Gregory, who gave in the Gregorian chants the first elements of emotion interpreted by music which appeared in the Christian Church.

GREGORIAN CHANTS IN ENGLAND

'It is difficult for us to over-estimate the power of those crude modes, for they seem harsh to our ears. It is difficult to realise the effect produced by Augustine and his monks, when they landed in Britain, chanting the ancient Gregorian chants. When the king gave his partial adherence to the mission of Augustine, the saint turned from his presence and directed his course toward Canterbury, of which he was to be the first Archbishop.

'And still, as he went along with his monks, they chanted one of the Gregorian chants. That was his war cry: (intoning)

'"Turn away, O Lord, Thy wrath from this city, and Thine anger from its sin."

'That is a true Gregorian; those are the very words of Augustine.

'And time would fail me to remind you of both the passive and active functions of music in the sanctuary—passive when the people sit still and hear sweet anthems; active when they break out into hymns of praise. Shall I speak of the great comfort which the Church owes to Luther, who stood up in his carriage as he approached the city of Worms and sang his hymn, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott"? Shall I tell you of others who have solaced their lonely hours by singing hymns, and how at times hymn singing in the church was almost all the religion that the people had? The poor Lollards, when afraid of preaching their doctrine, still sang, and throughout the country the poor and uneducated people, if they could not understand the subtleties of

theological doctrine, still could sing praise and make melody in their hearts. I remember how much I was affected in passing through a little Welsh village some time ago at night, in the solitude of the Welsh hills, as I saw a light in a cottage, and as I came near I heard the voices of the children singing:

"Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.'

And I thought how those little ones had gone to school and had learned this hymn and had come home to evangelise their remote cottage and lift up the hearts of their parents with the love of Jesus. Why, the effects of a good hymn are incalculable. Wesley and Whitfield, and the great hymn writers of the last century, and the sacred laureate of the High Church party, Keble, have all known and exercised the power of religious song.

LET THE PEOPLE SING

'Here let me speak a word to the clergy especially, if there are such present. Make your services congregational, and don't let the organist "do" the people out of the hymns. Don't let him gallop them through them with his trained choir. Remind him that he has his time with the anthems and the voluntaries, and that, when the hymns come, it is the people's innings, and fair play is a jewel. (Laughter and applause.) Hymns have an enormous power in knitting together the religious feelings. I never was more struck than on entering Exeter Hall one time when Messrs. Moody and Sankey were ruling the roost there. What did Mr. Moody do? He knew his business. He sent an unobtrusive look-

ing lady to the harmonium, and she began a hymn. There were only a few people in the hall, but others kept dropping in and they joined in the hymn; and by the time they had got through on the twenty-fifth or thirtieth verse the whole of the hall was in full cry. They were warmed up and enthusiastic, and then in comes Mr. Moody, and he would play upon that vast crowd like an old fiddle. Believe me, that emotion through music is a great power in vitalising and cementing and unifying the religious aspirations of a large mixed congregation.

'I now approach the last clause of my discourse. We have discovered the elements of music. Modern music has been three or four hundred years in existence, and that is about the time that every art has taken to be thoroughly explored. After that, all its elements have been discovered; there is no more to be discovered, properly speaking, and all that remains is to apply it to the use, consolation and elevation of mankind. We have reached that era of music, we are living in the "golden age." It is difficult to imagine anything more complicated than Wagner's score of "Parsival," or the score of the "Trilogy." We have all these wondrous resources of the sound art placed at the disposal of humanity for the first time. But there is a boundless future in store for music. We have not half explored its powers for good.

MUSIC CONTROLS AND PACIFIES EMOTION

'I say, let the people have bands. Cultivate music in the home; harmonise crowds with music. Let it be more and more the solace and burden lifter of humanity; and, above all, let us learn that music is

not only a consolation, it not only has the power of expressing emotion, of exciting emotion, but also the power of disciplining, controlling and purifying emotion. When you listen to a great symphony of Beethoven, you undergo a process of divine restraint. Music is an immortal benefactor because it illustrates the law of emotional restraint.

'There is a grand future for music. Let it be noble, and it will also be restrained. When you listen to a symphony by Beethoven you place yourselves in the hands of the great master. You hold your breath in one place and let it out in another; you now have to give way in one place and then you have to control in another; it strikes the whole gamut of human feeling, from glow and passion down to severe composure of restraint.

'It seems to me, indeed, that music, the latest born and the most spiritual of the arts, has been given to us in this most materialistic and sceptical age to remind us of the mystic realities and depths of our nature, for it is in listening to the sublime or tender or ineffable strains of music that we are lifted out of ourselves, we move about in worlds not realised, we have heard the songs of the angels, "we have seen white Presences amongst the hills."

'"Hence, too, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

'(The rev. gentleman returned to his seat amidst loud and prolonged applause.)'

LI

THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.—But the Great Fair seemed to beckon me.

Tennyson in his Cambridge prize poem on 'Timbuctoo' imagines the Genius of Fable conjuring up before the poet's eye a fairy city of transcendent beauty, glittering minarets, and ranged towers and walls of dazzling marble, shining bulwarks, and golden domes; but as the Genius vanishes, the charm is dissolved, and the mystic city, which is but the fabric of a dream, fades away. So it has been with that colossal and apparently indestructible white city which in 1893 stood seven miles from Chicago, mirrored in the limpid lagoons fed by the waters of Lake Michigan. Those parapets and embankments so subtly counterfeiting hewn stone were but stucco; those stately buildings and Corinthian colonnades, combining the features of the Parthenon, the Vatican and St. Paul's Cathedral, and almost rivalling them in scale and elaboration, were but painted board, canvas, and whitewash; but the illusion, whilst it lasted, was complete. For the first time in the history of exhibitions (since the Glass Palace of 1851) a unity of architectural plan was adopted and with unprecedented results. Each mass was entrusted to a different architect and landscape gardener: one charged with the Administration building, with its colossal dome, which shone like alabaster when aglow with electricity at night; another with the stately Agricultural block facing the manufactures and arts with their ranged colonnades and divided by the lagoon, at one

end of which rose out of the water the immense gilt statue of Liberty—and so on throughout the State buildings. But the architects met in conclave, and produced a combined work in which each contributed his own to a monumental city in which all might find their common glory. Two years sufficed to transform swamps into lakes nine feet deep, and heap up wooded islands which rivalled Nature's wildest solitudes. Let me try and give an impressionist *coup d'œil* of a day at the World's Fair—a day most sensational on account of its strange and almost cataclysmic ending.

LII

A DAY AT THE FAIR.—I enter the show by the 'Plaisance,' a wide thoroughfare over a mile long leading to the woman's building. On either side stand booths, inclosures, beer gardens, and foreign villages. I grapple with the Chinese theatre, in which the only thing intelligible is the costumes, which are gorgeous beyond description—the other part is not worth describing. The artificial squeaky voices, the painted mask-like faces, the to us meaningless strutting about, the interminable din of gongs, drums, and pipes. It is a relief to get out.

'The Brazilian dancing girls' sounds attractive. I peer into a stuffy log cabin—tired-looking negresses in red and blue gyrating round their bored black swains, to the thrumming of Spanish guitars—ten cents hardly well spent!

But the colossal Ferris wheel now rises in front of me, dividing the Plaisance. It has a diameter of 300 feet. You sit in a car on the revolving circumference,

and as the wheel goes round, up you go and gaze down from the dizzy height on a street in Cairo, Pompeii, old Vienna, and the whole panorama of palatial buildings and lagoons, and far out into the ocean-like Lake Michigan. I felt no sensation whatever. A poor gentleman, however, who went up on the same day, lost his head almost at once. He sprang up and shouted aloud, then flew at the bars of his cage, and was for pitching himself out. He could not be controlled, and the guard tried to stop after the first revolution. But the inexorable wheel went on. Then a lady with singular presence of mind whipped off her skirt, and suddenly clapped it over the temporary lunatic's head, which sobered him effectually till, to the relief of everyone, his wheel of torture stopped.

As the bane of all big and diffused shows lies in that one word 'over-fatigue,' I soon mounted a chair and passed many a State building full of characteristic produce. My guide and propeller was a young German student of good education but imperfectly acquainted with English and the topography of the exhibition. As he walked very slowly, stopped frequently, reckoned his hour at about three-quarters, and refused to speak German which I could understand, whilst rejoicing in a perfectly unintelligible English, 'put me out,' I said, 'at the Columbus caravels.'

There, hard by the Casino, they lay moored and manned, strange topheavy pre-Reformation craft of the date of our good King Henry VII., and Ferdinand and Isabella of deathless renown, exact reproductions of the three frail barques in which the great Italian

navigator put to sea to find a new world—his own boat is only partially decked. There stands close by, an exact reproduction of the monastery at the door of which the neglected and dispirited Columbus knocked, and sought and found hospitality, and in the good abbot an enlightened and sympathetic listener, who believed his tale and brought his speculations to the ears of the great Queen Isabella, afterwards Columbus's steadfast friend.

I grieve that I had no time to inspect the Columbus relics. I passed to the woman's building which has created such a sensation throughout America. It was the latest commentary on woman's work. Her wood work, iron work, needle work, art work, educational work is displayed in long galleries upstairs and down.

The building with its lofty refreshment rooms atop was also the refuge of exhausted women throughout the day. In the side rooms, all open to the passage, I noticed helpless bodies lying prostrate on every sofa, careless of appearances, worn out with heat and tramping. The only things completely inadequate for the 200,000 or more who latterly attended the Fair daily were the refreshment and rest departments. At midday those who had not brought food simply fought, and then paid heavily for what they captured ; orange cider and German beer were however, plentiful, but to the faint and famished, most lacking in substance.

A good many people were deterred from going into the Beauty Show (typical women of the world in characteristic dress), fearing to meet with vulgarity. The very same people thronged to see the degrading Eastern stomach-dances, which for dullness and

indecency exceeded anything of the kind I have ever seen even in Morocco. The Beauty Show, on the other hand, was absolutely modest, and the young ladies were perfectly decorous, though here and there a maiden who thought she was being unduly stared at would occasionally make herself merry at the expense of her admirer until he retired abashed. The palm was of course borne off by the European and American beauties, but that is perhaps because our eye is not trained to admire Choctaws and Laps. Fenimore Cooper and Longfellow between them have done a good deal for the wild Indian, but I draw the line, with all due deference to those distinguished writers, at the Sioux belle. In beholding the expressive and somewhat sinister countenance of the Sioux belle, even when she wore her sweetest smile, I could understand how proficient the ladies of her tribe may become in torturing the prisoners after the fight, and perhaps cooking them after the torture.

It is not my purpose to describe those splendid *coups d'œil* which remind one of Athens restored and old Rome in the days of Augustus rolled together. This was splendidly done at the time by the Illustrateds of the period. I hasten to record the closing catastrophe of my most memorable day at the World's Fair.

LIII

A SENSATION.—In the low light the colonnades and temples glowed like silver jewels against the pale warm blue of the evening sky; the sun nevertheless

had gone down behind an angry red and purple cloud. We entered a little electric launch on the grand canal which divided the Agricultural from the Arts building. The air seemed cooler, but most delicious. We sped under the Rialto bridges, beside the Electrical building. The canals were alive with small steam craft and gondolas. On we glided beside the magic islands, home of the wild duck and the multitudinous screaming sparrows going to roost. At the entrance to the broad waters of Lake Michigan our little launch turns round. Hardier steamers push out into the lake. The breeze is freshening, crisping wavelets begin to invade the quiet Exhibition waters. The sun has set suddenly ; the white moon rises, but the air is growing purple-dark. As we return to the Grand Canal myriads of lights break out along the banks, the magic isles are also all aglow with many-coloured lamps ; presently the whole range of palatial buildings is outlined with points of electric flame, whilst gigantic search lights illumine now one pinnacle or dome, now another, then flash out upon the lagoons and vanish. I look up and notice an inky black cloud across the moon. Dense masses of human beings throng the shores of the Grand Canal and pour from every State building. Into the midst of the canal now floats boat after boat full of chorus singers and coloured lanterns ; one mimic brig with black sails like the Flying Dutchman, and all ablaze with crimson fire, comes sailing majestically down upon us ; a cornet on board plays lustily popular melodies that ring out and re-echo from distant glimmering palaces outlined with electricity. The procession of Chinese lantern-hung boats passes out of the Grand Canal. Suddenly ten thousand

jets leap up from the great fountain at the end of the great basin, the diamond spray is shot with emerald, ruby, opaline and saffron hues that melt one into the other—a silence seems to fall on the dense crowd that has gathered on every available space and foothold around the water and in front of the palaces.

A cold wind ruffles the lake, and shakes the swinging lanterns. There is a distant rumble of thunder, unregarded.

The inky cloud has blotted out the moon. The crowds are still motionless, absorbed by the gorgeousness of the fairy scene before them. The search light rests upon the giant figure of Liberty, which blazes out golden against the white electricities playing around. The notes of the cornet ring out and die away. The palaces shine like blocks of transparent alabaster in the night. . . .

What is this? A spot of rain!—unregarded—a vagrant puff of wind—unregarded—then a sudden glare and an appalling crash, a deafening roar from the crowd, and before we have time to turn, the whole scene is enveloped in a cyclone of whirling dust, and a deluge of rain, pelting, stinging rain, hail, and sleet, descend upon 200,000 densely packed human beings.

The boats on the lake are tossed and torn. I was amongst the first to gain shelter under a colonnade. The scene I witnessed I shall never forget. Through the fog of rain and dust, terrified groups fled hither and thither like flying squadrons in the smoke of a battle. The artillery of the skies mingled with the musket-like rattle of pelting hail and rain on that strange summer night!

One deafening peal, and a zigzag forked flash

that struck the earth not a stone's throw from where I stood, and the fog seemed to roll away suddenly. Where were the crowds? Not a soul was to be seen. The electric lights shone over vacant spaces and a deserted lake. Nothing but the elements could have wrought such a miracle of dispersal in about two minutes.

We were huddled away under colonnades and in all available vestibules. Women screamed and fainted at every peal of thunder as the pressure increased. I kept on the edge of the crowd. There we stood, and for an hour the downpour was steady. When at last we stept out we were ankle deep in water. So we waded to the intramural railway. Water, water everywhere. The cars were deluged; we hurried in wherever we could, and we stood in water, drenched to the skin; but the night, that had turned chill before the storm, now grew warm again, and we were nearly boiled with steam before we got out, still seven miles from Chicago city, to find a drenched but welcome carriage waiting to drive us home.

That night, one of the palatial roofs was blown in; the water soaked through the apparently solid stucco, canvas, and board, that stood for marble and stone; the fairy city sprang a leak in a thousand places. It seemed the beginning of the end of the dream, and the elements in all their fearful and inexorable reality, charged with destruction, revealed the flimsy and perishable character of this fabulously beautiful city, proclaiming aloud in thunder the untimely fading of a vision as dream-like, but far from as profitless, as the poet's illusory city of Timbuctoo.

I am well aware that these monstrous industrial exhibitions do not usher in the reign of universal peace any more than a parliament of religions will insure the union of churches. The great Exhibition of 1851 was followed by the Crimean war, the great Paris Exhibition by the Franco-Prussian war, and the Parliament of Religions has been followed by a snub administered by the Reformed Church to the Mother Church of Rome. But incalculable good has been wrought by both the sacred and the secular demonstrations at Chicago.

The Chicago palace brought home with crushing force the enormous interests involved in any serious breach of the peace between great peoples, especially those bound together by community of blood and language. And the Chicago Parliament of Religions brought out with intense and popular distinctness the great truth that God has never left Himself without a witness, and that there never was and never could be but one religion, which all the religions of the world were so many attempts to realise and formulate, as Tennyson has it—

> 'They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.'

LIV

SOME OTHER EXHIBITIONS.—With the glories of the Chicago World's Fair fresh in our minds, it may not be uninteresting to look back at the rise and progress of the industrial exhibition theory and practice at home and abroad. We may say that we have arrived at the centenary of such enterprises, as the first

serious attempt to realise the idea dates back to 1797. Of course the International Exhibition in Hyde Park 1851 gave the new impulse which has been pregnant with such mighty results. Prince Albert's name is inseparably connected with the rise and progress of vast industrial exhibitions in England, but the international and cosmopolitan element alone is peculiar to the conception of the Anglo-German Prince. The spectacular alliance of art and commerce—the poetry of industry, the beauty of labour embodied in a show—is distinctly of French origin. It dates from the year VI (1797) of the French Republic, and is, strange to say, the direct offspring of the Napoleonic wars. So late as the year 1844 the aged Marquis d'Avèze, who had weathered the Reign of Terror (1793) and been a useful servant of the Republic, published a very curious account of the first two Industrial Exhibitions at Paris in 1797 and 1798. The Marquis and his exploits have been long since forgotten, and perhaps few of those who flocked to the 1851 Exhibition, or who nightly frequented the Healtheries at South Kensington, were aware that the idea of these ranged galleries and trophies, with all their glittering works of art and industry, first rose in the brain of a French marquis who narrowly escaped the guillotine. D'Avèze had no sooner organised his first industrial exhibition of Sèvres china and Gobelin tapestry at St. Cloud in 1797 than he was forced to fly, 'proscribed' with the rest of the French nobility who had the impertinence to retain their titles and their heads.

The Marquis had somehow been appointed commissioner of arts, but had found the art industries of his country utterly depressed and at their very lowest ebb. The only things that spun in the Gobelin

looms were spiders. The exhibition which he organised, in which special attention was given to tapestries, struck the note of revival. The following year Napoleon's attention was arrested by the work of his able, but now banished, commissioner. The First Consul was not a man to stick at trifles. He seized upon the art exhibition scheme with the decision and rapidity of a skilled campaigner. Industries must be revived; home producers must be encouraged. Napoleon at once ordered all English goods throughout France to be burned, advanced 21 millions to the French industries, and recalling the Marquis d'Avèze, installed him as special director of the 1798 Paris Exhibition, which was a great step in advance of the St. Cloud collection, and embraced Boule cabinets, Leroy clocks, Angoulême porcelain, Lyons silks, and a collection of pictures by Vincent, David, &c.

Meanwhile, crowds collected in the streets to witness one of the most extraordinary pageants that even Paris had ever witnessed. Twenty-nine chariots full of Napoleonic spoils passed through the principal thoroughfares of the city. The Capitol and the Vatican had been gutted; even Venice had not escaped. These trophies were borne in procession. The bronze gilt horses of immemorial antiquity, which stood in front of San Marco, the Dying Gladiator, the Nine Muses, the Cupid and Psyche, the Apollo Belvedere, the Laocoon, and last, but not least, Raffaelle's great picture of the Transfiguration. The procession was in itself an art education for the people. Of course most of these priceless treasures have since been restored to their rightful owners.

The Temple of Industry in the Champ de Mars,

with its open invitation to contributors, its jury of science and art, its twenty silver medals and one of gold, marks the next stage in the history of exhibitions. It opened up the provinces; Brussels, Liège, Rouen, and other towns for the first time contributing. Between the Republican reign of terror and the reckless slaughter of the Imperial campaigns these pacific displays under the First Consul seem to fall like gleams of sunshine between two devastating storms. Some years later Spain made no less than five mild attempts at industrial exhibition with almost ludicrous results. In 1827–28–31–41–45 the old Convent of the Trinity at Madrid was utilised for the purpose, Barcelona (the Spanish Manchester) and Madrid contributing between them nearly the whole of the collection, which consisted mainly of linen, woollen goods, leather, and pottery. In these exhibitions it was remarked as indicative of the decay alike of mental activity and ancient handicraft that there was not a single specimen of printing, and hardly any of the cabinet work for which Spain was once so famous. About 1841 the revival of Continental trade began in Belgium, and a great exhibition was organised at Tournai, displaying the carpets of that town and the laces of Malines, Ypres, and Bruges, which employ 60,000 women. Liège, famous for its cannon foundry, organised the metallurgical section; and the prizes were given by the King and Queen in person.

And here it should be mentioned, that although for several reasons, chiefly insular, the industries of Ireland have not had that widespread influence which they deserved, Ireland has always, since as long ago as 1723, been alive to the importance of industrial

collections. From 1723 up to 1850 the Royal Dublin Society has steadily organised a display of its home products on a small scale, classifying them as raw material, manufactured, and machinery. It was not until 1850 that Ireland thought it advisable to invite English competition. But the most important impulse in this direction came again in France after a partial paralysis of nearly forty years. The extreme dullness of Louis Philippe's reign was relieved in 1844 by a great show in the Carré Marigny. The magic structure designed by Moreau rose complete in seventy days. There were 3,960 exhibitors, and the whole of the centre was occupied with the largest collection of machinery that had ever been seen. The 'comet-seeker' telescope, which in a moment could be turned to any part of the heavens; the oil-colour grinding machine, with its three cylinders; the distillation apparatus for making sea water fit to drink; the loom which wove two shawls of different patterns at the same time, and then cut them neatly asunder—the self-acting floating whistle which warned the engineer when the boiler required refilling—such objects making a direct popular appeal to popular attention gave that attractive stamp to the Paris Exhibition of 1844 which has marked every succeeding effort of the kind.

In 1849 a similar exhibition was opened in Paris on a vaster scale. The building, in the shape of a quadrangle filled with lawns and flower beds, was composed of 45,000 pieces of timber, and roofed with 4,000 tons of zinc. The internal decoration—iron painted to imitate wood, false medallions and sham mullions in the Italian style—were much and adversely criticised by Digby Wyatt, our architect, and

others at the time, and French taste was as generally decried as it had been extolled—on the whole not a very unwholesome reaction. Ruskin was beginning to be read in this country, and while much abused, his influence was sufficiently conspicuous, though wholly unacknowledged, in the Great Exhibition of 1851.

In 1849, at Birmingham, the Bingley Hall was completely filled by a vast free trade bazaar, which suggested several features of the colossal show of 1851. As early as 1844 Mr. Scott Russell tells us that Prince Albert was casting about him for some machinery capable of concentrating and displaying on a gigantic scale the arts and industries of the civilised world. The Society of Arts served him as a practising ground. He soon found that London was behind the provinces. His projects were at first received with apathy. 'The public seemed indifferent,' says Scott Russell, 'the manufacturers lukewarm.' In 1849 products of industry had to be dragged almost by force from their warehouses, at the instance of the Society of Arts; and 20,000 people only could be induced to go and look at them.

LV

PRINCE ALBERT'S GENIUS.—In 1849 the times seemed ripe. Thirty-six years had elapsed since the Great Duke had brought to a close one of the most desolating wars on record, leaving to the country an enormous national debt and a bitter legacy of international jealousy. But years of peace, sounder views of political and economic reform, the triumph of free

trade, combined with great improvements in agriculture, had gone far to revive trade and commerce, while Prince Albert was intent upon striking a death-blow at international animosities by assembling in Hyde Park the political disputants of every country under the sun. Most of us can remember the shout of incredulous and timid derision with which Prince Albert's proposal was met. Overcrowded London would be smitten by the plague, revolution would be freely fomented by unprincipled refugees, the Queen would be in imminent danger, and the concern would certainly be bankrupt. At last, after anxious consultation with Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Labouchere on behalf of the Government, Parliament was applied to for the use of the park. Colonel Sibthorpe—the O'Gorman and the Whalley in one, of that period—called on the elements to wreck the impious glass house. He denounced the enormity of cutting down half a dozen trees which would block the centre—(a thousand had been recently cut down in Kensington Gardens without remark). Even Lord Brougham bullied the House about shutting up 'the lungs of London.' But public opinion was on the turn. The Government had a good majority, and granted the site. From that moment the Prince's tenacity of purpose, infinite resource, and ceaseless activity, combined with a certain rare self-repression and modesty, began to win the respect and admiration of high and low. From the beginning his scheme in outline and detail seems to have been marvellously complete. Lord Granville said he was the only person who fairly thought it out, and that sagacious Earl and Mr. (Sir Stafford, afterwards Earl of Iddesleigh) Northcote were from the beginning among his warmest supporters. In 1849

the Queen says, 'The Prince's sleep is bad, he looks very ill.' No wonder! That year he took no holiday. He sat for hours at his bureau. All day long letters and messengers arrived ceaselessly. The executive committee seemed to depend, in the midst of what the Prince called 'immeasurable difficulties,' upon his one tireless brain and indomitable purpose. He had able and practical advisers, no doubt—Cole, Cubitt, F. Fuller, Scott Russell, and Joseph Paxton, who rose, as the Queen admiringly said (and the Queen's own part in sympathy and wifely instigation at this time has never been sufficiently acknowledged), from 'being a common gardener's boy,' and presented him with an almost inspired plan for the building, which rose in crystal flakes on its 25,000 hollow iron columns, without the aid of scaffolding. As for speed—the Government gave the site in 1850, and the palace was opened in the spring of 1851.

LVI

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—During the whole of that time the Prince was working at high pressure; nor were his labours lightened by the disturbed state of foreign politics and the difficulties of advising the Queen upon questions of a delicate political nature at home. The vast reach and importance of Prince Albert's conception, perhaps, first dawned on the country at large in 1850, when his famous speech at the Mansion House was printed in all the newspapers. As a model of condensed and dignified statement it could not have been surpassed. It certainly revealed the master mind of the undertaking, and from that moment the name of Prince Albert has remained in

the popular imagination, as it deserves to be, indissolubly associated with the greatest industrial epoch of modern civilisation. King Leopold, when he read the Prince's speech at the Mansion House, would hardly believe that it had been spoken off; but it was nevertheless admirably delivered. The Prince always prepared his speeches most carefully, and wrote them out. He then delivered them freely without the aid of a single note.

All foreign jealousies having been composed, and the endless difficulties of internal arrangement and decoration, allotment of space &c. settled, a guarantee fund of 200,000*l*. was organised. It was never wanted; for about that unparalleled sum remained as a surplus in the hands of the Royal Commissioners when all the expenses were paid off at the close of 1851.

We are perhaps now a little blasé with these great shows. The taste for them has spread to New York, Philadelphia, Munich, Vienna, and the colonies, while several huge varieties of them have since been offered us at Paris, Turin, and at South Kensington. But the international spectacle of 1851 will always stand out as unique on account of the singular devotedness and ability of the man who projected it, his illustrious position, the originality and splendour of his conception, and the happy completeness of its execution. The genius and enterprise which called it forth were not slow to originate the almost equally elaborate scheme which has embodied in a permanent form its general principle and aims at South Kensington.

Whilst the very glass and iron of 1851 shelters annually the holiday masses whose welfare was so dear to Prince Albert, the body of art and industry

into which he breathed a new life lives and moves at South Kensington. It shows annual signs of astonishing and beneficent vitality in such collateral 'evolutions' and 'developments' as the Fisheries and the Healtheries, the Colinderies, the Naval Exhibition, *et id genus omne* at home and abroad.

LVII

COLLAPSE OF BRITISH PHLEGM.—We are a phlegmatic people—so say foreigners—and we take our pleasures sadly. We only take our fellow creatures on sufferance. You may notice any day on a railway platform: a man of any age will walk the whole length of the platform to find a perfectly empty carriage. He will then get in, and when his fool's paradise is invaded by another equally morose person, he will frown—both will then frown—and probably travel for miles together in silence. We like a house to ourselves. Flats are beginning to come in, not because we are sociable and like meeting people by chance on a common staircase, but because we are economical, and don't like paying rates and taxes.

'The Englishman's house is his castle' is a phrase which would not be understood in Japan, where you can see through the chinks, and people bathe and are all abroad day and night; it is not very intelligible even in Ceylon, Honolulu, or any climates where the air is balmy, and doors and windows are open, and walls are reedy and awnings flappy and thin; but in these cold and foggy climes—to be snug and warm and secluded is the ideal of life. If we chatter in the streets we get bronchitis; and if we sit down, a chill

on the liver ; and if we forget our wraps, rheumatism pounces upon us.

To such a people the conception of great buildings frequented by peripatetic crowds came with the force of a new social revelation or revolution. The people flocked to see the monstrous products, but these soon became mere backgrounds for ices, champagne, lemonade, sandwiches, and the afternoon cup of tea, which, by the way, first came in between the fifties and the sixties and has happily stayed with us ever since.

Little groups at round tables—pleasant meetings of friends, acquaintances, and lovers—the Exhibition a pretext—all under cover too, whilst the rain pattered on the glass roof—and all surrounded by trees ; shrubberies in the midst of which glimmered white nymphs and classic warriors, and busts of the great and good. Nowhere could the eye turn without food for thought, conversation, and delight.

A big organ peals out, yonder the distant tinkle of a grand piano on show, or a new patent something-or-other-phone, and 'Waiter! sherry cobbler for two!'—and after that let us go on board the Victory, 'marvel of naval reconstruction on dry land ;' or into the long range of tent-like barns in which a campaign, life size, is being conducted, ambulance, wounded, and all, but which gives rather a *couleur de rose* view of the terrible reality, everything being so clean and the wounded looking so happy and comfortable tucked up in ambulances, or being genially operated upon by smiling surgeons.

But hark! the strains of a military band beneath an alcove entice us into the open air. Hundreds are flocking out. Your likeness taken snap shot as

you pause and drop a penny in the slot by the way. Hundreds of chairs are soon occupied—for once the weather is soft and balmy, we might be in Paris. How cheerful all the people look, John Bull and his family; and as the time for shutting up the shops comes the young men and young women, who have all day served behind the counter, flock into the show, and after a visit to a different sort of counter, come out refreshed, and behold with bright eyes and wreathed smiles the kaleidoscopic scene, and hear with enchantment the buoyant and light fantastic strains of Herr Johann Strauss—his band.

I remember—it was the year of the Queen's Jubilee—an unprecedented run of fine weather enabled these outdoor entertainments to thrive; crowds were nightly attracted to sit out and enjoy music, and after that fireworks. I really believe that ten fine summers running would go far to destroy the temperamental moroseness and unsociable silence of the English people.

It is because we don't see each other enough at leisure times that we have nothing to say when we do meet. It is the outdoor throngs, not the indoor circles, which enable people to shake off unnatural stiffness and unsociability; but outdoor gatherings mean climate genial, smiling blue skies and mild soft air which may be inhaled without a respirator or the use of an umbrella; but the winter garden promenade and restaurant element, without which no industrial exhibition is now complete, has done much and is doing more for us, and the knowledge that out of doors, weather permitting, there will be as much amusement as indoors adds an attraction to our

people's palaces and exhibitions which now make Chelsea, South Kensington, Olympia, and all other such sites of popular recreation formidable rivals to the Champs-Elysées, Café des Ambassadeurs, and all the rest of them.

LVIII

COLOUR ART.—One feature of entertainment which is now seldom wanting at these great shows has always had a special interest for me; and in 'Music and Morals' (Book I. sec. 12) I have devoted some paragraphs to it. I allude to the 'Colour Art' as illustrated by firework displays, and of late days by illuminated fountains and skirt dancing *à la* Loïe Fuller. From my observations at the old Surrey Gardens, Cremorne, South Kensington, the Crystal Palace, Paris and Chicago, reaching over a space of more than forty years, I can bear witness to the enormous improvement in the use of colour, which with the new electric appliances for tinting water jets through ruby, emerald, saffron and other coloured glasses have laid the foundation of that perfectly new and independent Colour Art foreshadowed in my first book (1872).

I am glad to say that Mr. A. Wallace Rimington has turned his attention to the subject and invented a colour organ, which plays off colours on a disc for the eye, just as a musician plays off notes for the ear. I am also glad that Mr. Wallace Rimington, unlike other people who take suggestions without acknowledgment, has had the courtesy to allude to 'Music and Morals' as at least one source of his inspiration.

The extent to which the analogy between the

waves of light and the waves of sound will work out practically has not yet been fully ascertained. That by translating the one into the other very astonishing results are obtained is certain; but, as Mr. Wallace Rimington says, the Colour Art will have to be elaborated on its own basis and need not be trammelled by reproducing the wave lengths and sound vibrations of musical compositions in colour waves and vibrations of the same proportions and velocities. I have no doubt whatever that what occurred to me in the crude form of an imaginative speculation is now on the high road, through the patient genius and enthusiasm of Mr. Wallace Rimington, to winning a foremost position in the history of known arts, by the elaboration of an entirely new one. I have not had the advantage yet of seeing the colour organ in operation; but the following description of the effects produced by treating fountain spray as a disc for colour, as the sun paints a rainbow on the foam cloud which rises from Niagara, may here be of some interest.

LIX

FIRE AND WATER COLOUR.—One lovely evening in the spring of 1885, I was invited by the well-known engineer, Sir Francis Bolton, to assist at one of his colour exhibitions at South Kensington. When it grew dark and the fountains were turned on, he repaired to a little room on the opposite side of the Exhibition grounds facing his water discs, and I sat by him as he proceeded to manipulate his various electrical stops which controlled the changing colours.

From his exalted position, in full view of the

Albert Hall, the fountains, and pleasure grounds, the gallant Colonel surveyed the peaceful field of his electric operations, while the expectant crowd beneath him clustered round the fountains and swarmed over the walks and terraces right and left. The Colonel was then a man of peace, having finally retired in July 1881, after twenty-four years' service on the Gold Coast and at Chatham. His name is associated with an ingenious system of telegraphic and visual signalling and other military inventions, and latterly he happily applied to the recreation of thousands the arts which he had so successfully placed at her Majesty's disposal for the destruction of her enemies. At the stroke of half-past eight Sir Francis signals by bell telephone to the engineers in the bowels of the earth beneath the fountains. He then takes his seat in front of a little organ keyboard, consisting of three rows of keys. From 1 to 16 regulate the water jets, 17 to 32 the colours, and from 33 to 48 the light is turned on at 'glow,' 'quarter,' 'half,' or 'full.' Close beside this magic keyboard is a flat desk with six circular knobs, like electric bell nuts: each knob commands one of six sections of lights, and with these in six batches the 12,000 coloured glowworms, the buildings, the shrubberies, and the flower beds can be turned up or down at a touch. 'See!' says the Colonel, and at a touch all the lights outlining the Albert Hall disappear in the distance; another touch, and they are all back again. 'More speed,' says Sir Francis down the telephone, and the lights come on from quarter to half. 'More!' and then beam out 'full.' Now he plays the top row of keys, and his water jets dart up. Meanwhile the side ones are scattered in spray, then suddenly concentrated.

Another key down, and all disappear—all but one tall central spire of crystal shot with amber, then carmine flame, for Sir Francis is now touching his second row of keys. With the third row the light is poured on the base of the fountain, leaving the top dim and misty; then a bright spire of emerald is quickly sent up through the middle jet, while the top breaks into saffron-coloured rain; and so, endlessly varied, the colour symphony is played out for an hour or so. About a quarter to ten the band strikes up 'God save the Queen.' At a given moment Sir Francis calls through his bell telephone to the underground engineer, 'All off!' then he gently touches two or three keys and pistons. As the last bar begins the fountains fail and drop, the 12,000 lights grow dim, and exactly with the last notes of the band they all go out at once, and leave the scene cold and pallid in the grey moonlight. The effect is absolutely dream-like. It is difficult to recall the dazzling coloured prospect which one second ago seemed so resplendent. Surely it must all have been an inner vision! All is so changed and dark. At this moment a murmur of admiration breaks from the crowds beneath. The miracle of art and scientific skill seems, then, only to be quite realised at the very moment when the glittering spectacle suddenly vanishes. Electric illumination had never before been carried so far as this. Similar and even far more complex effects were produced at Chicago ten years later, and are now the common attractions of all firework and night fountain shows.

When we think of great engineers like Sir Francis Bolton, famous for inventing implements of ghastly

destruction for one department, or when we hear of Mr. Edison's threat to invent miraculous explosives for blowing armies to pieces before they come in sight of each other, we can only say, Would that all our great military engineers and inventors were at liberty, like the late Sir Francis, to devote their art and science to the cause of popular recreation, utility, and peace!

It seems invidious to dismiss the subject of exhibitions (suggested by the World's Fair) as places of culture and recreation for the people, without a respectful tribute to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. I can remember the time when the site now occupied by the Palace, its grounds and densely built-over environs, were all wild woodland. To see the rabbits feeding on a summer evening on the outskirts of Mr. Nix's and Mr. Schuster's pleasant woodlands was one of the delights of my boyhood.

Mr. Scott Russell, of unhappy 'Great Eastern' notoriety (his engines broke down), had a charming house which stood in what is now, I believe, a portion of the grounds. I think I could identify the cedar on the lawn even now, if it has not been cut down.

I remember vividly the day of the 'Great Eastern' disaster which ruined Scott Russell, the gifted Brunel's favourite pupil. One Sunday afternoon we were on the terrace, and all day directors kept arriving and walking up and down discussing the dreadful news with their responsible engineer—charming, genial Scott Russell!—half poet and dreamer, a soul full of kindly sympathy, and with such a fascination of manner and so persuasive a power that you could not help believing all he said, even when the foundation premises

were *nil* and the superstructure a mere card castle. The Crystal Palace, graced by the genius of Sir Joseph Paxton, and under the keen though coarse business management of Mr. Bowley, started with magniloquent promises of culture and refinement, art and science, for the people. It had no luck. On the opening day the biggest fountain would not play, and the mechanician committed suicide. Some years afterwards the gorgeous Alhambra and part of the tropical department succumbed to the flames. The late Duke of Sutherland, who loved the excitement of fires, and was to the last a close friend of Captain Shaw, the great fireman, climbed the flaming ruins and rescued a terrified parrot, upon which a witty friend of mine observed, 'A striking instance of the way in which Providence appoints means to ends.'

The people were to be taught history, natural history, geography, science, they were to have music, lectures, an art school, and be generally elevated. 'It's all very well,' said Albert Smith to George Grove, the versatile secretary; 'but mark my words, it will still come to climbing the greased statue of Rameses for a leg of mutton. What the mixed citizens want is amusement, not instruction.' Albert Smith was not far wrong. The shareholders soon grumbled; the temptation was sore to operate along the Bowley and Albert Smith lines, and sacrifice everything to attract a paying mob anyhow and anywhen.

One man, George Grove, stood firm, and he took his stand on music. Challen's brass band was dismissed, and the now famous Mr. Manns, then a very young man, was installed as conductor of the now equally famous Crystal Palace band. Again and again Mr. Bowley

was for retrenchment in the direction of the music, and again and again his daring secretary stood out at the council board for Manns and his pioneer band. We all know the result. The Saturday concerts of classical music prevailed—they attracted at last well-dressed and paying crowds from London. Their analytical programmes, compiled and edited by Grove (after the fashion of Professor Ella's Musical Union programmes), inaugurated a kind of musical literature adopted since with modifications by the Monday Popular and Symphony Concerts throughout the country.

The incidental advantages to music from Sir George Grove's long connection with the Crystal Palace are quite incalculable. They are inseparably associated with the production of almost every work of musical interest that has been unearthed for well nigh half a century, notably the orchestral works of Schumann, and I might almost say the discovery of Schubert as an orchestral writer. The giant Handel Festivals, with memories of Costa, Clara Novello, and Sims Reeves in his palmy days; the colossal firework exhibitions which, under Mr. Brock, have ushered in almost a new art; the immense receptions, including welcomes accorded to royalty, and the ever memorable visit of General Garibaldi; the pleasant cricket matches; the inexhaustible refreshment rooms, bars and pavilions; the rose shows and fruit shows; the theatrical entertainments that ceased to be 'wrong' because they were at the Crystal Palace; the Leotard and the Blondin feats (I remember Dickens saying Blondin would come down some day, and they would only find 'a little red sop' when they went to pick him up); and last, not least, the balloon ascents.

It was from the Crystal Palace grounds that I made my first, probably my last, balloon ascent, I floated over Kent on a summer's afternoon, and came down on the top of an oak forest, in peril of my life.

A few Handel Festivals, an Oddfellows', a Foresters', or school children's giant assembly, a Shah, a Garibaldi, or a casual Royalty realise, but only occasionally, the ideal of the management; but the cheap pleasures of the mixed citizens alone have not been found to sustain the funds so as to fill the pockets of the shareholders.

Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that the vast suburban city composed of Sydenham and Upper Norwood rolled into one is the creation of the Glass Palace, and it would pay the landlords, were there a talk of taking the structure down, to come to the rescue with a subsidy. Should it ever fall, the depreciation in house property would probably be very considerable, as the hosts of wives, children, and young folk, in the absence of the bread-winner who goes up every day to town, would feel quite lost without their recreation garden, reading room, park, and picnic ground, theatre and concert especially on Saturdays, and all next door; but the shareholders, being now apparently resigned to the inevitable, no longer grumble so loudly, and there is little likelihood of the almost imperishable glass house melting away like a dream after the manner of the pasteboard and stucco prodigy at Chicago. Financially, however, it never rivalled that astounding enterprise. Of all the exhibitions that have taken place during the last five-and-forty years, two alone tower financially—the London Great Exhibition of 1851, and 'the greatest show on airth' at Chicago in 1893.

MORMON LAND

LX

UTAH DESERT AND FRISCO TOWN.—Across the desert! The train drags through its four days and nights somewhat slowly. Hot Utah plains, driving alkali dust, which blinds the eyes and chaps the lips. What a change from moist Chicago! Yonder lies a dead bullock, strayed, parched to death with thirst, and many a skeleton of horse, elk, or prairie dog—little heaps of bones among the sand dunes. We surprise a herd of mountain deer on the verge of the desert, a startled raven flaps by with an angry caw, as we climb the Rocky Range. I can well believe that the mountain lion, the grizzly bear, the wild cat, and the coyote still linger in those illimitable fastnesses, although the buffalo has vanished from the plains and valleys. As on the fourth morning in the grey dawn the train draws up at Sacramento city, a short stage from Francisco, I descend from my sleeping car to have a look at a low tribe of Indians bivouacking like gipsies on the fringe of the city, clad in blankets and rags of civilised costume—consumptive, blind, half-starved, homeless and outcast in the wide land once their own. Few sights more sad!

LXI

A MORMON INVITATION. — San Francisco! Fifty years ago, who thought of the obscure Mexican

mission, the wild mint village, now the largest city in California, with its marvellous system of cable cars which climb the almost perpendicular slopes with ceaseless regularity and perilous speed, enabling the suburban fashionables to live in a series of Belgravian and South Kensingtonian mansions at an incline of 45 degrees? No one, except in the flat business part of the town, thinks of walking much in Frisco; the population lives in the cable cars. The rising generation are said to have no calves and no wind, but this is a picturesque libel. The young men are well grown but strictly commercial; but the girls are pretty, graceful, well educated, and splendidly healthy. On my first visit to San Francisco, I was most hospitably entertained by the Rev. Dr. Church at Irving College, a large institution for young ladies, presided over by the excellent and able doctor and his wife.

The Rev. Dr. Church is a fine type of the single-minded, single-hearted Christian, intent on doing his duty to God and man. Like the Rev. Dr. Wakefield of San José, he represents in its least aggressive form the more liberal element in the Episcopal Church; his kindly and fraternal disposition draws to him many of the town clergy, who would not probably pledge themselves to his precise opinions if they precisely knew what his precise opinions were. He himself is content to avoid the discussion of vexed questions, and rather aims at resting in the Apostolical 'unity of the spirit and the bond of peace.'

The cordiality of the Bishop and clergy, the kindness of the people, and the crowded congregations that I addressed during my nine days' flying visit to San Francisco in 1893, made me not unnaturally turn my

eyes in the direction of the Pacific coast when the delectable climate of London in the winter of 1894–5 drove me in search of a respite from black fogs and snow, of all which more anon in my second volume. But by far the most interesting and, to me, memorable result of my visit to Frisco in 1893 was my introduction to two Mormon elders, who happened to be staying in the town, and who invited me over to Salt Lake. 'Now,' I said, 'my time has come at last. I shall see these strange Mormons face to face.'

LXII

EARLY STUDIES.—Long ago, when quite a lad, in the pages of the 'Brighton Guardian' I had written the story of the Mormons—their eccentric creed, their sufferings and persecution, their irresistible energy and indomitable pluck, their romantic wanderings and their phenomenal success : all this had attracted my boyish imagination, and I was delighted to find a patient editor who would allow me to descant in his columns (without pay) on so sensational and novel a theme, for to the bulk of the English public it was both.

From the first I believed that for so self-sacrificing and devoted a community, however objectionable their doctrine and practice, there must be extenuating circumstances, and the more I studied the question the more evident this became.

In my first curacy I lectured on the Mormons, to the dismay of my respected vicar; but I managed to avoid giving actual offence, by dwelling almost exclusively on the romance and pathos of the story

and the goody-goodies shrugged their shoulders in a non-committal style, and went their way, saying, 'Ha! very interesting—never heard so much about them—thought they were very different—had no idea,' &c. &c.

So when, thirty years later, I found myself at Francisco, and read in the newspapers that President Cannon and Bishop Clawson had arrived in the city, and were at a certain hotel, I posted off at once, sent up my card, and was very kindly received by these two Mormon patriarchs.

LXIII

MR. Q. CANNON.—He is a contemporary of the Prophet, Joseph Smith. His family joined the community when he was quite a boy. They were brought over from England in the suite of Brigham Young, who had gone to Liverpool on a missionary tour. Mr. Cannon is a benevolent-looking elderly man of about seventy. He represented the Mormons and Utah territory at Washington for many years, and is certainly, now Brigham Young is dead, one of if not the ablest of the Mormon rulers. In Congress they used to call him '*Smooth-bore* Cannon' on account of his singularly persuasive manner and a certain quiet, stately and restrained eloquence, which seemed to deprecate rather than silence opposition. He is never hurried into a rash adjective or an extreme statement, and his serene composure, and at times almost pathetic seriousness, make his conversation as impressive as it is charming.

'Do I understand from you,' I asked, 'that polygamy is now completely abolished in Utah?'

'You may rely upon it,' he answered. 'It could not be otherwise. If we tried to continue it we could not—we are surrounded by Government spies and informers—we are tracked and watched—and any infringement of the law as it stands would be instantly visited with arrest and imprisonment.' Turning to Clawson, he remarked, 'We know by experience it is so; we have both been imprisoned for the faith—when we were fighting the legality of this question. Of course,' continued the President, 'with us it was a religious as well as a social question of great importance; both Mr. Clawson and myself had several wives and a large number of children; we held that we were covered by the 2nd Amendment of the United States of America Constitution, which provides that all citizens of the States shall be left undisturbed in their religious doctrine and practice. I fought hard for the cause in Congress—we carried it from court to court, and when at last it was given against us in the highest court, I wrote a pamphlet to prove that the decision was a wrong one. My friends,' added Mr. Cannon, with a patient smile, 'were rather amused at my professing to know the law better than the highest legal authorities. But,' he added emphatically, 'we gave in; we have always been law-abiding citizens, whatever our enemies have said to the contrary.'

'And what did you do about your wives?'

The old gentleman paused, but resumed shortly:

'It was a terrible thing, but our lives have always been lives of sacrifice, and we felt that one more supreme sacrifice was now demanded of us in the cause of duty. Those who have never shrunk at giving up possessions, peace, comfort, and have always been ready to suffer fine, arrest, persecution,

imprisonment and death at the call of duty and conviction, could not hesitate. When plural marriage, which had been tacitly countenanced for years by the United States of America Government, who condescended to appoint our governors and judges, was suddenly declared to be illegal, we gave in.'

Mr. Cannon again paused. Presently he resumed, not without some suppressed emotion :

'I think,' he said, turning to Bishop Clawson, 'you will bear me out that our families were singularly happy and united, the women loving each other like sisters, and the children growing up happily together.' Mr. Clawson remarked that this was so, but he would not have me to suppose that there were never any family discords in Utah—in short, not even Mormonism could utterly and all at once destroy Original Sin ; only he conceived that on the whole there were far fewer unhappy marriages on their system than on ours.

Leaving the question open, we passed on to particulars.

'And how,' I asked, 'did you act?'

'Well,' resumed Mr. Cannon, 'I called my wives together—I explained to them the law. They were now free, I said, to depart, and to marry if they chose ; but I was morally bound to provide for them if they did not do so. We had lived long and happily together ; I could never suffer them to want, and I should still provide for the education and maintenance of my dear children and wives. They all replied they accepted the sacrifice imposed, but they would not leave me unless compelled to do so. It was hard, very hard—a terrible rending of family ties all round—but I had to decide what I would do. My

first wife was dead. I resolved there should be no heart-burnings. I would henceforth have no wife—there should be no jealousy—and I now live apart with the children of my first wife. But we could not break up the family social circle, and I try for the sake of all to keep it together. I built a large room. Every morning the ladies with their children meet me there as usual for reading of the Bible and prayer. We dine in the same hall. Each mother sits at a table with her own children, and that it may not be said I sit down with my "wives" to dine, I have a table set apart for me with the children of my first wife.'

As the old gentleman continued talking earnestly and sensibly in this way, I could not help feeling how different the real Mormon looked from the unscrupulous satyr and would-be ignorant assassin of the popular imagination. Mr. Cannon added, 'I will not conceal from you—as you are a clergyman, and must have thought over this subject—that we view the future of our young people with anxiety. The community has been singularly blest and prosperous. We have enjoyed an immunity from intemperance, crime, disorder and pauperism very unusual in large cities, but our female population is as usual largely in excess of the male, and there is, as there always has been, a preponderating number of single women among those who still emigrate to us. Presently the old problem will arise, how to provide for these women, what to do with them? We had our solution, but it has not been accepted by the United States of America. We look anxiously to see what new solution the old Christian cities mean to provide. At present it can-

not be said that in any city of the Old World the Social Evil with all its frightful concomitants has been even approximately dealt with. We believe that nothing but the strictest marriage code and the most inexorable regulation of the sexual instincts, on the highest religious principles, can put an end to this evil, and we did put an end to it. No one,' added Mr. Cannon, 'who in the least grasps the stringent conditions and continuous sacrifices involved in our plural marriage system can suppose for a moment that any man in his senses would adopt the practice for licentious purposes. It is not only far more costly than monogamy, but it makes more demands on the judgment, forbearance, moderation, and self-restraint of those who adopt it, and I think I may add that it is a system which has produced some of the noblest and most refined types of womanhood—I had almost said sainthood—in Utah.'

In listening to the President, I began to understand how he won his sobriquet of *Smooth-bore* Cannon in Congress.

Of course, when all is said and done, it is difficult to speak too strongly in condemnation of the practice. Though sanctioned in the Old Testament and nowhere expressly forbidden in the New, it is essentially unfitted to Christian civilisation, inimical to the higher culture and development of women, opposed to the spirit of Christ's religion, and often fraught with social disaster and family demoralisation. But, without condemning Abraham, who was the '*Friend of God*,' the patriarch Jacob, and a score of Old Testament saints, whom we are taught to revere, it would be difficult to maintain that the system of plural marriage is in all ages and under all circum-

stances inconsistent with faith and good works and a life in some measure acceptable to God. Moreover, the Mormons were undoubtedly sincere. Their conditions seemed to them somewhat similar to those of the patriarchal times. They believed they had a mission to found a nation of righteousness unto the Lord. They were driven into the wilderness a mere handful of exiles surrounded by wild Indians (long before this happened Joseph Smith foresaw and foretold it). There seemed no way of protecting the numbers of poor women who joined their ranks except by marrying them and providing for their children; the waste lands of Utah required peopling and tilling, the villages and cities had to be defended, the more stalwart children the better, '*and happy was the man who had his quiver full of them.*' They believed that under these circumstances plural marriage had been revived by Divine revelation in their favour. We may regret this as a mischievous illusion, we may denounce it as an infraction of social order and a blot upon the purity of family life, but no one can converse with any of the founders of Mormonism—many of whom are still living—without feeling convinced that they did the wrong thing with the best intentions; and we may perhaps give them credit for abandoning it frankly as soon as it was pronounced illegal.

I am now, as an impartial recorder, bound to say that I learned from General M'Cook, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Utah, who kindly offered me the hospitality of his private saloon car whilst I was travelling in the territory, that, in his opinion, polygamy, in spite of the law, had not been definitely abandoned by the Mormons. I cannot say on what grounds this opinion was founded. I put it plainly

to the Prophet Woodruff, who sits in the seat of Brigham Young, whether this was so or not.

We were in the Council Chamber at Salt Lake City, and the twelve apostles were present. Mr. Woodruff, a fine old gentleman of eighty-five (1893), in full vigour of mind and body, assured me—and he was supported by the bishops and elders present—that all reports of plural marriage since the legal decision against it were utterly false, malicious, and libellous, and my attention was called to the following passage, which occurs in an 'Official Manifesto,' dated Salt Lake City, December 12, 1889, and signed by Prophet Woodruff:

'I therefore, as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, do hereby most solemnly declare that these charges are false. We are not teaching polygamy, or plural marriage, nor permitting any person to enter into its practice, and I deny that either forty or any other number of plural marriages have been solemnised during that period in our Temple, or in any other place in the territory. One case has been reported; whatever was done in this matter was done without my knowledge. I have not been able to learn who performed it, and the Endowment House, in which it was said to have been performed, was by my instruction, on that ground, taken down without delay.'

I will add one more sentence from this remarkably concise and frank manifesto:

'Notwithstanding all the stories told about the killing of apostates, *no case of this kind has ever occurred*, and, of course, has never been established against the Church we represent.'

I have thought it right to say thus much with a

view to disarming, at least, some prejudice by making it clear—

First, that plural marriage was no part of original Mormonism, nor any inseparable adjunct of it.

Secondly, that it was not conducted in such a manner as to blight entirely the happiness, and certainly did not check the prosperity, of the people.

Thirdly, that it was frankly abandoned as soon as it was declared to be illegal; and

Lastly, that the wholesale charges of assassination launched against Brigham Young have never, in any one single instance, been proved. Such are the bold assertions now confidently made by the Latter-Day Mormons.

In the matter of non-conviction, Brigham Young may fairly challenge comparison with the Founder Prophet, Joseph Smith. Joseph Smith was frequently arrested and imprisoned; he was brought up before the courts no less than thirty-nine times on different charges, sedition, murder, immorality, robbery, &c. &c.; the juries were often packed, and the judges were always prejudiced—*never on any one occasion was he convicted, never was any one crime proved against him.* Joseph Smith was at last assassinated at the early age of thirty-eight, by a fanatical mob, without a hearing, without a sentence, and without a judge.

As Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, has for sixty years been gibbeted before the whole of Christendom as an impostor, and a knave of the first water, I need make no apology for introducing here a brief sketch of his career, and a fair if not altogether sympathetic estimate of a man whose ecclesiastical and political achievements were as singular as they

were colossal; who certainly had the courage of his opinions, and was not unwilling, though by no means anxious, to lay down his life for them.

When at last he gave himself up voluntarily to the police, well knowing that he could expect no justice or protection, but was about to fall into the hands of an angry mob, he exclaimed, '*I go like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morn!*'

LXIV

RISE OF JOSEPH SMITH.—Joseph Smith, the Prophet and founder of Mormonism, was born in the year of our Lord 1805 at Sharon County, Windsor State, Vermont. He was one of a large family. His father and mother, farmers, were both very religious people —indeed, his mother laid claim to special revelations. She was always seeing visions, dreaming dreams, singing psalms, and telling fortunes. This sort of religion was by no means uncommon in those days in America, which was at that time profoundly agitated by a great wave of evangelical reaction that had spread somewhat earlier from England. The usual jarring disputation and hair-splitting of doctrine followed, which resulted not unnaturally in the acute and ardent mind of Joseph Smith being driven to the verge of scepticism, when suddenly he lighted on the text, 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God.' Smith, being grievously tossed in spirit, retired into the summer woods 'and asked of God.' A vision then appeared to him. '*I saw a pillar of light above the brightness of the sun, which descended upon me. I felt myself delivered from my enemy the devil.*' Two angelic

beings now appeared, who told him that all the sects were wrong, and had departed from the religion of Jesus, which was the only true one. This was the beginning of a series of spiritual communications which ended in Joseph Smith receiving a commission to restore the true religion with certain additions. And this 'Restoration' is now the faith of the Latter-Day Saints.

LXV

THE BOOK OF MORMON.—He was sent to visit the Hill of Amorah, some thirty miles from Rochester City. There he dug, and found a stone box. In the box were certain gold plates inscribed with Egyptian writings, also a curious jewelled belt or breastplate, apparently divination crystals or a Urim and Thummim. He visited the Hill of Amorah three years running, and on the fourth year he was allowed to remove the golden plates. His family, who were at first incredulous, now became his ardent disciples, so did his young wife, Emma Hale, whom he had recently married. Oliver Cowdrey, Maxim Harris, and David Whitmer were the three witnesses who declared they had *seen* these gold plates; but, I gather, very much as St. Paul *saw* Jesus—in a kind of vision.

It was further said that, after Joseph Smith, with the aid of the sacred crystals, had translated the Egyptian letters, a copy of the plate and translation was inspected by Professors Michell and Anthon, of Columbia College, New York, who declared the writing to be Egyptian and the translation fairly correct; but unfortunately the professors' certificate has not been forthcoming. When the plates, which

were in fact the 'Book of Mormon,' had been translated, the angel took them away, and so the evidence for their existence rests on Joseph and the vision of the three witnesses; the professors are rather out of it. The 'Book of Mormon' was given to the world in 1830.

This is the other account of the discovery of the 'Book of Mormon.' About 1816 died one Solomon Spaulding. This ingenious person seems to have written an imaginary account of how America was peopled in ancient times. He called it the '*MS. Found.*' After his death it was '*found,*' no doubt, on a dusty shelf by a printer named Patterson. It subsequently fell into one Sidney Rigdon's hands. Joseph Smith was a friend of Sidney Rigdon—and 'there you have it all!' So the 'MS. Found' is by the enemies of the Mormons declared to be identical with the 'Book of Mormon.'

There are, however, flaws in this explanation. Spaulding's MS. was not heard of until three years after the 'Book of Mormon' was issued. When compared with Joseph's 'Translation'—for the purpose of exposing Joseph—it was found '*totally unlike,*' and consequently suppressed, three witnesses declaring, but without any proof, that it was '*quite like.*'

In 1884 (and this is the only solid fact for which there seems any real evidence) the Spaulding MS. turned up again. President James H. Fairchild, of Oberlin College, Ohio, was looking over some of Mr. Rice's MSS. in search of anti-slavery documents, when he came on a package marked 'MS. Story,' which proved to be none other than Solomon Spaulding's 'MS. Found.' In 1840 Mr. Rice ex-

plained that he had purchased from the publisher of 'Mormonism Unveiled' the 'business and effects.' The MS., which had originally been bought from Spaulding's widow, had not been found of any use for the purpose of exposing Joseph Smith, and had been laid aside or 'suppressed.'

In 1886 the MS. was at last published, and is totally distinct from Joseph Smith's work; and so this explanation of the 'Book of Mormon' seems to vanish from the controversy after having been accepted for sixty years.

From the above statements it will appear that the Inspiration theory of the 'Book of Mormon' rests upon slender evidence enough, but that the fraud explanation rests on no evidence at all.

And now, what is the 'Book of Mormon,' or what does it profess to be?

The 'Book of Mormon' claims to be the record of two great races that lived on the American continent before the days of Columbus. The book, indeed, goes back to the Tower of Babel, but we need not start from the Old World before the time of Joseph, one of whose descendants—Lehi—under one Nephi, built a ship, crossed the 'great waters,' landed in America, and peopled it North and South. A whole section of the people—called the Lamanites, or Darkskins—proved rebellious, and rose up against the more pious and cultured descendants of Nephi. To these appeared last Jesus, shortly after His Resurrection, and gave them special religious instruction. About the same time a kind of Atlantean catastrophe overwhelmed the majority of the Lamanites, but the Transatlantic Church of Christ took root amongst the Nephites, who proceed to enjoy two hundred years of

peace and plenty. But the usual degeneration sets in. It is now the turn of the remnant Lamanites; they rise and overwhelm with slaughter the Nephites, but not before the Nephite General and Prophet Mormon has committed the records of his people to the care of Moroni, his son, together with the divination crystals—Urim and Thummim; these are buried in a stone box in the Hill of Amorah about A.D. 420, and these are found by Joseph Smith in 1823. This book contains the Gospel according to Joseph Smith; it does not supersede the Old or New Testament—it supplements both. It deals with Faith, Original Sin, the Work of Christ, the Gift of the Spirit, the Organisation of the Church, Marriage, the Dead, the Life Everlasting, and a variety of kindred topics. It is always dogmatic, and often dull; but the same has been said of the Bible by those who do not believe in it; and to the converts of Joseph Smith it proved an invaluable text-book, tens of thousands having been converted by it to the 'Faith' *so* recently delivered to the Latter-Day Saints.

LXVI

RISE OF THE CHURCH.—In 1830 the new church was started at Fayette, Seneca County, N.Y. Smith ordained Oliver Cowdery, and Oliver Cowdery ordained Smith. The numbers soon swelled to forty—apostles, evangelists, and missioners were appointed. Wholesale baptism by immersion now took place, and the spectacle of these strange people, male and female, plunging and dipping into the open streams from planks stretched across them seems to have excited the first popular

attacks. Smith and his followers soon had to leave Fayette—it was the beginning of a series of expulsions which ended only with the settlement in Utah, and of persecutions which have hardly yet ceased. Not long afterwards Joseph Smith was arrested for preaching the 'Book of Mormon,' but was released almost immediately.

The united church next removed to Ohio, and founded in Jackson County the city of New Zion. But the same hatred dogs the Mormon footsteps. Their numbers increase continually—in a short time in Missouri alone they swell to 1,200. Joseph now performs miracles—casts out devils, heals the sick, and even raises the dead. Many dubious and some startling tales were current about him. We know that Mahomet had to go to the mountain because the mountain would not come to Mahomet, so on one occasion it is said that Smith promised to walk on the water, and having assembled a crowd, took off his shoes and stockings and inquired if the people had faith to believe. They all loudly swore they believed, upon which Smith put on his shoes and stockings again, and said that was quite sufficient, for it was written that those were 'more blessed who had not seen and yet had believed.'

On another occasion he proposed to heal two sick women who died very shortly, but Smith said the miracle was just as good, for they had both departed in peace, which was 'far better.' These may or not be idle and malicious tales, but it is not unlikely that so shrewd a man was sometimes tempted to answer fools according to their folly, and we read of One whose miracles we do not question Who was also

habitually importuned for them and bitterly complained of for not performing them.

An amusing story is told of the prophet, who once received a visit from a man determined to get a miracle out of him. Smith absolutely refused; but being unable to get rid of the fellow, he turned sharply on him with, 'Will you be struck deaf or dumb or blind? Whichever you choose, you shall have it.'

It is recorded that the man at once beat a hasty retreat in the utmost terror.

LXVII

New Sion.—For a short time the New Sion seemed to be a success. The prophet reigned supreme, and converts flocked—even the missions sent out to the Indians (the Lamanites) were not without fruit. But the Protestant ministers of missions incited the people to rise against the Mormons. Life and property in New Sion ceased to be secure—even the protection of the law was withheld; and on October 31, 1833, the saints were attacked by a furious mob, houses were burned, women and children brutally maltreated, and several Mormons killed and wounded. Another furious and final attack was made in November—the police looking on and doing nothing.

'Armed bands of ruffians,' writes an eye-witness, 'ranged the country in every direction—bursting into houses and threatening the defenceless people with death if they did not flee. Out upon the bleak prairie, along the Missouri's banks, chilled by November's winds and drenched by pouring rains, hungry and shelterless, weeping and heart-broken,

wandered forth the exiles. Families scattered and divided, husbands seeking wives, wives husbands, parents seeking for their children, not knowing if they were yet alive.'

Many thousands were thus compelled to cross the Missouri River in open boats in the middle of a dark November night, robbed of everything but the clothes on their backs, and going they knew not whither. But Joseph Smith was not idle : he covered their retreat with an armed force, and even tried to retake the city. He was ubiquitous, exhorting, cheering people, praying with and comforting his followers. As the weeks rolled on they found themselves dispersed but still living, and persecution seemed only to swell their numbers and strengthen their faith. Never for a moment did Smith lose confidence in his mission. Through all difficulties with fixed purpose he marched on in the very teeth of misfortune, exhibiting, as even his enemies admit, unrivalled coolness, sagacity, and personal courage.

His powers of fascination must indeed have been remarkable. Whenever he fairly faced his accusers, and got any sort of hearing, from mob to magistrate, he scored—the people vacillating if not won, the guards conniving at his escape, the magistrates (conspicuously the Senators at Washington) refusing to convict or condemn, shuffling, excusing themselves, and, on the last fatal day, fairly running away, and leaving the prisoner, whom they were bound to protect, to his lawless murderers.

On one occasion, the authorities, wishing to put an end to the riots, sent a body of troops to take Smith. The officers found him at his mother's house

writing a letter. He said, when he had done writing he would attend to them, and proceeded quietly to finish his letter. His mother then addressed the officers: 'Gentlemen, let me make you acquainted with Joseph Smith the Prophet.' They stared at him as if he were a spectre; but Joseph, rising from his bureau, stepped forward, and shaking hands with them all in a kindly and fraternal manner, smilingly bade them be seated. He then sat down, and explained to them his views on religion, dwelling with great calmness but deep pathos on the sufferings which he and his people had undergone for the faith. The men forgot their unwelcome errand, and when Joseph turned to his mother and said, 'I believe I will go home now, Emma [his wife] will be expecting me,' two of the officers sprang to their feet, and declared they would accompany him to his door, and protect his person from injury; and so ended the arrest.

On another occasion, his rough body-guards, who were stationed in his cell, and did not leave him day or night, were so much moved by his sublime discourse and serenity that they fell at his feet, and with sobs implored him to pardon them for carrying out their instructions, seeing plainly that he was a 'holy man.'

Expelled from New Sion, the Prophet was now hunted from place to place, but he shared all perils and dangers in common with his followers, and though often arrested would frequently escape, and appear suddenly amongst them, and comfort them with some new revelation. His prophecies were considered remarkable, though perhaps hardly beyond

the speculations of a man of such keen insight. He foretold the expulsion from Nauvoo (their next city), his own assassination, the subsequent wanderings of his people, their settlement at the Salt Lake, the attempted disruption of the States, and the war of North against South. He never had the smallest doubt of the ultimate triumph of his cause; and his people, notwithstanding cases of apostasy and occasional internal dissension, clung to him with an astonishing ardour of devotion.

It was early apparent that such a life must close with martyrdom. But the end was not yet—one more brilliant act has to be played out before the curtain falls on the last tragedy at Carthage City.

LXVIII

NAUVOO.—Leaving the State of Missouri—having been expelled from no less than nine counties—the tireless Mormons formed a new city, or rather rechristened and recreated the old city of commerce on the banks of the Mississippi, 'the Father of Waters.' They call it Nauvoo—'the beautiful.' In 1841 Congress recognised Smith as head of the community, and granted Nauvoo a most liberal charter. Smith was also empowered to raise an armed force for the protection of his people. Nothing could exceed the industry and order which now reigned at Nauvoo. Every trade flourished, and the land round the city became as the Garden of Eden. The Prophet himself was continually seen conversing affably with the lowest of the people, and his word was law.

A magnificent temple was begun, the women

giving up even their trinkets and the men their free labour. But such sudden prosperity not only excited the bitter envy of neighbours, but also roused a spirit of greedy internal rivalry and opposition. A newspaper now appeared which every week printed libels on Joseph and showered abuse on the Saints.

The Prophet razed its offices to the ground.

This was his first false step. A howl went through America that the Mormons were afraid of publicity, that the plurality of wives which had now been avowed covered nameless horrors of tyranny and even murder; that the liberty of the press had been openly assailed by the destruction of the 'Evening and Morning Star' offices; and that the Prophet Joseph was a man of immoral character. Notwithstanding this Joseph Smith, backed by a numerically powerful Mormon constituency, became a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

This was his second false move, and from that moment much of his sagacity and even some of his nerve seemed to forsake him.

LXIX

CAUSES OF UNPOPULARITY.—Before I record the last shocking scene which so prematurely closed the stormy life of the Mormon Prophet, it may be well to ask and to answer the very natural question, why did the Mormons, if they were so industrious, sober, orderly, prosperous, and law-abiding, so invariably suffer from unpopularity and persecution? There were many reasons besides the provoking arrogance of fanaticism: the following four may here suffice:

(1) The Mormons were the earliest and most openly avowed Abolitionists, at a time when slavery throughout America was held almost as sacred as the Gospel. Joseph Smith even had a State scheme for buying up and liberating all the slaves under certain conditions and safeguards.

(2) The Mormons were advanced spiritualists, believing in manifestations and messages from the dead when 'all that sort of thing' was tabooed as 'humbug' or denounced as 'diabolical.' In both these matters the Mormons were about forty years or more before their age, and suffered accordingly. Ultimately the State adopted the Abolitionist view for which these unhappy people were persecuted, and the U.S.A. Government spent untold blood and treasure in carrying Abolition by force instead of adopting the pacific plans of Joseph Smith.

Ultimately, too, society at large has learned at least to tolerate spiritualism and occultism, and some of our foremost leading men of science and literature now attest the truth of mediumistic and suchlike phenomena, for which the Mormons were tarred and feathered in the forties.

(3) Plural marriage has always been abhorrent to Christian people, even among those who are prepared to protect and legalise sexual irregularity, and wink at other social evils of ever-increasing magnitude and irrepressibility.

(4) The numerical increase of the Mormons enabled them in many districts to give a casting vote, to appoint State magistrates and even deputies for Congress. Now, as the Mormons invariably refused to place corrupt men in office, and declined bribes, anyone who knows how politics are managed

in America and the sort of people who pull the wires and get many of the plums, can imagine the extent to which the Mormon interference with 'political business' aroused a powerful and organised political hatred against them wherever they went.

They may have been ridiculed for their superstitions, but they were chiefly persecuted for their virtues.

LXX

DEATH OF THE PROPHET.—Let us now hear the end of Joseph Smith.

Soon after the destruction of the libellous 'Star' offices, when the thoroughfares of the beautiful and stately Nauvoo were disfigured by ugly knots of malcontents, who thronged the squares and streets shouting, 'Death to the Prophet!' a nucleus had been at last formed, round which all the various elements of disaffection could readily and plausibly gather.

From the neighbouring town of Carthage an officer was despatched by Government to investigate the matter. Thomas Fox, the officer, decided against Smith, and advised him to surrender for trial. Knowing what this meant, Smith declared he would not go to Carthage to be assassinated by his enemies; but his vacillation, almost timidity, was now as remarkable as his matchless foresight and courage had previously been.

He had the clearest forebodings of his coming doom, which, however, he regarded with resignation, as he intimated that perhaps his work was done, and others would now be able to carry it on.

But he was sensibly drifting, and he knew it.

Like a man in a small open boat borne on by the irresistible current of the Niagara Rapids toward the Great Cataract, he hears the roar of plunging waters, but he cannot stay his own frail bark.

Agitated by such sinister presentiments, at two o'clock one morning Smith crossed the Mississippi, intending to retire towards the Rocky Mountains, but he had not gone far when a message overtook him from his wife Emma, entreating him to give himself up to the Government, as on the whole the safest course.

Firm no longer, he yielded, and recrossed the Mississippi, and on the same day, in company with fifteen others charged with violating the Constitution, he was conveyed into Carthage, under the strictest promises of personal protection.

They entered the city at midnight, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the streets were full of excited people. An uproar seemed imminent. Joseph passed through the crowd, amidst the lurid glare of torches, and the shouting of a wild mob, who threatened every instant to spring upon him, and tear him from the guards.

The next day the Prophet was brought up before the Court, charged with high treason; what the sentence might have been no one will ever know, for it never was pronounced. The Governor, apparently in perplexity, or seized with a panic, had suddenly *left the city*, and taken with him the only force available for the protection of the doomed prisoner.

Joseph and his companions were confined in a large upper room.

The day—one of those sultry days in June—wore heavily on.

About four o'clock they dined. It was a sad meal —it was the last meal Joseph the Prophet and his friends ever ate together.

Soon after, the Apostle John Taylor, happening to glance out of the window, saw several ill-looking fellows with blackened faces slink round the corner of the gaol and disappear; they were armed with muskets and crowbars. Were they making for the entrance? Would they attempt to force the gaol door? Could anyone prevent them?

The prisoners waited in the profound silence of agonising suspense. Every noise, every footstep, was listened for with intense anxiety. The tension was growing unbearable. Five o'clock struck slowly. It was the death-knell of the Mormons; for at that moment there reached them from below a clamour of many voices—the report of firearms—a wild shout—a mighty crash—the gaol door had been burst open, and along the passage that led to the prisoners' room came the rush and tramp of armed men.

William Richards, one of the Mormons, now rushed to the door to oppose their entry; a bullet was sent through the panel, which hit Hyram Smith, the Prophet's brother, in the face. He cried out, 'I am a dead man!' and fell backwards. Joseph looked towards him, and responded, 'O dear brother Hyram!' He then went to the door, and holding it half open, fired his revolver into the passage; a dozen muskets and pikes were immediately thrust into the room, but Smith shot two men; then the pistol hung fire. The Mormon still held the door, but the pressure was becoming irresistible. A volley of balls came rattling in; the Mormon struggled and fell; the door, torn from its hinges, came down with a crash.

The Prophet then rushed to the window and attempted to leap out. At that moment he was pierced by two balls, and fell into the prison yard below, crying as he fell, 'O Lord, my God!'

The mob rushed into the yard. 'I reached my head out of the window,' writes an eye-witness, 'regardless of my own life, determined to see the end of him whom I loved.'

The dying Prophet was now propped up against the wall, and mutilated by his fall and his wounds, received four more shots, which put an end to him.

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At five o'clock in the afternoon next day the bodies of Joseph and Hyram Smith were borne into the city of Nauvoo—the 'beautiful' Nauvoo which they had founded. The whole population streamed out to meet them. None knew till then how deeply the Prophet was loved and reverenced by his people; even his enemies seemed at last silenced and overawed. As the densely thronged funeral procession passed along, strong men were seen to weep, and the air was filled with the sobbing and crying of women and children.

LXXI

ESTIMATE OF JOSEPH SMITH.—The elements of truth in the Mormon religion which explain its success, as also the qualities of the Mormons which account for their prosperity, are not far to seek nor hard to find; but I must defer for the moment any remarks upon that aspect of the subject.

It is, however, impossible here not to ask and attempt to answer one pressing question:

Was Joseph Smith himself an impostor?

His career appears, it must be confessed, remarkably free from those stains of impurity which so often mark the lives of unprincipled adventurers. His administration at Nauvoo was brilliant, successful and uncorrupt. The people beneath his rule were quiet, honest and industrious. The general tone of morality in the city (matrimonial premises being granted) was sound if not elevated. These are stubborn facts, and if a religion is to be known by its fruits it would be difficult to ascribe the faith and works of the Mormons to a totally impure source or a grossly immoral prophet.

Did Smith lie when he reported his vision—lie when he declared himself in possession of the golden plates? Did he, or the three witnesses, ever see angels or the plates in anything but a vision? When Smith dictated the translation by the aid of Urim and Thummim behind a curtain, was he entranced? Did he practise automatic writing, or believe himself moved to prophesy, or was he a conscious fraud all the time?

These are questions which it may be easier to answer favourably to Smith now than it would have been sixty years ago. Of late days, mainly through the energy of Mr. Stead, the Psychical Society, Dr. Charcot, and a crowd of hypnotists as they are now called, we have become somewhat wearisomely familiar with the phenomena of trances, visions, apparitions, and materialisations, clairaudience, clairvoyance, suggestion, automatic writing, faith healing, and Christian science. With the aid of these abnormal addenda of occult science—now vouched for by Mr. Crookes, by Mr. Wallace, our oldest, and Mr. Oliver Lodge, our youngest scientist of first-class repute—it would, I

think, not be difficult to make out a fair case for the integrity of Joseph Smith. Such an explanation would not probably satisfy the Saints, but it has at least the merit of clearing their Prophet's character in the eyes of the outside world.

It is now, I suppose, evident that some people have remarkable visions, which, however subjective they may be in reality, appear to them at the time objective, as indeed do all dreams while they last.

It is also certain that by suggestion others can be got to see and feel what those in hypnotic *rapport* with them see and feel, and no one can read the life of Joseph Smith without strongly suspecting that those who were much with him began to see and feel very much what he said or thought he saw and felt. The extraordinary and often half-paralysing fascination he exercised over everyone with whom he had the opportunity of conversing may probably be referred, in a measure, to the same cause; indeed, at times and with some people, we are all of us more or less mesmeric and hypnotised.

I myself am disposed to believe that Smith, finding himself subject to abnormal influences and in possession of extraordinary powers which he did not understand and could not always control, sometimes attempted miracles that failed, whilst at other times he succeeded. The effects produced upon him by his visions, and the real powers he exercised, fairly convinced him that he was an anointed prophet, and in possession of Divine gifts, and being convinced himself, he not unnaturally convinced others. The phenomenon is by no means rare; it is, indeed, of everyday occurrence. The phenomenal foundations of Mormonism, in fact, differ if

at all, only in eccentricity and device from the psychic phenomena which accompany all religious revivals from the days of the Apostles to the Anabaptists of Munster and the Irvingite tongues.

I shall pass over the sad monotony of those severe persecutions which immediately followed the death of the Prophet, and landed finally in the expulsion of the Latter-Day Saints from Nauvoo.

I shall now have to accompany the fugitive Mormons in their wanderings over not less than 2,000 miles of wild and desolate country until they reach the promised land; and I shall close with an eye-witness's glimpse of Salt Lake City as it appeared to me under the auspices of the Prophet Woodruff, who sits in the seat of Brigham Young, the President, the Bishops, and the twelve Apostles, who, in October 1893, were good enough to show me their beautiful city and to converse with me very freely upon their past history and future prospects, and who, I am bound to say, however mistaken we may believe them to be, did not at all resemble those monsters of iniquity which some people who have never been near them suppose them to be.

LXXII

THE EXODUS.—The murderers of Joseph and Hyram Smith were easily arrested; they were tried—and acquitted. It was ruled that anyone who despatched such vermin as the Prophet and his friends deserved well of the Territory. This may have been fine patriotism—it was hardly sound law; but it had now become evident that the law was not for the Mormons.

The arrest of Brigham Young, who had been chosen as Joseph's successor, was next considered needful to 'stamp out the Mormons;' but one Mr. Miller put on the Prophet's coat and hat, and, being rather like him, marched out quietly and gave himself up to the officers of justice; nor did they discover their mistake until they got their prisoner into Carthage gaol, when they had to discharge him. Meanwhile Brigham had judiciously gone into hiding.

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The snow lay deep on the banks of the Mississippi; the river was frozen hard. In the distance, far above the houses, rose the tall spire of the new temple glittering in the pale sunlight. The scanty trees in the valley were covered with snow. The fields and prairie land, so lately bright with gold and crimson flowers, lay bare and silent, and beyond, far as the eye could reach, ranged the snowy summits of the Illinois hills. It was at such a season of the year, in the month of January, that the Mormons, pursued and persecuted by their relentless foes, were forced to leave the city they had reared with so much labour and industry, and, gathering together as much of their property as they could carry, crossed the Mississippi on the ice. These were pioneers who went to prepare a way for those who should follow them in the spring. Under the most favourable circumstances an expedition of this kind is accompanied with great danger and hardship.

The distance they had to travel was immense, the country in many places was infested with hostile Indians, they were badly supplied with provisions, and the cold was intense.

The north-east winds, which come down in snowy

gusts from the Iowa peninsula, swept the bleak prairies over which they had to travel. The annual autumn fires, which rage with tremendous fury over the grassy flats, had left little wood fit for camp fires, and after a hard day's march the night was often passed by the pilgrims in restless efforts to keep themselves from freezing to death ! Their food, too, soon proved miserably inadequate, and as their systems became impoverished, their sufferings from the cold increased. Many fell a prey to catarrhal affections and acute rheumatism, and almost all got dreadfully frost-bitten. At times it took them the whole day to limp a few slow miles through the deep snows, but still they struggled bravely on.

Spring came at last. It overtook them still on the naked prairie, not yet halfway across the tract of land which lies between the Missouri and the Mississippi rivers, and there they seemed likely to stop ; for the sleet and rain, which appeared to the poor Mormons to fall incessantly, had turned the impassable snowdrift into still more impassable mud ; the streams, which they had crossed easily on the ice, thawed and overflowed their banks, and as there was often no wood fit for bridges, they had to halt sometimes for three or four weeks until the waters subsided. These were dreary waitings upon Providence ! The most spirited now began to lose courage. The women, whose heroic fortitude had been proof against every other misfortune, now began to complain that the health of their children was giving way. The March and April winds brought with them mortal disease, and the frequent burials on the road made the hardiest sicken. It is a strange tribute to the general

hopefulness of human nature that no one had thought of providing undertakers' articles. The corpse was usually folded up in the bark of trees and thus plunged hurriedly into one of the undistinguishable waves of the great land sea. Such graves mark all the line of the first year of the Mormon march. But in the midst of their troubles they did not forget their brethren, and it is a most affecting proof of the forethought and self-sacrifice of these poor people that out of their scanty stores of grain they managed to sow large tracts of arable land on the way, and there left a future harvest for those to reap who would follow them in the autumn. Before the end of spring several caravans had set out from Nauvoo, but a remnant was still left, and, strange to say, these people employed their last days in finishing their beautiful temple. Meanwhile, their enemies pressed on them ruthlessly; but they succeeded in parrying the last sword thrust until they had completed even the gilding of the angel on the summit of the lofty spire. At high noon, under the bright May sunshine, they consecrated their temple to Divine service. Nothing could exceed the pomp and magnificence of the opening ceremony. It was said that the high elders of the sect travelled secretly from the camp of Israel into the wilderness, and throwing off their disguise, appeared in their own stately robes of office to give the ceremony splendour.

But the last days of Nauvoo had now arrived. The remaining Mormons had obtained a truce in order to sell their lands and possessions; but long before the appointed time their enemies lost all patience, and in September 1844 troops entered the

city and drove out the remaining inhabitants. None were spared : weakly mothers and their infants, delicate young girls, old and infirm men, bereaved and sick people—they drove them from their lands and houses, they drove them from their homesteads and their workshops. The carpenter left his bench and shavings, the spinner left his wheel, the tanner left the fresh bark in his vat, the blacksmith his coal heaps and mass of unwrought iron. They left the ashes white upon the hearths, they left the unfinished meal. Outside, the dahlias and the poppies, the crimson hollyhocks and the golden sunflowers, stood blooming in the Mormon gardens. Fields upon fields of heavy-headed yellow corn lay rotting, ungathered, far as the eye could reach, stretching away in the hazy autumn light like a rippling sea of gold.

Night came on, and the homeless wanderers encamped on the dreary flats of the river. There, among the dock and rushes, sheltered only by the darkness, crowds of human beings lay down for the night. Dreadful indeed were the sufferings of these forsaken people, bowed and cramped with cold and sunburn, as the hot days succeeded the cold of bitter nights. They could not satisfy the feeble cravings of their sick ; they had not bread to quiet the fractious hunger cries of their children. Mothers and babes, daughters and granddaughters, were bivouacked in tatters, without even the covering to comfort those whom the sick shiver of fever was searching to the very marrow. But still they struggled on Many caravans had passed before them, and soon they began to reap the produce of rich fields, and to avail themselves of the landmarks traced out by their forerunners. Thus they were not without their consola-

tions; but as the autumn advanced, and the rainy season set in, disease increased, and at last, to crown all, a sort of plague broke out. The distress of the Saints now exceeded all their previous sufferings. In some caravans the fever prevailed to such an extent that hardly any escaped. They let their cows go unmilked; they wanted voices to raise the psalm on Sundays The few who were able to keep on their feet went about amongst the tents and waggons with food and water like nurses through the wards of an infirmary. Here, at one time, the digging got behindhand, burials were slow, and you might see women sit in the open tents keeping the flies off their dead children who waited in vain for burial.

Thus passed the autumn and the following winter, and when the spring came round things began to mend. First, there were stations all along the route, travelling became comparatively safe and easy, and then there were great station camps established for the relief of those smaller bands of fugitives who were constantly arriving in a state of complete exhaustion. Nothing could exceed the eager hope with which these small bands of fugitives would push on for the great Papillon camp.

The following incident, which occurred there, is a touching illustration of Mormon hopefulness and energy. Poor Meriman was a joyous-hearted and clever fellow whose songs and fiddle tunes had been the life of Nauvoo in its merry days. When he set out he was recovering from an illness, and the fatigue of marching with a child on his back brought on a speedy relapse; but this made him only the more anxious to reach the camp. For more than a week of

the dog-star weather he laboured on under a high fever, walking every day till he was quite exhausted. His limbs failed him at last, but his courage holding out, he got into his covered cart and bade them drive him on. 'I'm nothing on earth ailing,' he said, 'I'm only home-sick; I'm cured the moment I get to the camp and see the brethren.' Thus he kept up the spirits of those about him, and they held on their way until he was within a few hours' journey of the camp. He entered on his last day's march with the energy of increased hope. The poor fellow was nearly used up, but declared he was getting better. About noon, however, he grew restless to know accurately the distance travelled; then he asked more frequently for water, he was consumed by a burning thirst. A film soon gathered over his eyes; after this he lay very quiet, as if husbanding all his strength for a final effort. He was now quite blind, and admitted that this was rather discouraging, but said he should still hear the brethren's voices. His sufferings increased, but when asked by the woman who was driving the cart whether they should stop, he gasped out, 'No, no; go on, go on.' The anecdote ends badly. They brought him in dead about five o'clock in the afternoon. He had on his clean clothes. He had dressed himself carefully in the morning, for he 'was going to the camp to see the brethren.'

LXXIII

ARRIVAL AT SALT LAKE.—On July 23, 1847, the first body of emigrants, under the guidance of Orson Pratt, Saint and Apostle, reached the land of promise. The pilgrims stood at length by the shore

of that mighty inland sea called Great Salt Lake, and gazed out upon its waste of silent waters; tideless and calm it lay before them in blinding sheets of light. The shores of the lake were thickly strewn with a white salt crust, which lay broken into crystals and glittering around them like thousands of scattered gems. Through the translucent air the Rocky Mountains, in reality fifteen or twenty miles distant, seemed only half an hour's walk from the margin of the lake. The varied outline of cape and promontory floated away on either side into far perspective, whilst the nearer summits, flooded with sunshine, lay like shining jasper in the central blue.

As the devout Jew bows himself to the ground when first he comes in sight of the Holy City, as the Eastern pilgrim prostrates himself three times when first he perceives the glittering walls and towers of Mecca, so did these pilgrims of the Far West bend their knees in joy and thankfulness to the Father of lights when first they came upon the shining levels of the Great Salt Lake.

It is characteristic of the practical character of the Mormon administration, that within two days of reaching the Salt Lake plain four acres of potatoes had been planted. In a few weeks the rough camping-out tents had been superseded by about eight hundred log huts, and in a month or two more the Salt Lake City was already mapped out—Tabernacle, Temple and all—a system of irrigation resolved upon, whilst round the settlement rose a thick wall of adobe or sun-dried mud to keep out the prowling Indians. These wild men were the new settlers' only neighbours, and rather troublesome ones they sometimes proved; but the wisdom of Brigham soon dealt with

them, and his famous dictum, 'It is cheaper to feed than to fight the Indians,' struck the keynote of his method ; still Brigham knew how to be firm, and the Red Man had occasionally to be shot down along with the mountain lion; but, as a rule, there was peace between the fugitives and the savages, and a Mormon could go up and down Utah in safety because he was recognised as the Indian's friend. Still there were sometimes *bad Indians*—i.e. individual prowlers, who were known to be grasping and even violent. One of these came round to a log hut, and found a Mormon's wife alone in the house. He instantly demanded food ; the lady, with great composure, replied very civilly that she would be glad to feed him, but she only had half a dozen dog biscuits in the house: she would, however, give him two. He ate them, and, like Oliver Twist, 'asked for more.' With some reluctance she gave him another, which the savage devoured, and then got violent and threatened to scalp her. Trembling inwardly, but never losing her presence of mind, the Mormon heroine at last bade her terrible guest wait a minute, and she would look for more food. In the back room lay an enormous mastiff; she opened the door, and, at a sign from his mistress, in a moment the faithful animal bounded out and buried his fangs in the Indian's thigh, who fell to the ground with a howl, much hurt and still more terrified. The mastiff held him like a vice. The Mormon lady stood for a moment proudly over her prostrate foe, and at his piteous entreaty at last called off the dog. The blood was streaming from the Indian's thigh, and the 'Indian's friend' now fetched a basin of water, and staunched the wound ; then, after strapping up the

leg, she sent the 'bad Indian' away limping, with a parting injunction not to molest Mormon women again in their homes. Thus the wild tribes soon learned to fear as well as respect the whites at the Salt Lake.

By 1848, 5,000 acres of land had been laid under cultivation, but in the fall of the year appeared swarms of black locusts. Against this new horror the people at first seemed powerless. They formed themselves into bands and tried to stamp out the plague with fire, sticks, and trenches; the insects lay dead in huge piles, but still more came on, till, as the Mormons believe, in answer to their prayer appeared a white gull. Then gulls by fifties, hundreds, thousands. They came in flocks over the Salt Lake, settled down in the fields, gorged and vomited, and gorged again, until there was not a live locust left. No wonder the gull at Salt Lake is a sacred bird, and to this day no one is allowed to shoot it.

When Brigham Young raised himself feebly, still suffering from malarious fever, in Apostle Woodruff's carriage, to take his first glance at the site of Salt Lake City, he beheld through the opening rifts in the mountains a vast alkali plain, stunted brush growths, here and there a tree on the hill-sides, indications of fresh water, and beyond all the wide expanse of the great lake, with an horizon like that of the sea. 'This is the place,' he murmured, and sinking back in the carriage he seemed lost in a dream. 'Many things,' adds his devoted friend Woodruff, now himself head of the Mormons, 'were revealed to Brother Brigham at that time in a vision concerning the future of his people.' 'This is the place;' but it must be confessed

that, on nearer inspection, blank disappointment seized on many of his followers. 'O what a barren land is this, and void of all content,' they might well sing. The ladies wept, and some of the elders advocated pushing on into more fertile territory, or even settling down in California. But with a really prophetic sagacity Brigham stood firm. His people could alone be trained by continuing to fight difficulties.

To train up a righteous nation—to spread the new gospel—to develop character—to people the waste places of the earth and break up the fallow land—this was the mission of the Mormons, not to amass wealth or live at ease, or aim at luxury or the achievement of any earthly glory or renown. Brigham, especially as time went on, was not insensible to the material prosperity of his people or his own; he has even been accused of greed and love of money. There can be no doubt that he was a very rich man, though not so rich as some thought; the distinction also between what belonged to the prophet and what belonged to the Church was not carefully defined. He had a convenient item called '*for services rendered to the Church*,' which enabled him to balance accounts with—so it was said—undue facility.

He solemnly warned his people against the craze for Californian gold, although his people were the first to discover it; he often used his influence to prevent migration from the city and its territory, yet the Mormons were the first to start the Pacific Union Railroad, and they say Brigham got fat on the contract. The mines of Utah—only half explored—were not the first source of wealth attended to, but

they were not neglected. If to get rich was not the first thing put before the needy, to be thrifty was, and a great co-operative store enabled the Saints to buy in a cheap market, whilst their own mother-wit taught them how to sell in a dear one.

In 1850 the settlement of Utah territory was a fact no longer to be ignored by the United States Government. Brigham Young and the leading inhabitants of Salt Lake City now applied, in 1849, for a territorial government 'of the most liberal construction to be authorised by our most excellent Federal Constitution with the least possible delay.'

In 1851 news at last reached Brigham that he was himself appointed Governor, and he took the oath of office February 3, 1851. From this time up to 1857 the development of Utah territory went on rapidly and, with the exception of some occasional difficulties with the Indians, peacefully. About 10,000 emigrants had arrived from England—'the flower, as it seemed to me,' says Dickens, 'of the English artisan class'—not 'the dregs of the people,' as is generally supposed. From Salt Lake City radiated continually streams of colonists, carrying with them all the trades and equipments of civilised life. Sanpete, Tooele, Sevier, and Iron counties were explored, until the Mormon offshoots occupied the country extending over 1,000 miles from Mexico to Canada, and their numerous trim towns and villages are now to be found in the valleys of the mountains in nearly every State and Territory of the mighty West.

LXXIV

THE GREAT REBELLION (?).—A good deal has been said about Mormon rebellion and sedition; but from the first, in the teeth of the greatest injustice and persecution, the Mormons have shown themselves loyal to the United States Constitution, and Brigham was always careful to draw a distinction between the U.S.A. Government and the unscrupulous men who occasionally maladministered it.

The judges and other law officers that arrived from Washington were treated scrupulously according to their merits. Judge Brocchus and Secretary Harris neither gave nor received satisfaction, and they had to go, and, of course, every unpopular official on his return to Washington libelled the Mormons. But Judges Reed, Shower, and Kinney were very popular, and the Mormons have never lacked warm friends amongst the best type of American official and Government employee. But the tug of war was not far off.

There are few episodes in Mormon history more characteristic of the earlier relations of the States Government to Mormondom than what is already known in history as 'President Buchanan's blunder'—the march of an army across a continent to put down a rebellion which never existed!

Two judges—Stiles and Drummond—had made themselves very unpopular by certain arbitrary proceedings, setting aside the authority of the Probate Courts. Stiles threw up office and hurried back to Washington to report that the Mormons had burnt the State records—an absolute lie. Drummond

remained, and might have pulled through had he not insisted on seating beside him in court a lady, who was certainly no better than she should be, and whom he called Mrs. Drummond; but that too was an absolute lie, and it was discovered that he had left the real Mrs. Drummond and her family behind in the Eastern States. Judge Drummond soon found the Salt Lake City very unpleasant as a place of residence for an immoral man, and so he joined Judge Stiles at Washington, declaring the Mormons to be in a state of open rebellion against the U.S.A. Government, as was evident from the expulsion of two judges!

It is almost inconceivable that President Buchanan should have acted simply on the representation of these prejudiced and by no means immaculate officials, but in reality there was wheel within wheel. The secret history I only learned from the lips of the Prophet Woodruff at Salt Lake. It was convenient at this moment for the wire-pullers in Buchanan's cabinet to send off an army to attack the Mormons *on any pretext.* A powerful section of Buchanan's cabinet favoured secession, and to weaken the home forces at that moment would of course encourage the Southern rebellion whilst having all the appearance of echoing the popular cry, 'Down with slavery and *polygamy.*' An attack on polygamy was thus the very thing to blind the public to the Secessionist policy of the Buchanan cabinet, and Buchanan, who *was never really a Secessionist,* fell into the trap.

A sumptuously equipped army was accordingly despatched, under command of General Johnstone and Mr. Cumings was sent out to supersede

Governor Brigham Young, whose term of office was nearly up.

In June of 1857 rumours of strange teams—of armed scouts—always occupied with 'the Indians' of course, reached Salt Lake.

The U.S.A. invasion of Utah was conducted with the utmost secrecy. But Brigham, who had good information, with characteristic caution immediately put the city in a state of defence and reconstituted the Nauvoo legion.

Next it turned out that the mails to Salt Lake were stopped.

On July 23, 1857, three breathless horsemen rode into the city—Major Swift, Judson Stoddard, and Foster Rochwell. They had come 500 miles in five days and three hours. Most of the people were out holiday-making in the hills. On hearing the startling news that a U.S.A. army was advancing upon Utah, Brigham instantly called a council of war. It was a great moment, and the Mormon leader rose at once to the occasion. 'Liars,' he said to the council, 'have reported that this people have committed treason. The President has ordered out troops against us. I feel that I can't bear such treatment; and as for any nation coming to destroy this people, God Almighty being my helper, it shall not be.'

Meanwhile, in the hostile camp, 'On to Utah! War and extermination!' was the popular cry.

An advanced courier next arrived with information that Brigham Young was officially superseded as Governor by Mr. Cumings. For that, Brigham said, he cared not a jot, and he would lay down his governorship willingly under lawful authority at the

expiration of his term of office, but he was still Governor, and the troops should not come within thirty miles of the city. There was no rebellion—no troops were wanted. He remembered New Sion and Nauvoo; he would not allow the soldiers to be turned loose on his helpless community. He had therefore armed, and he would resist aggression, hoping the Government would see its error. If that failed, he would lay waste the land, fire the city, and, retreating *en masse* into the mountains, leave a second Moscow blazing before the eyes of a victorious but starving and vanquished foe. 'We have borne enough,' he cried, 'and we will bear no more. Come on, with your thousands of illegally ordered troops, and I promise you, in the name of Israel's God, that they shall melt away as snow before a July sun.' Could the prophet at that moment have seen in a vision the final discomfiture of that proud army, he could not have uttered words more triumphant and more true.

Captain Van Vliet, who arrived to parley and smooth matters if possible, was taken so much aback at the Mormon attitude and the real state of affairs, that he sat down and wrote out a report, stating that there was no rebellion, that it was all a mistake, and soon hurried off to Washington to present his memorial in person and explain the truth. The cabinet were so ashamed when the real facts at last dawned upon them, viz. that no State records had been burned, and that the people had never rebelled, and were quite willing to accept Governor Cumings or anyone else who would behave decently, that Van Vliet's report, as also Governor Cumings' de-

spatches, *were never published*, and the contents of these documents only leaked out by degrees long afterwards. I had this from the lips of Woodruff and the elders in 1893. Meanwhile the army—now commanded by General Johnstone (*N.B.*: nominee of the *Secessionist* members of Buchanan's cabinet, who afterwards died fighting for *Jeff Davis in the Southern ranks*)—the army, as usual, wanted to do something. They bullied and swore, but Brigham kept them in the mountains all through the winter, cut off their supplies, and only allowed them to buy food and provender so long as they abandoned all thought of advance; and—last triumph—installed Governor Cumings peacefully as his successor, giving him every facility to enter upon his high office. In fact Brigham sowed such dissension between Governor Cumings and the commanding general, who was supposed to be supporting his claim by force of arms, that Cumings could hardly be prevented from fighting a duel with the general!

After this, Brigham's statesmanship will scarcely be called in question. He had reduced the army to impotency and its leaders to mere puppets. Without his leave neither could the army advance nor the Governor take his seat. Brigham's letters and State papers to General Johnstone, Governor Cumings, and Buchanan's cabinet are extremely racy and splendidly brave and resolute; but he did not measure his language nor attempt to hide his indignation, and throughout his aim was undoubtedly to avoid the shedding of innocent blood. His proclamation to the people gives us a taste of his quality. 'We are condemned unheard' (the Govern-

ment had refused a commission of inquiry, finding itself in the wrong), 'we are forced to an issue with an armed mercenary mob sent against us at the instigation of anonymous letter writers, ashamed to father the base slanderous falsehoods which they have given to the public—of corrupt officials (Judges Drummond and Stiles), who have brought false accusations against us to screen themselves, and of hireling priests and howling editors who prostitute the truth for filthy lucre's sake.' He then declared the city and territory under martial law.

Whilst Brigham, hand-in-glove with Governor Cumings, was making a brave stand for his people and keeping the United States army at bay, he lost no time in sending off to President Buchanan, Colonel Kane, a gentleman who, though favourable to the Mormons, he knew also to be a *persona grata* at Washington. The Colonel was to interview the President, answer all questions, and explain the nature of the mistake which led to the despatch of the army.

On February 28, 1858, the Colonel returned to Salt Lake with a Government 'full and free pardon' for all past seditions, &c. Brigham wrote back: 'I thank President Buchanan for forgiving me, but I really cannot tell what I have done. I know one thing, and that is that the people called Mormons are a loyal and law-abiding people, and ever have been.' A slight allusion to burning the army supplies, with a dignified apology, and the rebellion (!) was at an end.

Then came the spoiling of the Egyptians. The war of North against South broke out. Orders arrived to disband for reconstitution and sell up the army stores. The Mormons went over and bought every-

thing they wanted at what the French term *prix embêtants*, or what the Yankees call 'slaughter prices;' and Mr. Q. Cannon assured me that the great burst of Mormon prosperity, comfort, and luxury dates from the selling up of the United States army sent to put down the Mormon rebellion. Truly a case of *sic vos non vobis!*

LXXV

U.S.A. PRESIDENTS AND THE MORMONS.—It may be interesting to notice here the attitude of successive U.S.A. Presidents towards the Mormons. Buchanan, as we see, made the *amende honorable* when he had to face the facts. The following anecdotes, told me by Prophet Woodruff, the present Prophet, are very characteristic of President Lincoln: 'What,' asked a senator, 'do you intend to do with this Mormon plague spot?' 'Wal,' said Lincoln, slowly, 'there's a log in my field so thick my teams won't move it, and so damp it won't burn; so I said I reckon I'll just "plough round it." And I guess it will do just to plough round these Mormons.' But when Lincoln wanted a brave and reliable frontier guard to protect his postal service during the great war of North against South, he sent to the Mormons, for, he said, 'I reckon they'll just do; I can trust 'em.'

President Grant was no friend of the Saints, but in 1875 he resolved to visit Salt Lake City and see for himself.

The announcement created unbounded enthusiasm. The whole city turned out in holiday costume. The stars and stripes were seen flying from every flagstaff

and pinnacle. A special car was despatched with a Mormon bodyguard to meet the President, Mrs. Grant, and suite.

Dense throngs, as for a coronation, lined all the road from the station to the court-house, but the President was first met by thousands of white-robed children. As he looked at the happy, healthy faces and then at the masses of well-dressed loyal citizens of both sexes, 'Whose are these children?' asked the President. 'These are the children of the Mormons,' was the reply. The President leant back in his carriage silent for a moment—he was at all times a man of few words—then he said, 'I have been deceived about the Mormons.'

In the vast tabernacle he heard the great organ and the choir of five hundred young Mormon men and women. Mrs. Grant was moved to tears, and turning to her husband, said, 'Oh, I should like to do something for these good Mormon people.' The President was surprised to find a flourishing university and so many schools and such splendid buildings. He was introduced to the Mormon families, and President Q. Cannon acted as an excellent cicerone and drove him over the city and its environs. Brigham Young and the President parted with expressions of mutual goodwill.

LXXVI

THE POLYGAMY FIGHT.—The halcyon calm was not to last. The law against polygamy of 1862 had been almost a dead letter; it was revived and enforced by the legislation of 1881, and a still more stringent injunction of 1887. It was clear the

Government were at this time in earnest, and President Harrison was not slow to gain what popularity he could by identifying his lease of power with the abolition of the universally hated practice.

Thousands of Mormon girls born and bred in the system, who thought they had been leading lives as blameless as those of Sarah and Rebecca held up in the Church Service for our general imitation, were now declared fit to rank only with the lowest of the low. For fifty years the practice had almost been countenanced by the United States of America. There was consternation and weeping in Salt Lake City; the women do not appear to have considered the Act of 1887 against polygamy one of emancipation at all; they were furious at not being allowed to retain or 'to choose their own husbands,' and 3,000 of them—the pick of the Utah ladies—met in the large tabernacle to protest.

In vain! Fathers were arrested, fined, or imprisoned for a term of years. Gentile informers and spies, the drunken dregs of the Christian populace, dogged the footsteps of the Saints. The rage of persecution set in.

Bishop Colenso's suggestion on behalf of the Zulu plural marriages—that existing ties should be recognised, and no new marriages admitted—was at one time considered, and the Government seemed half inclined to back it, but the fury of Christian virtue was aroused, and nothing but a 'root and branch policy' found favour with Congress. Outward prosperity was now succeeded by mourning, lamentation, and woe; many fields and gardens were left uncultivated; trade languished; many Saints and their

families fled; women and children wandered homeless and unprotected; the bread-winner was in hiding or in prison; fines ruined others. Not only polygamy, but the community itself seemed at the point of dispersion or extinction, when one of those timely revelations came to the Prophet Woodruff, which once more saved the situation.

It seemed now the will of the Lord that, polygamy having been at last declared illegal by the highest U.S.A. tribunal, it should be frankly and fully abandoned.

LXXVII

BRIGHAM'S LAST DAYS.—But I have slightly anticipated the march of events, and it remains for me to trace in a few words the closing days of Brigham Young.

He lived long enough to hand over the civil government of Utah to the United States of America; to meet the President of the United States on friendly terms in the City of the Saints; to go to prison *pendente lite* for the doctrine of polygamy; to see the free admission of the Gentile (*alias* outside Christian) world into the City of the Saints, and with it those apparently inseparable adjuncts of Christian civilisation, the gambling hell, the gin palace, and the house of ill fame, none of which institutions were tolerated, or even called for, under the despotic and licentious rule of Brigham Young.

Brigham lived also to show an enlightened interest in the organisation of charity and the higher education of women.

The Salt Lake Charity Organisation Society was

placed entirely under the management of a committee of ladies; a Retrenchment Association to teach women how to economise time, labour, and money, and thus be more free to educate their minds; a young ladies' Mutual Improvement Society, including lectures and essays on science, literature, and the arts, was also a favourite interest of the Prophet's declining years.

Brigham Young's last public appearance was well in tune with the best side of his nature. He preached very earnestly shortly before his death to the assembled Saints on the duty of taking the Sacrament, and of bringing up children in the fear of the Lord and in habits of strict purity, industry, and honesty.

Soon afterwards he took to his bed (August 29, 1877). His last words were, 'Joseph! Joseph! Joseph!' This is, perhaps, the greatest tribute that ever has, or ever will be, paid to the memory of Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism.

It is not for me to estimate in a sentence the character of so strange a man as Brigham Young. His achievement remains and challenges the criticism of the whole world. Of him it may be said that, with faults of temper, an iron will, a fanatical faith, and a hand not always scrupulous in selecting means to ends, he was nevertheless the founder of Utah, a great coloniser, a great statesman, a great ruler of men, and in every sense of the word and altogether and very much the father of his people.

LXXVIII

SALT LAKE CITY.—I visited the Salt Lake City in 1893. Being very kindly entertained, I naturally received a roseate impression; this is what I have tried to convey to my readers.

Before the Mormon President Cannon left Francisco, I had addressed to him a letter, expressing, in answer to some kind words of his, a hope that I should be able to visit Salt Lake City, and offering to deliver a lecture to the Mormons. I soon afterwards received the following letter from him:

'Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.:
'Oct. 2, 1893.

'REVEREND SIR,—Your kind note, expressive of your feelings concerning the giving of your lecture "Music and Noise" at Salt Lake City during your proposed visit, came to hand on Saturday too late for me to call upon you and learn from you further particulars. I fully expected to do so to-day; but I find it impossible to do so. It was not entirely clear whether there would be a charge for admission to the lecture, or whether you intended it for the gratification of a certain number of friends. It was to obtain a clearer understanding upon this point that I thought it better to see you than to write, as upon this would depend the size of the hall where the lecture would be delivered.

'In my absence, would it be asking too much of you to call at the office of a young friend of mine, Col. Isaac Trumbo, Room 22, fifth floor of the Mills Building, Montgomery Street, who will communicate your views to me?

'I dislike to put you to this trouble; but as there appears to be some uncertainty about finding you at the Irving Institute, this plan suggested itself to me.

'Your lecture, I am sure, will be listened to with pleasure, and I shall be gratified to see you at Salt Lake City, and will do what I can to make your visit interesting to you.

'I am,
'Very respectfully,
'GEO. Q. CANNON.

'Rev. H. R. Haweis.'

Mr. Cannon certainly fulfilled his promise. I was met by Bishop Clawson in a smart trap, and, after conducting me to a comfortable hotel where he had engaged rooms, he called for me in about an hour, and it was then that he drove me to visit the Prophet Woodruff, whom I found sitting in conclave in the House of Assembly. The successor of Brigham Young, Arch-President Woodruff, is an agreeable and shrewd old gentleman of eighty-four, credited, of course, with prophetic inspiration, and looked up to with reverence and affection by the twelve Apostles and the whole Mormon community. I spent the morning in converse with the Prophet and the Twelve, as previously recorded. In the course of conversation the Prophet quoted Brigham Young as saying, 'Religious profession should be quite free; act up to whatever you believe, and let others do likewise; be friendly to all sincere religionists, even when most opposed to you, so long as they do not interfere with you; preach the brotherhood of the human race; love all and labour for the good of all and mind your own business.' 'And,' said the Prophet, 'I reckon that is so, and we act on that.

Any body of people who want to worship God, and come here and have no church, are welcome to use ours. Four hundred clergy on their way to a conference passed through our city; we offered them a building to worship in, but they said, " No, we want to see how *you* worship." " Come and see," we replied; " all are free to enter, to look around and ask questions. We are honest men; we are not ashamed of our religion. We are law-abiding citizens of the United States of America." '

On leaving the council room Bishop Clawson proposed driving me round the city. To look down upon it from a neighbouring hill is indeed a sight never to be forgotten; the magnificent marble temple with its four towers, and its loftily raised golden angel sounding a trumpet, its vast tabernacle and assembly rooms adjoining, and its symmetrical rectangular blocks of houses surrounded by flower gardens, clean straight streets with their rows of trees on either side, present a spectacle of order and prosperity which I never saw in any other city of the world. I visited the schools, the University, the Prophet's residence, the suburbs—everywhere the same comfort, cleanliness and order, no poverty; no drunkenness, no dirt.

The air was clear and bracing. A railway ran to the Salt Lake, twelve miles off. The Bishop proposed a visit there in the afternoon; some of his daughters were to accompany us—I was nothing loth.

Bishop Clawson has over thirty living daughters, twenty of whom are married. Mrs. Goesbeck, a charming young married daughter, the *only* wife of a banker, said to me as I sat by her in the car, with a sort of artless pride, ' Pa thinks so much of his girls!'

'Mind you keep him up to it,' I said.

'No fear,' she replied.

'Now,' I went on, 'I dare say he was quite sorry to lose you when you married?'

'Oh, he has not lost me; and then, you see, if he does miss one there are a good many of us to fall back upon, and my husband's a banker in the town, and we often meet, all of us.'

Mrs. Goesbeck seemed to have absolutely no consciousness that there had been anything irregular in her 'bringings up' or in her father's domestic arrangements, and she had the appearance and manner of a girl who had led a happy simple life, without any terrible secrets or gloomy experiences. Is it surprising that I should take a *couleur de rose* view of Salt Lake City? I know it has been said that whenever a stranger arrives he is taken in hand, and that everything is carefully cooked for him in order to produce a favourable impression, but you cannot at a moment's notice cook a whole city of people; what I saw and what everyone may see spoke for itself.

I saw a happy and contented people, a clean and sanitary city, a colossal white marble temple which had taken forty years a-building (a tabernacle into which throngs every Sunday a congregation of from 12,000 to 16,000 people, or about four times the size of the late Mr. Spurgeon's congregation), neat houses and prosperous farms, well-behaved children, venerable elders, agreeable and cultivated ladies. I lectured to several thousand Mormons in their great Assembly Rooms. I found 'Music and Morals' a household book, and the Mormon rising generation great proficients in the divine art. After my lecture I was invited across to the Giant Tabernacle, and there a

choir of 500 young Mormons, of both sexes, who had just listened to my lecture, anxious to give me a taste of their quality, stood up in the vast tabernacle and sang the choruses from 'The Messiah' without a note of music before them in a style that would compare favourably with many of our Festival choirs.

I was surprised at nearly all I saw and heard—at the splendour of their bathing establishments at the Salt Lake, at the taste of their architecture, at the perfection of their irrigation, and the ever-increasing enthusiasm with which they are cultivating the liberal arts. Not least was I surprised at the almost entire absence of friction between the Gentile settlers and the Mormon population. A Mormon elder will go into a Gentile shop, and on departing will bless the owner of the store as though he were a co-religionist as well as a man and a brother. The improved relations between the U.S.A. officials and the Saints were evidenced by General McCook's courteous manner when he met me with two Mormon bishops and some Mormon ladies at the Salt Lake. He invited us all into his private car, and chatted in a most friendly manner with Bishop Clawson and the ladies, and so did the members of his family who were travelling with him. We all went back by rail together to Salt Lake City on the best of terms.

I have purposely refrained from dwelling on those darker pictures of Mormonism culled generally from the books of apostates and their Gentile foes.

I do not deny the alleged miseries of polygamous marriage, but even monogamous marriage is not always a success. In Mormon families there may have been much cruelty, neglect, despotism, and fickle-

ness. In rough times, when smarting themselves from outrage and murder, outrage and murder in retaliation may very probably have been committed by them. Rowdyism and mobocracy are not confined to New York, Paris, or London, and the Saints may have, under provocative injustice, shared these tendencies with their more orthodox brethren. I do not believe, however, that anything like *organised assassination* ever disgraced the government of Brigham Young, although it may have been occasionally resorted to. However, I am bound to say that I have had brought before me some very damaging evidence bearing upon this vexed question. But, further, if Mormons were mixed up with Indians in the everlastingly quoted Mountain Massacre, we have no more right to call Salt Lake City a city of assassins than we have to call England a nation of regicides because from time to time somebody shoots at the Queen. There are some ugly tales in Mrs. Stenhouse's book, 'An Englishwoman in Utah,' and Mr. Jarman's denunciations are somewhat appalling; but he deserted, and she went there prejudiced, lived there prejudiced, and came away prejudiced. I should like some one to hunt up all the alleged Mormon horrors committed in any one year, and then lay them side by side with a file of the 'Police News' for a year, and see which comes out the best, Christian or Latter-Day Saint.

Still, I have no doubt a black picture of Mormonism might be painted with a little selection by what is called a graphic pen. My business has been—since (with a few illustrious exceptions) nothing but black Mormon pictures have been painted—to remind my readers of a much neglected motto, *Audi alteram partem.*

LXXIX

ESTIMATE OF MORMONISM.—As no account of the Prophet Smith could have been profitably attempted without some estimate of his character and some explanation of his career, so no account of Mormonism is justifiable nowadays without some attempt to define the source of its astonishing power and vitality.

Needless to say that such a discussion would run into space I cannot here devote to it; but it is necessary to suggest at least the heads under which the inquiry might be conducted.

First, we may be quite sure that any good that there is in the movement comes from what is true and not from what is false in Mormonism. It may be a delicate but not impossible task to suggest the true without endorsing the false.

The first truth that Mormonism proclaims is *that God reveals Himself now* as much as ever through (1) *nature*; through (2) *outward and sacramental ordinances*; through the *still small voice of spiritual intuition*. We accept the reaffirmation of these truths; we believe they were never more needed than now: we are not therefore bound to declare all Mormon visions important, all Mormon ceremonies good, or all Mormon intuitions trustworthy or inspired.

The second truth is that *God sends His prophet preachers now* as He has ever sent them—indeed, a *prophetical ministry* is the life and soul of the *Christian Church*. It does not follow, and we are not obliged to admit, that Joseph Smith, and Brigham Young, and Woodruff are prophets.

The third truth is *that God has enshrined Divine and authoritative truth in sacred books*; but we are at liberty to draw the line if we please at the 'Book of Mormon.'

The fourth truth is that *God Himself has found a means of atoning for the original and actual sins of the world* in the person and work of Jesus Christ. We may yet be at variance as to the exact sense in which the 'blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' and we may even reject the substitution theory, which seems to have been adopted in its crudest form by the Mormon theologians.

The fifth truth is that *all the dead shall have a chance.* And here again we may accept some form of the 'uncovenanted mercies of God,' without adopting either the purgatory of the Mormon or the Papist.

The sixth truth is *the living communion of saints*, with which I may couple *baptism for the dead.* I have no doubt that under cover of this doctrine an elaborate system of spiritualism is practised—something akin to Mr. Stead's proposed bureau of inquiry, where people may converse through well-accredited mediums with their departed friends. The Mormon temple, to which thousands of anxious inquirers annually resort from all parts of Utah—some to be nitiated into sacramental rites, others to be baptised for the dead, others to inquire into their present condition, to help or be bettered by them—is, I infer, amongst other things, the scene of a vast system of *organised séances* conducted by rule and authority. Well, we may be of opinion that there is a real intuitive communion of saints, that the departed do influence us, that under some conditions

they may even appear or be otherwise communicated with, but for all that we may not be prepared to accept the Mormon temple as a Holy of Holies and the Mormon mediums as the only inspired and infallible guides. Still it cannot be denied that the Mormons have had the wit or the grace to appropriate that mystic and mediumistic element which lies at the root of all religious intuitions and observances, and the disappearance or discouragement of which throughout the orthodox Protestant Churches since the Reformation gives every Roman Catholic, Salvationist, Swedenborgian, Christian Scientist, or Faith Healer such a sustained and inevitable pull over the Established Church and her clergy.

Now take their faith in a living and constantly self-revealing God, in a prophetical ministry, in a sacred book, in an atoning love, in a communion ot saints, in spiritual manifestations, and add thereto a stern respect for the moral law (as defined on the lines of the Old rather than the New Testament), admirable thrift and organised industry, obedience to authority, immense energy spent upon the unexhausted and apparently inexhaustible resources of a new world, and last, but not least, a succession of men endowed with singular courage, genius, and devotion, like Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, Taylor, Woodruff, Q. Cannon and Clawson, and enough has been advanced to explain the vitality of the Mormon faith and the prosperity of the Mormon people.

The City of the Saints is now thrown open to the outside Christian world, styled 'Gentiles' by the Salt Lake Saints. Let us hope that they may meet, not

to borrow each other's vices, but to imitate each other's virtues.

I am told there are five policemen engaged in keeping order at Salt Lake City, but that their services at present are almost entirely monopolised by the 'Gentile' or Christian population, to whom belong the gambling hells, the gin shops, and the houses of ill fame. This may be an exaggeration, but it points in the direction of a sad truth.

The orthodox Christians seem at present to compare unfavourably with those whom they despise as befooled and degraded Mormons. But if, with false doctrine and an erroneous social system, the Mormons have accomplished so much, how much more ought we orthodox Christians to do in the way of good living and good works, with a correcter belief, a higher culture, and a purer conception of family life! The mote may be in the Mormon's eye, but we shall not see clearly how to pull it out whilst there is a beam in our own. Ah, holy ideal!—the eye single, and the whole body full of light!

POSTSCRIPT.—Whilst these pages are passing through the press a paragraph is going the round of the papers that President Cleveland has sanctioned a Bill raising Utah from a Territory to a State, and recognising existing polygamic ties, whilst forbidding them for the future.

PULPIT AND PLATFORM OUTRE MER

LXXX

SAN FRANCISCO, 1893.—I wish to avoid the beaten tracks of lecturers in America.

We are tolerably familiar with the progress of secular star lecturers like Dickens and Thackeray in the United States. Of late years the barrier between pulpit and platform speakers has been thrown down, and Canon Kingsley has been followed by Canon (now Dean) Farrar, Dean Hole, and several Nonconformist lights, who have not disdained to deliver, for a pecuniary consideration, what message they could, to large transatlantic audiences.

I think I have gone much farther afield than any of them. I leave on one side my Lowell Lectures at Boston, Harvard and Cornell University sermons and general lectures in Canada and the Eastern United States of America in 1885, my speeches and sermons at Chicago as an Anglican delegate in the World's Parliament of Religions in 1893, and I propose to deal solely with some more exceptional experiences in less over-lectured places under conditions which may render my remarks useful, and I hope of some interest to those pulpit and platform pioneers who will ere long follow in my path.

In 1893, after addressing the Parliament of

Religions in Chicago, I had, as recorded, paid a flying visit to San Francisco for the first time. I had been told that whilst High Church was tolerated and Low Church respected, anything like *Broad* Church was out of the question in San Francisco.

Some people, it seems, had identified me with the last-named incendiary and traitorous ecclesiastical faction. From the first I made it clear that I sympathised too deeply with all three parties to cast in my lot exclusively with any one; my family traditions being Evangelical, my education Puseyite, and my maturer tendencies Maurician. So-called religious liberalism to me meant nothing but an active sympathy with all seekers after God and well-doers in Christ, a love of truth, and a moderate attention to history; and I could not see that any party in the Church had, or ought to have, a monopoly of such desirable attributes.

In a word, I ignored Church parties.

Perhaps it was this unusual attitude, perhaps it was the 'one touch of nature,' or the magnetism of common sense—anyhow, the Californian bishops and clergy at once came forward on my arrival, and nearly every Episcopal pulpit in Francisco seemed open to me, whilst at a sort of clerical banquet I received something like an official welcome from the Bishop of California and the clergy of San Francisco.

I shall never forget those nine happy days in 1893 at the City of the Golden Gate, for it was due to my cordial reception there that I accepted an offer on the part of the Trinity Church Committee, made with the Bishop's approval, to deliver a course of eight sermons at San Francisco in January and February of the year 1895.

LXXXI

AT TRINITY CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.—When I left London in December 1894, with a view of escaping the winter, which proved unusually severe, I pushed on through New York to New Orleans with the Bishop of Honduras, arriving there after a run of two days and nights. It being Sunday morning, I preached; addressed the New Orleans clergy on Monday, and left on Tuesday, passing through Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Southern California, and reaching Francisco just in time for Christmas 1894.

People, it seems, don't go to church much on Sunday evening at San Francisco; that explains my being appointed *evening* preacher. Trinity Church, belonging to the oldest parish on the Pacific coast, has just been rebuilt, and is now the largest and most ambitious of the Californian churches. It is indeed a noble grey granite edifice, fashioned on the model of St. Albans Abbey with a huge central square tower, but an aisle somewhat too short in proportion.

On my first Sunday night at San Francisco, Trinity Church was crowded to suffocation; on the second, a partition separating the side aisle from a large adjoining hall was removed; this hall was, like the church, filled before service began.

The following list of subjects was freely distributed by the Trinity Church Committee on my arrival at Francisco:

Dec. 23.—GOD! Who is He? What is He? Where is He? How is He?

Dec. 30.—BIBLE. How inspired? When written? Who wrote it? Of what use now?

Jan. 6.—RIGHT AND WRONG. How to decide?

Where are the sanctions? What are the consequences? Why should we know?

Jan. 13.—PRAYER. What? How? When? Why? Where?

Of course there were various opinions about the sermons. One lady, who seemed to be a pillar, heard the first, and came no more. When asked her reason, the good creature exclaimed, 'Why, it's downright destruction, because if people go to hear these sort of sermons they will never come to church to hear the usual ones; and what's to become of the clergy?' This was oddly endorsed by a remark from another regular seatholder, who attended twice, and then concluded to go no more; 'because,' said he, 'if I hear any more I sha'n't be able to go back to the church and listen to the old sort.' One man, who was a judge of the Supreme Court, seemed quite put out. The sermon had lasted for an hour and a quarter, and he said in an aggrieved way, 'I thought it was only about a quarter of an hour. No one ever caught me listening to a sermon for an hour before.' He became nevertheless one of my regular hearers. But perhaps the most singular comment burst from a somewhat unlikely quarter—a ritualistic clergyman declared that my teaching had '*ruined "Church influence" in San Francisco for twenty years to come.*' By Church influence he meant sacerdotalism, to which the Franciscans do not seem to take very kindly.

At these evening services, conducted with a full and exceptionally good surpliced choir and organist, every section of the Californian community might be seen, from the bishops, clergy, statesmen, and judges, to the Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics, including

even some of the lowly pig-tailed denizens of conservative China Town. The papers gave very able and ample reports, and I never found—no, not even in the World's Parliament of Religions—more eager and sustained interest in what aimed at being a reverent but candid exposition of modern doubts, difficulties, and beliefs. The only thing these practical striving Californians are intolerant of is pure *destructiveness* in religion; they simply cannot afford it—it wastes their time. They hate *negatives*: if the old is to go—and the old *has* gone for the Californian masses—you must substitute something *positive*—you must be at every step constructive. People are never won by what you *deny*, only by what you *affirm*. After all, a good stout affirmer like Luther or Athanasius can almost afford to let denial and denunciation alone.

Contrasting the extraordinary amount of good advice I received at Boston, U.S.A., in 1885, not only before I opened my mouth at the Huntington Hall, but after I had lectured there, and preached for Phillips Brooks and before the University, I noticed with some surprise the complete absence of all hints and suggestions of what I *ought* to say or how I ought to say it on the part of the Trinity Church Committee. One night I did expect a little encouragement for getting the sermon down to an hour and five minutes, but I received none. The collections probably had something to do with this state of placid contentment, for out of the surplus funds accumulated in a few weeks the committee were not only able to pay the whole of my expenses at Francisco, but found themselves in a position to offer me a handsome honorarium, which formed no part of our agreement.

My Sunday mornings were free, but at first the committee were averse to my preaching elsewhere during my course at Trinity; the experiment, however, being tried, it was found that, after addressing a crowded assembly at St. John's in the morning, the crush at Trinity in the evening was unabated, and no further objections were raised.

LXXXII

AT STANFORD AND LELAND UNIVERSITY.—At President Jordan's request I visited Stanford and Leland University. It stands mostly one storey high, its low cloisters and quadrangle straggling over a vast area interspersed with collegiate residences, gardens, and green trees. The architecture is quaintly suggestive of the Moorish style which characterised the early Jesuit settlements on the Pacific coast, of which Santa Clara near San José, with its suave and polished monks and its vine-wreathed cloisters, is one of the loveliest relics. The students, as at Cornell, are male and female, singularly free, self-reliant and independent. They live all about at their own sweet will.

A young Francisco girl who was pursuing her studies at the Stanford and Leland University invited me to lunch with her. I found her living quite alone in a trim little cottage within ten minutes' walk of her class rooms, with only an old Irish woman to do the housework and catering. She was a very earnest student, and only came up to San Francisco from Saturday to Monday, about two hours' journey by rail. She was staying with her

mother and sister at my hotel, where I first met her. This seat of Western learning is an idyllic spot.

Far as the eye can reach, the hills, the woods, the bush, thousands of Californian acres, all belong to Stanford University. It is but a mushroom institution as to time; Mr. Stanford's widow, who has been left with absolute power over it, being still alive. It is enormously endowed, and when all the contemplated quads are developed will be the most remarkable centre of light and erudition on the Pacific coast.

The morning I preached there the goodly sized chapel was packed long before eleven o'clock. I could see from my platform crowds of students of both sexes standing at the open doors, and the young men climbed up outside and looked in at the open windows. I have those hundreds of fresh young eager faces before me still. I had been told that infidelity and materialism were here rampant, and that many of the teachers were openly agnostic or sceptical. Very likely. I felt strangely overcome: my heart went out to them; they seemed to be as sheep without a shepherd, with their feet stumbling on the dark mountains. California may be sensual, materialistic, sceptical, superficial; but Californians are full of heart, and the young people, with small respect for precedent and convention, are wonderfully receptive and eager. They do not always see through pretence and assumption, and can be lured anon by false and unstable guides, but they fall ravenously on what they want, and there is a vein of passionate sentiment about them which contrasts oddly enough with their matter-of-fact directness and utilitarian modes of thought and action. The Americans are

smart, go-ahead, and perhaps not over scrupulous, but they are all Idealists and Sensitives at the bottom, and Emerson is still their prophet. When Dean Stanley was asked which of the American preachers had most impressed him, he replied, 'I heard a good many whose names I don't remember; but it mattered little who preached—the sermon was always by Emerson.'

Emerson still divides with Oliver Wendell Holmes the cultivated taste of the United States. The one was a prophetic dreamer, the other the most genial, yet wise and sober, of sentimental humourists.

Another Sunday morning I ran down to San José. The Rev. Dr. Wakefield, the rector, is one of the most intelligent and enlightened clerics on the Pacific coast. He has, through a long pastorate, won the singular respect and affection of his people, and his genial and liberal influence extends far beyond the precincts of his own town and is felt in Francisco. I might almost call him a Franciscan cleric, did he not rather belong, like a sort of leaven in the lump, to the whole of California. The morning I preached at San José admission was by ticket; the church was soon packed, and I should think enough for another congregation remained outside.

LXXXIII

THE BISHOP CRITICISED.—As my last Sunday drew near, it was suggested to me that I should take the largest available hall in San Francisco for a morning sermon. The Metropolitan Temple, capable

of holding between two and three thousand people, was accordingly engaged with the approval of the Bishop of California, whose licence I held. On this occasion I spoke for two hours on the subject of marriage. The newspapers declared 'that two thousand people were shut out, and a squad of police were kept busily engaged,' &c.

This masterly specimen of American 'gassing' originated, as I happen to know, in the following simple way. After preaching as usual in the evening at Trinity, I was coming back in the cable car with my friend Major Hooper, one of the Trinity Church wardens, when a reporter boarded us and inquired of the Major how things had gone at the Metropolitan Temple in the morning. 'Oh,' says the Major, 'crowds turned away, and police outside,' which blossomed out next day into &c. &c.

I received numerous invitations to preach at Nonconformist chapels, which I was perfectly willing to do provided that the Californian Bishop, whose licence I held, did not object. Needless to say, the Bishop did object; and with that deference to Episcopal authority which I hope will always honourably distinguish the so-called Broad from the High Church party, I always withdrew. Some regrettable correspondence followed, from which I held aloof. The Bishop was attacked for not giving his consent—I was attacked for not preaching; I was also attacked for being willing to preach, which only shows how difficult it is to please everybody.

The Francisco Press, with the most business-like instincts, left no stone unturned to get the Bishop and me to fight, but in vain—we neither of us had time or inclination 'to oblige.' A portrait of the

Bishop having come out with an inflammatory paragraph in which I was represented to be in violent opposition to my *pro tem.* Diocesan, I wrote to the Bishop to ask whether I ought to take any notice of it. His answer was wise, and characteristic of his most kind and temperate disposition :

'February 4, 1895 : 2521 Broadway, San Francisco.

'MY DEAR MR. HAWEIS,—Major Hooper handed me your note to-day, and in acknowledging it let me assure you that I have felt that whatever has appeared in print—and I have heard of much that I have not seen—was an exhibit of our newspaper enterprise. So far from associating you with it, I have taken pains to say that all that has come to me from you has been most courteous and law-observing. I quite agree with you that it is not worth while for you to take it up publicly.

'Mrs. Nichols and I have been hoping to have the pleasure of your company at our home to meet some of the clergy, and are much disappointed that constant illness in the family—one of my children being sick now, though not serious—has prevented it.

'I am, my dear Mr. Haweis,
'Yours very sincerely,
'WILLIAM F. NICHOLS.

'The Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.,
'Occidental Hotel.'

Here is another of Bishop Nichols' letters, which will show that, notwithstanding the somewhat embittered controversy which followed my refusal to preach without the Bishop's approval in Nonconformist pulpits, our friendly relations remained unbroken :

'January 29, 1895: 2521 Broadway, San Francisco.

'MY DEAR MR. HAWEIS,—An appointment for a wedding to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, antedating the selection of the date for the lecture which you have so kindly undertaken to contribute to the Good Samaritan Mission, will deprive me of the pleasure of being present. I beg to express my sincere regret that I must miss the enjoyment of the lecture, and to thank you for so cordially complying with the request of Major Hooper on behalf of the executive committee of the Good Samaritan Mission.

'I may add my regret that my frequent goings and comings do not give me more opportunity to see you.

'Yours very truly,

'WILLIAM F. NICHOLS.

'The Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.,
'Occidental Hotel.'

Here is a characteristic specimen of one of the attempts to draw me and the Bishop—to which he alludes as *an exhibit of press enterprise*:

'THE BISHOP SAYS NO

'HE DRAWS A LINE FOR HIS CLERGY

'NO EXCHANGE OF PULPITS WITH DISSENTERS

'Dr. Haweis not allowed to Preach in Plymouth Congregational Church

'The church-going people of this city may go to hear Rev. H. R. Haweis as often as they like, but if they are not members of the Episcopal Church they cannot hear him in their own sanctuaries on Sunday. That is definitely decided.

'Rev. E. S. Williams of Plymouth Congregational Church expected to have a treat for his flock last Sunday. Dr. Williams is an Englishman, and although he is what churchmen call a nonconformist, he made bold to ask Dr. Haweis to preach in his pulpit. This invitation Dr. Haweis graciously accepted, provided the bishop of the diocese had no objection.

'Now, the incumbent of St. James's is as politic as he is genial and clever. He has been fêted and lionised here to a great extent, and he preaches while here under a special licence from Bishop Nichols. Consequently he would not offend the Bishop for the world.

'In fact Dr. Haweis did not care to ask the Bishop for his permission to preach in Plymouth Church, and so Dr. Williams undertook to procure the Bishop's consent.

'He did not succeed. The Bishop was charmingly courteous to the nonconforming gentleman. But he indicated quite clearly his disapproval of any such scheme. He said he was sorry, but he did not think that it would aid that fellowship and unity which is so much desired. That settled the question so far as Dr. Haweis was concerned. He declared at once that under no circumstances could he do anything of which the Bishop disapproved, though as far as he was concerned he was willing to preach the gospel anywhere—in Catholic Church, nonconformist chapel, on a sandlot or a Salvationist's tent. He says that he is willing to preach anywhere, for anybody that wants him, but with the Bishop's approval.

'Bishop Nichols stated yesterday that his reason for not wishing Dr. Haweis to preach on Sunday in a

Congregationalist Church was because he could not give his approval to any of his local clergy accepting a hospitality that they could not return. He believes in fraternal interdenominational courtesy and all that sort of thing, but when it comes to an Anglican rector in a Congregationalist pulpit on Sunday that is quite another thing.

'The Congregationalist brethren are inclined to be a little hurt over the matter. They thought the Parliament of Religions had settled all that. Meanwhile the Bishop holds the key to the situation in his hands, and cannot give his consent to so irregular a proceeding in his diocese.'

Bishop Nichols is a very good high class type of the American prelate. He walks in the steps of Dr. Potter. He does not meddle too much; he is willing to hear grievances and to bear them in mind when he cannot right them at once, which is more than can be said for many English bishops, who seldom right grievances and often forget them. He answers letters. Bishop Nichols holds strong opinions, but he does not often obtrude them. His clergy have a kind of instinct—what he approves or disapproves of. He is averse to publicity, and never forces a controversy. He governs by biding his time and seizing his opportunity; he is always on the watch, and instead of speaking before he acts, he acts before he speaks. This course saves him and a great many others trouble, but it often leaves a sting behind. His manner is extremely genial and courteous; but a few words I once had with him about the nature of the episcopal office showed me that, whilst tolerating the expression of views and opinions different from his

own, he was not prepared to make the least concession of any kind to an opponent. Personally I owe a debt of gratitude to Bishop Nichols for smoothing my way with the clergy. I am sure that the general tone of friendly acceptance which I received at the hands of numbers of my clerical brethren at San Francisco who could not have agreed with some of my views was largely owing to the courteous initiative and Christian tolerance of the Bishop of California. On my first visit to San Francisco the Bishop introduced me in an after-dinner speech to the diocesan clergy in the kindest and most flattering manner; and I am sure my recall in 1895 was largely due to his well-known friendly attitude towards me. He invited me to address the diocesan clergy before I left San Francisco, and took the chair. The following extract from a Francisco paper records the event:

'HAWEIS ON REVIVALS

'THEIR RELATION TO THE CHURCH

'There was a very large attendance of Episcopal rectors from this and neighbouring cities at the clericus yesterday morning. Both the assembly rooms of the diocesan house were called into requisition to accommodate the Churchmen. The occasion was the announced address of Rev. H. R. Haweis on revivalism—a subject not commonly discussed at great length in the Anglican Churches. Certainly Dr. Haweis has not appeared to greater advantage than he did before his own brethren yesterday morning, nor has he spoken with greater force or eloquence since he has been in this city. Perhaps he addressed

the clericus with a little more freedom than he has the other ministerial unions. He gave them very clearly his own vivid ideas on revivalism, and did not go around prejudices, but struck directly at them.

'"Revivalism," he said, "means a very great force which is important to us clergy. The way to handle it is not to denounce it. Instead, we should understand its nature and then try to control it.

'"Revivals always mean the revival of some neglected truth, or a new way of presenting an old one. Whenever it appears it is a sign of activity and of truth in a passionate form. Its forms are as varied as the chameleon. Sometimes they are extremely repulsive, especially to us. At other times they lend themselves to ecclesiastical rule and order. But it must be confessed that the usual tendency of revivalism is to kick over the traces. That is the great difficulty with which the Episcopal Church has to contend."'

I then gave an account of the scene at New Orleans, described at length in vol. ii., when I listened to a negro Revivalist preacher. I endeavoured to correlate the various revival manifestations of the Irvingites, Wesleyans, and Salvationists with the scenes in the Church of Corinth, described by St. Paul. I must say my crowded clerical audience heard me with the greatest patience and courtesy.

Soon afterwards I was honoured by the Presbyterian clergy with an invitation to address them, and the papers reported me very well. Here, too, my clerical brethren received me with the utmost cordiality, and listened to me with exemplary attention.

'MR. HAWEIS ON SECTS

'THE NOTED DIVINE TALKS TO PRESBYTERIANS

'The Presbyterian Ministerial Union had one of the most attractive programmes in its history yesterday morning. After the adoption of resolutions of sympathy with Rev. Dr. Ellis, chairman of the programme committee, whose son died on Saturday, the Rev. H. R. Haweis of London addressed the meeting.

'There was an unusually large audience to listen to the Church of England's representative, and the extemporaneous talk which he made was not one of the least notable among the many remarkable discourses that he has given in this city. The Rector of St. James's is a man of charming and fascinating personality, and he prefaced his talk, which was on sectarianism, with some characteristic and happy remarks. There were several anecdotes of clerical meetings in this country at which he had been present, and the speaker alluded particularly to the diversity in unity which prevails here, and which makes discussion frequent and interesting and raises it above monotony.

'Then he proceeded to the rationale of sectarianism as it appears to an Episcopalian clergyman. Sectarianism is often denounced as an unmitigated evil. This is a half truth, he said. Most sects are the embodiment of some truth which has been lost. To appreciate this reassertion of some neglected or forgotten truth one must understand how the sect arose. At first the result of this rediscovery is to

throw that particular branch out of order with the rest. Anyone who points out a neglected truth is certain to be persecuted, but that does not interfere with the value of sectarian movements, though the word is a bad one, signifying as it does something cut off.

'The real strength of the sects should be carefully nurtured within the Church. As an example take the Church of Rome. For all its power, its mysticism and its enormous self-confidence, how much more powerful would it have been if, instead of casting out Luther, it had accepted his truths and got rid of the abuses he denounced. There is a tendency to cast out elements which should be carefully retained and room made for them in the Church. It is not necessary that a bishop should take up each individual minister's fad, but they should be allowed to speak out the truth which is in them. They will speak it out on the outside. It is better to keep them in.

'This applies to the Evangelical Churches, as well as to the Church of England. They say, "It is heresy. Cast it out." That is very much what the Church of England has done. It is like the old practice of medicine, when they bled for everything, and sometimes the patient died in the end from loss of blood.

'At the time the Act of Uniformity was foisted on the clergy, 1,600 clergymen went out. Terms should have been made with them; compromise would not have been difficult, and by not doing so the conscience of the Established Church was lost. One might suppose that the Church would have derived wisdom from this, but it didn't. Wesley was regarded as a fanatic. He lived and died in the Church of England, but the

whole Wesleyan body is now out, and the Established Church thereby lost the best part of the personal religion and piety within itself. Then came the High Church revival. It was to exalt the beauty of holiness, the historical fabric of the Christian Church. This revival stood for orderly usages and observances. The Church hounded them out. Newman went over to the Roman Church.

'These observances were cast out, and much beauty, reverence and order were thereby lost.

'The last sectarian movement in the Church of England is what is known as the Broad Church movement. The members of the movement do not like to have it called a sect. It represents the study of comparative philology. It is the liberal party of the Church, and it advocates the study of Church history, Greek and the historical knowledge of the Holy Land, so that we may exercise the historical imagination. In this way dogmas are dissipated, and the Bible, as a long progressive story of God's relation to man, is understood. Yet the Episcopal Church calls members of the Broad Church party infidels, and wants to cast them out. If this party is expelled, the Church will lose its learning, science and love of truth.

'Mr. Haweis concluded as follows:

'"There may be in the community some new truth. It should be dealt with tenderly, lest an angel is turned out unawares. Beware how by the hand of persecution you expel what may be the ark of the living God. Gather up the fragments, that nothing may be lost. Have great toleration for the varying capacities of men to see truth. Don't cast out heads that do not think your thoughts. What is called heresy may be truth in a new disguise. Give it time.

Truth is quite capable of taking care of itself in time. By casting it out instantly you imply a doubt as to this ability. Let each man have his say, and the conscience of the community will take care of it. Do not recommend bleeding. There are remedies more safe and less drastic than to try to cure a community by bleeding it to death."

'The usual discussion was omitted, and instead Mr. Haweis consented to answer some questions. The first question was for definitions of Low Church, High Church and Broad Church, as understood at present in England. He said that the Low Church is the most sterile survival of the living movement of the last century. The High Church looks to the source of authority in the Roman Catholic Church, though they do not feel it necessary to join that Church. Both elements are recognised in the Book of Common Prayer. The highest of the High Churches have a ritual very like the Roman Catholic Church. A majority of the English Churches are High Church, but more moderate than the extreme examples. The Broad Church is not a party. It includes clergymen of all shades of belief, and represents the element of intellect and culture in the Church.

'The next question concerned the Church Army. Mr. Haweis said it was doing good work, and is under the patronage of many clergy and dignitaries, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, though the speaker does not think it is as effective as the Salvation Army.

'Then one of the Presbyterian brethren inquired to what branch of the Church the Queen belonged? "Oh," said Mr. Haweis, "she's a good religious woman. The question of her religion is like that of Dr,

Johnson's. Some one asked him what religious beliefs he held, and he answered that they were the same as any sensible man held. The next query was as to what beliefs sensible men held, and Dr. Johnson said that that was what every sensible man kept to himself."

'In the laughter that followed, no one found out to which wing of the Church the Queen belonged.

'Then Mr. Haweis replied to a question as to the attitude of the Episcopal clergy on the temperance question. He said the majority who had to deal with the masses are total abstainers because this accords with their highest usefulness.

'As to apostolic succession, Mr. Haweis said the Broad Church did not care twopence for it, though they were willing to accept it if it could be satisfactorily proved.

'Mr. Haweis thinks the attempts at organisation undertaken by the Lambeth Conference were rather abortive. This was in reply to a question regarding the Conference. Throughout the talk and the subsequent catechism the Rector of St. James's was extremely witty in all that he said. He gave a good plain discourse on tolerance, and the most searching truths were told in an altogether charming manner. Mr. Haweis is an authority on English Church matters and history, and proved himself an admirable exponent of the Broad Church idea.'

LXXXIV

MAJOR HOOPER.—I have merely given the above as samples of fair reporting, and of the kind of addresses I was called upon to deliver *ad lib.* every

week. Indeed, before I left San Francisco, I was asked by the ministers of all the principal religious denominations to address them.

This I was very willing to do, and the truly warm-hearted and fraternal reception accorded me by the assembled representatives of well nigh every Christian denomination in the city brought home to me a saying of Dr. Jowett's, 'that good men of all sects are much more nearly agreed than they themselves suppose.' Certainly nothing could be more genial than my intercourse with the Episcopalian and Nonconformist clergy in San Francisco.

My good friend Major Hooper, my landlord and general protector, stood between me and the various agencies for wasting my time and strength whilst I was under his hospitable roof at the Occidental Hotel. He set aside for me the rooms always occupied by the late lamented writer Louis Stevenson in passing to and from Samoa. He rescued me from the crowd of people who waited to see me after Sunday evening service. 'Don't let 'em get at you, they'll tear you to pieces,' he used to say; and he stood sentinel at the vestry door and got me out at a side door home to supper. He also intercepted visitors, reporters, and bores in the hall. He undertook to control my business engagements, so that I should not have to deal with that class of people who thought I could run anywhere for a five-pound note, or turn out to speak for the hundred and one philanthropic fads espoused by the hundred and one philanthropic maniacs who in all large cities prey upon anybody who is understood to draw a crowd.

LXXXV

MY AGENTS.—My experience of professional agents generally in America has not been very satisfactory.

I took on the services of a Hebrew gentleman for a short time, who proposed to work up my Golden Gate Hall lectures at Frisco. His schemes threatened to be elaborate, costly, and mostly superfluous, much of his work required promptly undoing, and until I dealt with this son of Israel I never quite knew what unconsidered superfluities meant. When it became evident that I had to be the agent to watch the agent, I resolved to dispense with the luxury. The psychological moment arrived when, after an absence of a day, I returned suddenly to find him sitting in my private room, in front of my bureau strewn with my letters and memoranda, and calmly using my paper and envelopes. After this I became my own agent. Indeed, the matter was simple. I required no advertisement. The whole of Francisco knew where I dined, took tea, and what I said, or did not say, in the streets. The tradespeople printed imaginary sentences as advertisements, and all kinds of haberdashery and other articles were said to have been used or recommended by me. The reporters, when they could not hear or be present, put down what they thought I ought to have said, and surpassed themselves at last by making me present at two public meetings at the same day and hour in different parts of the city, at one of which I was reported as making a speech about missions at Samoa, a mission I know nothing of and an island I never visited.

People who sent me invitations registered my presence at their house in the papers whether I went or not, and I could hardly ever go outside the hotel without being accosted by some press gentleman anxious to know where I was going then, where I had been last, and, where I expected to be next, and what I thought of the world and Life and Time and Francisco. Exaggeration and mendacity seemed to be reduced to a fine art. Contradiction or correction made matters worse, so I ended by letting it all alone. The use made of my antecedents was artistic, and any peg seemed good enough to hang a legend on. Great play was made of my having been an evening preacher at Westminster Abbey and of my holding a Crown living; but this was not good enough. I was paraded in print as *special preacher* to her Majesty Queen Victoria! and as for Westminster Abbey, you might have inferred that I preached there every Sunday!

I had indeed loafed about Naples and Capua, and been present at the last great Garibaldian struggle which ended in the capture of the Two Sicilies. I had also induced Garibaldi to write some of his early memories. This was not nearly sufficient. I had been, so the papers informed me, Garibaldi's aide-de-camp at Naples, been wounded by his side, was his intimate friend, &c.; in short, when anecdotes were not forthcoming they were invented, and generally everybody seemed to know more about my affairs than I did; from which it may be inferred that I had small need of a Hebrew ally to 'work up' publicity for my lectures at the Golden Gate Hall, San Francisco.

The plain truth is that my lecture room at Frisco was never full; the people knew well enough all

about my lectures, but they could hear me every Sunday, often twice, and on week days beside, for nothing, and why should they pay? They did not pay. The net profits on three Golden Gate Hall lectures (although admission was only two shillings) did not exceed forty pounds, exactly half the proceeds of one night at Sydney, Australia!

But I have not quite done with my agents. In crossing the Atlantic, I had met an influential gentleman, who was very anxious that I should visit Montreal, and proposed a certain gentleman whom I will call H.: 'Capital man to organise your route all along the Canadian Pacific from Vancouver to Montreal.' A great railway man, who heard me give an impromptu talk on board the 'Teutonic,' White Star line, for the Seamen's School Charities, offered me a free railway pass, and this decided me. Wire communication with H. was set up; and not long before leaving Francisco, I received a splendid programme mapping out my northern route, when unexpectedly another wire arrived from the great R. S. Smythe of Melbourne, offering me fifty nights in Australia and New Zealand if I would step off the Pacific coast, either for Auckland or Sydney. But the glamour of H.'s programme and a free pass over the Rockies for the moment beckoned me to Canada. At this time also I received the following kind letter from his Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen, then Governor of Canada, offering me the hospitality of Government House, Ottawa:

'Government House, Ottawa: March 4, 1895.

'MY DEAR MR. HAWEIS,—I have just received your kind letter from Vancouver, and I hasten to express the pleasure which it gives me to hear from you.

'Lady Aberdeen and I would certainly like very much to be present on the occasion of your Montreal lecture if it can possibly be managed, but unfortunately we are not living there now, but at Ottawa, which of course is our head quarters, and where we have many engagements ahead—all the more because as an exceptional thing (and to the surprise of our Ottawa friends) we spent about seven weeks this winter at Montreal.

'Could you not come here for a night or two *en route* either way? It would be a great pleasure to us to see you, and you might make it a rest. We have to be absent from to-morrow till Friday, but shall be here all next week. Meanwhile, I will ask Mr. Cooper to inform me as to your immediate movements. The tickets have not yet arrived, though they may be on their way.

'I hope your health has benefited by the trip.

'Yours very sincerely,

'ABERDEEN.

'March 8.

'P.S.—This letter has been returned to me from Montreal with the explanation that owing to some hindrances to the arrangements you are not to be in this quarter on the present occasion, so I am sorry we shall not see you. I hope you will have a pleasant voyage and a successful tour in Australia.'

Visiting Tacoma and Seattle along the Pacific

coast, I reached Vancouver to take up agent H.'s first engagement.

Perhaps the management had been faulty; anyhow the attendance was wretched—there was not five pounds in the house (I had not yet learned the secret of running *three* nights in succession, a plan I afterwards adopted with such good results in Tasmania and New Zealand).

Hurrying on to Winnipeg, H.'s next engagement, I secured two crowded houses, and overflowing congregations on Sunday, my hymn of the 'Homeland' being sung in more than one church in recognition of my presence in the city. Then followed in regular succession a series of mysterious wires from agent H. Toronto, Ottawa, even Montreal—all, it seems, had broken down! In one place the committee would not come to terms; in another no hall was vacant; in another the theatre had just been burnt down; and so forth; in fact agent H. had brought me three thousand miles out of my way on a paper programme for two lectures, and the others had all collapsed!

LXXXVI

THE REV. DR. GARRETT.—I immediately wired to R. S. Smythe, and hurried back to the Pacific coast gnashing my teeth. Receiving *en route* most pressing invitations to return to Seattle, where I had already preached and lectured, I went on there direct. I had about a week to make out before sailing for Australia.

The Rev. Dr. Garrett, of Seattle, and his amiable and accomplished wife, a young lady brought up in the chosen Concord circle of Emerson, Longfellow,

and O. W. Holmes, welcomed me as an old friend. Dr. Garrett, in plenitude of manly vigour, and filled with a noble enthusiasm, gifted with eloquent speech, a keen intellect, and a warm heart, constantly reminded me of F. W. Robertson, of Brighton; his sympathetic, clear, but glowing pulpit addresses, full of fearless thought, only strengthened the impression.

It was at his church that I preached again on my return from Winnipeg. The crowd was such that it was resolved for the evening service to take the largest hall in Seattle, holding over two thousand five hundred people. So in the evening Dr. Garrett, together with his organist, surpliced choir and whole staff, adjourned to the platform of the Public Hall, and hastily arranged for an extemporised service.

I shall never forget the scene on that night. Dr. Garrett read a shortened form of service with special lessons most impressively; he seemed filled and lifted up with a kind of large-hearted sympathy for the masses and their deep spiritual needs, and he spoke at the beginning a few spontaneous words, explaining the special occasion and exhorting the enormous gathering to reverence and devotion. Soon after the service began the doors had to be closed; there was a surging crowd outside pressing in at all entrances long after there was no standing room in the hall. The staircases were blocked.

A large American organ occupied the centre ot the platform, and the white-robed choir spread in a semicircle from the organ reaching up to the two officiating clergy at both extremities of the arc. I had no pulpit or reading desk, but after the assembly had

sung 'The King of Love my Shepherd is' with great fervour, I advanced to the middle of the platform, whence I could command a good view of the thronged galleries, and commenced my address.

I soon became aware that something unusual was going on. Dr. Garrett more than once left his place, went out, came back, went out again. My ear at times caught strange murmurs, something like groans, in the middle of a somewhat highly strung passage, in which I paused to ask in detail what each had done, was doing, with the powers of mind and body, opportunities, talents, which had been entrusted to them, and dwelt on the sure and inexorable account to be rendered for the waste or abuse of them; I heard abrupt sobs and exclamations; a certain number of the people fainted and were got out; but Dr. Garrett told me afterwards that much more than that had been going on—in parts of the hall the excitement became uncontrollable, and people fell down in fits. 'Upon my word,' said my friend, 'in another moment I thought we should have had the speaking with tongues.' It was these unusual commotions, together with the fear of accidents inside and disturbances with the crowd outside, which seemed to call for the personal attention of the Rector, who on so unusual an occasion was very anxious, for the honour and good repute of his Church, that everything should 'be done decently and in order.'

On seeing the great eagerness of the people for a liberal form of religious instruction, and considering Dr. Garrett's admirable fitness to impart it, I urged my friend to open the big Hall (Ranke's) in which I had preached, for a course of Sunday night

services for the people, and aim directly at the working classes. He did so with the happiest results. The following kind letter records, amongst other things, this agreeable fact:

'Seattle: May 13, 1895.

'MY DEAR MR. HAWEIS,—I am greatly delighted this morning over the arrival of your good letter written as you were nearing Sydney. We have been hoping to have a letter from you, and did not realise how long it would take for you to complete your voyage. It is too bad that you had *mal de mer*, but I hope you were able to "brace up" for your lectures. I envy the Australians the pleasure they are having. You were on shore for Easter, and I hope you thought of us on that day. I want you to know how constantly you are in our conversation. We look on your face every day, and pour forth our desire to see you again. Mrs. Pumphrey cherishes the memory of your visit, and speaks of you every time we meet. She told me a few days ago that two different persons had said to her that since childhood they had never prayed, but after your sermon on Prayer they had attempted prayer with the most comforting results. Now is not that worth all of your trip around the world with Seattle thrown in?

'You made a wonderful impression here. Only a short time ago I saw an editorial in one of our papers that began: "When the Rev. Mr. Haweis was in Seattle, he said," &c. &c. We had a glorious Easter as told in the "Rubric" I have sent you. The congregations hold up remarkably well. Church crowded every Sunday. Yesterday I preached on "The

Nature of Christ's Risen Body, and its relation to a General Resurrection." It was suggested by a sermon of Heber Newton's that has made a sensation. I took the ground that Christ's physical body was reanimated, something not so extraordinary, but a phenomenon within the range of possibility to-day; but this reanimation or the return of the spirit to the earthly form was the beginning of the change out of the earthly altogether into the spiritual; that the risen body of Christ was in the state of semi-glorification; that eventually men would all die that way—we don't know how to die now: time will come perhaps when gradually the animal will disappear, and the spiritual grow more and more luminous until the whole spiritual body has emerged from the physical and can ascend at will into the heavens. I held that the risen body of Christ is not to be regarded as the exact pattern of the general resurrection body, which will be the clothing of the spirit with some lighter form; "the standing up again in immortality." It made a deep impression, and numbers came to me afterwards to thank me.

'If you get the "Rubric" you will read about the Ranke Hall services, which I kept up at your suggestion and which proved a great success in every way. We had crowds of working men, and the interest was sustained to the close.

'How we wish you were here for this fine weather with the mountains all out, and the whole environment as beautiful as that of Naples or Constantinople. But you will see scenery enough before you dine in London.

'The children often speak of you, and will always remember their kind friend. Whenever you can write,